

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1991

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



MAYDAY!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR
SEA RESCUE SYSTEM ?

RELATIONSHIPS:
WHY MORE MARRIED WOMEN
ARE HAVING AFFAIRS

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y



Smirnoff. Too good to stay behind bars.

Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 1/January 1991 Black Label Edition

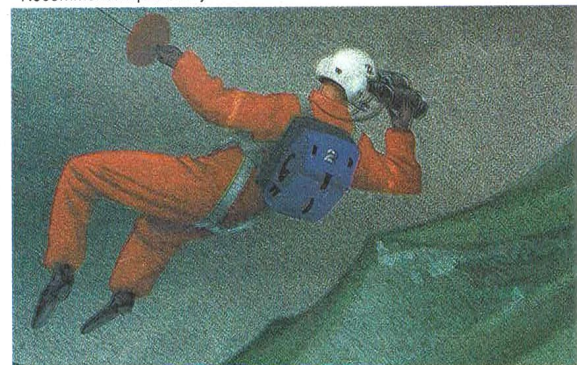
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Cover by Bambi

*Recommended price only



Mayday



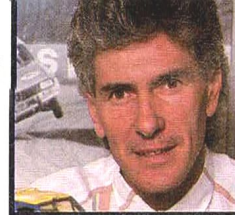
Pet Of The Month



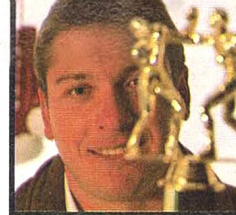
Balls Of Fire



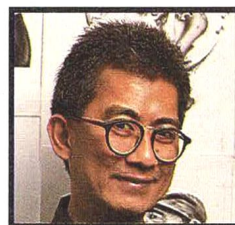
Cheating Hearts



PETER MCKAY



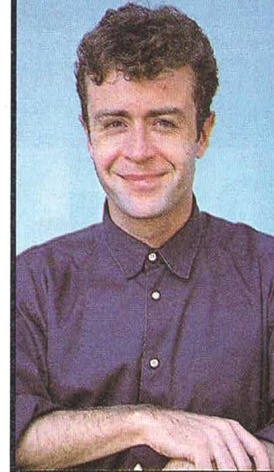
GRANTLEE KIEZA



EDD ARAGON



C.J. MACKAY



NIGEL BUCHANAN

HOUSECALL

MAYDAY!

In Australian waters, the Federal Sea Safety Centre is responsible for co-ordinating the rescue of all seamen in distress. They hate being called "bloody bureaucrats", but their recent record — especially the debacle that resulted in the loss of four men when the yacht *Rockin' Robin* went down last June — looks anything but watertight. Trish Murphy puts that episode and several others under the microscope in a disturbing article beginning on page 34. Nigel Buchanan created the illustration.

BALLS OF FIRE

Fast bowlers are the men who most often win Test matches. Not batsmen, not medium-pace trundlers, not wily spinners, but genuinely fast bowlers. They're the ones who can tear a batting side apart and watch it *bleed*. And in the glorious history of frighteningly fast bowling there have been some memorable feats of blood-letting. Grantlee Kieza documents the greatest triumphs of the legendary quicks on page 50.

HOW TO SLEEP WITH A WOMAN

Penthouse has devoted many pages over the years to the art of *sleeping* with a woman. But sleeping *with* a woman — that is, actually shutting your eyes and lying still — is another matter. Humorist Colin Bowles outlines the many pitfalls, from the post-coital puffers to the dreaded doona-grabbers. Turn to Geoff Kelly's illustration on page 58.

CHEATING HEARTS

Twenty years ago all the research showed that husbands cheated far more on their wives than vice versa. But nowadays the ladies — even the nice ones like yours — are catching up fast. Dr Sandra Pertot is a clinical psychologist who counsels plenty of women who stray from the path of righteousness. Why do they do it? And what can you do about it? Find out on page 74. The illustration is by Kellyn Z. Alder.

PENTHOUSE GOLDEN GEAR KNOB AWARDS

Motoring Editor Peter McKay again kicks off the new year with his annual brickbats to the turkeys of the track and the furphies of the factory in 1990. Turn to page 92.

GREAT BORES OF TODAY

Who are the 30 most boring bastards in Australia? Since there are more crashing bores in this country per head of population than any other, it's not easy to get a run on Senior Editor C.J. Mackay's carefully compiled list. Congratulations to all who got a guernsey. Turn to Edd Aragon's illustration on page 105.

TRANSFERENCE

It's a well-known term in psychotherapy. It refers to the phenomenon where a patient comes to identify the therapist as a very important person in his life: his mother, his father . . . his lover? Transference is a masterful piece of fiction by Jack Ellis, illustrated by Bill Wood and starting on page 88.

JANUARY



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Phil Abraham

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feedback

The Doctor's Dilemma

The article "The Doctor's Dilemma" in your October issue was an attempt to deal with one of the most complex issues of human relationships — the erotic dimension in the doctor/patient relationship.

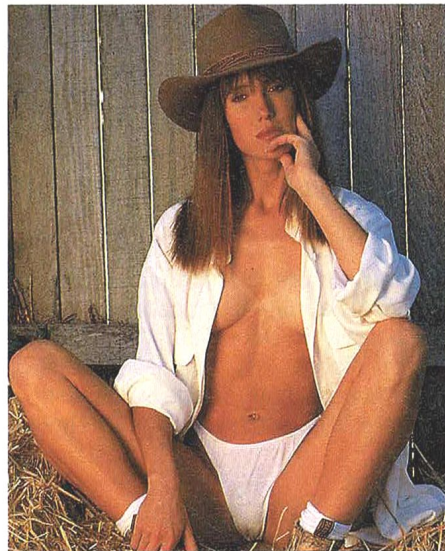
Unfortunately the article was seriously limited because, in spite of all the physical details in the various examples of sexuality, it failed to explore any psychological or sociological explanations for this phenomenon. The article unwittingly fans the sexual hysteria that is dominating so much of the public debate and thus contradicts the basic philosophy of *Australian Penthouse*, which is to promote personal understanding and freedom.

The article failed to give the views of professionals who are independent of the psychiatric and medical establishment. This failure is shown starkly by the references to my recent NSW Tribunal hearing where I was found guilty of professional misconduct in connection with "a sexual relationship with two former patients." The journalist missed the mark entirely in dealing with my case. This is due to the fact that he failed to seek out and publish my views and the views of five leading consultant psychiatrists who came to the Tribunal, saying that I work within a legitimate model of humanistic psychotherapy. I, and my professional supporters, say that none of my conduct was unethical or unprofessional because post-therapy relationships are ethical according to this model.

The hearing in fact revealed a profound divergence within the profession about views and philosophy concerning psychotherapy.

The facts about my "sexual relationships" with two former patients are as follows: The woman referred to as "Jane" and I made a non-sexual friendship after her therapy finished. The sexual contact that occurred was a single occasion of a few minutes' duration and was not in any way indicative of the true nature of the friendship, which was based on mutual affection and respect. The other relationship referred to was a de facto marriage to a fellow professional which commenced several months after his therapy with me terminated.

Humanistic psychotherapy, which I practice, is a legitimate part of the evol-



Kelly Hall... bush beauty

ution of modern psychotherapy. The basis of this therapy is an egalitarian, friendly relationship between the patient and the therapist manifested by mutual honesty, respect and commitment. Humanistic psychotherapy follows an empowering personal growth model. It is effective and popular and challenges the power of authoritarian groups in the psychiatric establishment, some of whom came to the Tribunal to speak against me.

The Tribunal's judgement in effect gave legitimacy only to the authoritarian model of psychotherapy. This is a matter of most serious public concern because it hinders the practice of modern psychotherapy within the health system. — Dr Winifred Childs, Bondi, NSW

Bush beauty

I reckon that Kelly Hall, your October Pet Of The Month, is a credit to the bush. I know if I was ever out in the bush and came across somebody like Kelly I'd be an instant, converted bushie instead of a city boy. And if she's ever thinking about making one of those bus trips across the Simpson Desert — I'll provide the bus and the driver, too, just to go along for the ride. — Mr X, Maroubra, NSW

Noodle dick

I would like to offer my sympathy to that poor bastard Davo who wrote the "Full Frontal" letter in the September edition.

All this time I had been thinking to my-

self, "Thank God the male models *Penthouse* uses are all such scrawny, runty guys with such tiny little dicks, otherwise I might feel like less of a man."

Obviously, Davo, you're the guy who should volunteer for the position the editor mentioned in response to your letter — the "short, fat, bald bloke with a microscopic cock." I don't know if you're short or fat or bald, but you've obviously got a noodle for a dick. — Tripod, Neutral Bay

One for the Gulf

We are inquiring to see if it is possible to obtain a large poster-size picture of one of your *Penthouse* centrefolds, so it can be framed and fitted to our mess wall.

As you will know, *HMAS Darwin* is currently operating in the Gulf of Oman area and all internal fittings like pictures had to be offloaded from the ship before sailing.

So if this is possible, and we are able to obtain a large poster, it would certainly brighten up the otherwise dull surroundings we live in. — Petty Officers Brian Graves and Steve Scarr, *HMAS Darwin*

Can do. — Ed

Constructive criticism

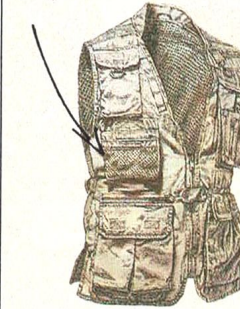
I am a monthly buyer of both *Australian Penthouse* and *Penthouse International* and I must say they are both excellent although the articles and interviews in the Australian edition are more relevant to me. However I would like to inquire why the cartoons that for instance appear in the January edition of *Penthouse International* also appear in later editions of the Australian one. Is this because of an editorial decision or because we don't have many talented ones (the ones we do have — Cornwall, Leak and de Vries, for instance, are very good cartoonists)?

The odd Forum letter and some of the pictorials are also direct take-overs from the Yank mag. This is only constructive criticism — everyone there is doing a great job and I'll keep on buying the mags. — Armin Mueller, Wynne Vale, SA

Australian Penthouse prefers to use Australian models, photographers, writers and cartoonists. However, if occasional American jokes and Forum letters are particularly strong, we print them. — Ed.

A Pocket Guide to Adventure

See-through Film Pocket



Photojournalist Vest

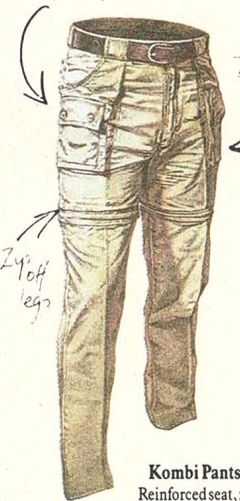
Stalking big game, snapping at crocodile smiles or shooting from the hip — everything you need is within reach from one of 20 pockets. The photographer's delight from around \$159



Sundowner Shirt

Rough it by day and relax by night. Zip pockets, map pockets, roll-up sleeves — one shirt with the lot coming up for around \$79. Or \$59 for the short sleeved bush shirt.

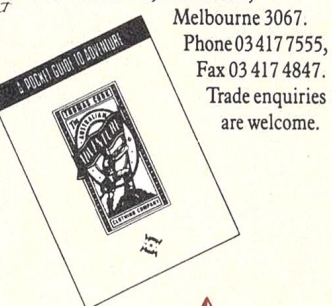
Knife Pocket



Kombi Pants
Reinforced seat, zip-off legs, 8 great pockets — big strides that lead straight to adventure from around \$109



Discover how to fit more adventure into your life. Pick up our free Pocket Guide to Adventure from a nearby stockist, or contact Thomas Cook at 60 Hoddle St., Abbotsford, Melbourne 3067. Phone 03 417 7555, Fax 03 417 4847. Trade enquiries are welcome.



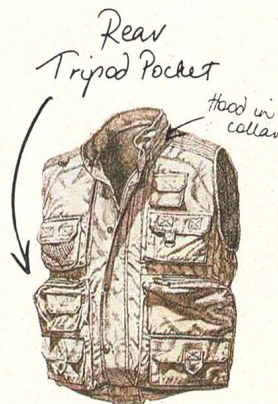
Thomas Cook
The Australian Adventure Clothing Company
Melbourne Australia

Poacher Pocket



Go Vest

Go west with zest in this very handy vest. Or perhaps you prefer north, south or east, this vest encompasses them all. 10 sealed pockets keep it all together no matter where you go — the traveller's faithful companion at around \$79.



Mae Vest

Now starring in a full metal jacket. 12 water-repellent pockets with zip out nylon hood — this baby's really stacked. All for around \$149

Six Pockets



Kakadu Shorts

The short cut to comfort — room to move and plenty of pockets to fill. The answer to scorching days and balmy nights at around \$65

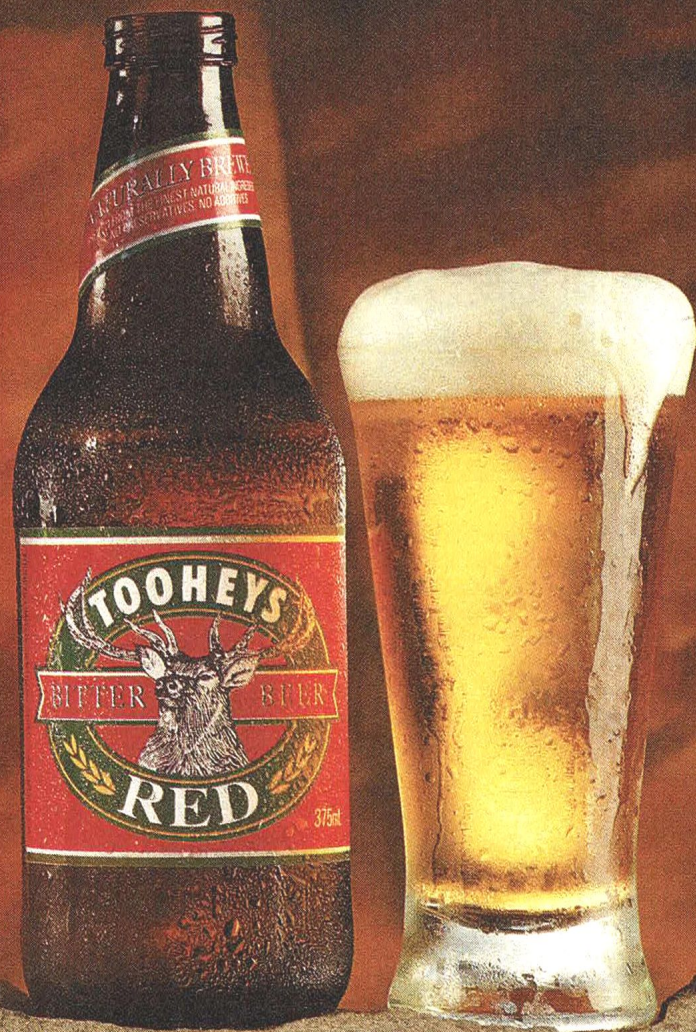
Also available for women who want to blaze a trail in style; Matilda Shorts, Out of Africa Skirts and Cotton Club Shirts — see our Pocket Guide to Adventure for details.

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Have a Red instead.



THE NATURALLY BREWED BITTER.

Purple people eater

After a lot of thought, I've decided to share an experience I had last summer, and if this gets published, my husband might read it and finally discover why he was so pleasantly surprised one night.

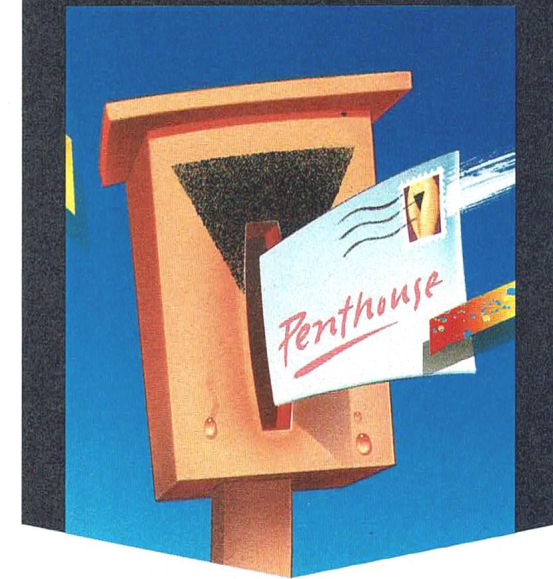
We live in a home unit in western Sydney, and in the unit below us live a man and his wife and teenage daughter, who I'll call Jenny. One very hot night I had just showered and got ready for bed, but decided to have a cool wine out on the balcony before retiring. My husband John was watching the end of the football replay on TV and looked about ready to nod off.

The balcony was dark and cooler than inside and I was really enjoying my wine when I heard voices coming from below, and to the side. I looked down and saw right into Jenny's bedroom. Jenny was sitting in front of her dresser and was having her hair brushed by a girl I took to be a school friend of hers. The window was open and I could hear quite clearly that they were talking about boys and speculating about sex. They were apparently both virgins, and some of the things they were saying had me thinking wistfully of my own teen years and some of the silly misconceptions I had at the time.

After a few sips of wine and a bit of day-dreaming, I looked down again and was surprised to see the two girls undressing. They probably felt safe from prying eyes because the units are screened by a row of dense trees. I'm glad they didn't look up. When completely naked, they started comparing their bodies. Boob size, nipple size and color, amount of and color of pubic hair were all discussed at some length. They then started to discuss what felt good when they played with themselves.

Jenny left the room and came back a few minutes later giggling and holding a large purple vibrator which I assume was her mother's. The girls took turns holding it and feeling it buzz as power was applied, all the time laughing.

About this time John called out that he was going to bed. I told him I would be in soon and off he went. I was surprised to



forum

discover that my fanny was starting to get very wet as I continued to watch the two girls fooling around with that purple monster. I was starting to fantasise about how it would feel inside me and I was getting very randy when I heard Jenny suggest to her friend that they try it out.

After much discussion about who was going to do what to whom, Jenny lay down on her bed and her friend started touching the head of the vibrator to Jenny's lovely young twat. After a while she tried to insert the thing into Jenny but it wouldn't go far so she went back to rubbing her clit with it. At the same time she kept her other hand busy on her own pussy and boobs and they both seemed to be having a great time.

I was feeling a bit left out so I lifted up my nightie and started fingering my own very wet fanny. The wetness had dribbled nearly to my knees by this time and my clit was swollen and badly in need of attention. The girls were lying side by side now and Jenny's friend was alternating the vibrator between her own and Jenny's clit and occasionally trying to insert it first into Jenny, then into herself. She managed to get it a little way into Jenny who was humping her back and showing all the signs of someone on the verge of coming. I knew exactly how she must have felt because I was nearly there myself.

She seemed about to remove it from

Jenny, but Jenny stopped playing with her boobs and reached down and held it in with both hands while humping furiously against it. Jenny's friend concentrated on her own needs while Jenny pushed and humped and managed to get the vibrator about half way into her tight, young and no longer virginal pussy.

The night air was filling with a lot of moaning and wet slurping sounds when first Jenny cried out and shuddered to a stop, followed closely by her friend and then me. My orgasm was mind-blowing and I had to bite my lip to stop crying out in case I alerted the girls to my presence. I didn't want to cause them any embarrassment after the pleasure they had just given me.

I left the girls cuddling and gently stroking each other and finished my now warm wine and went into the bedroom where John was lying on his back sound asleep and naked with a raging erection. He woke up when I straddled him and proceeded to fuck him while thinking of Jenny's big purple rubbery first lover.

I keep hoping for a repeat performance, but so far no luck. I will always remember that night, and John, if you read this you will realise that you have Jenny and her friend to thank for that surprise summer fuck.

PS: I have had two orgasms while trying to type this! — *Name and address withheld*

Pump it up

It had been a completely shit day and I was glad of the chance to finally work out some of that frustration. As I began to undress the problems of the day seemed to slowly fade into insignificance. I watched myself in the mirror as I pulled my jeans off. Not half bad, considering I had only been working out for a few months.

The leotards felt good and looked great. I had bought the black one-piece G-string on impulse, but now looking into the mirror, I didn't regret the fortune I had paid for this tiny piece of lycra. Pulling on a headband and gloves, I entered the weight room.

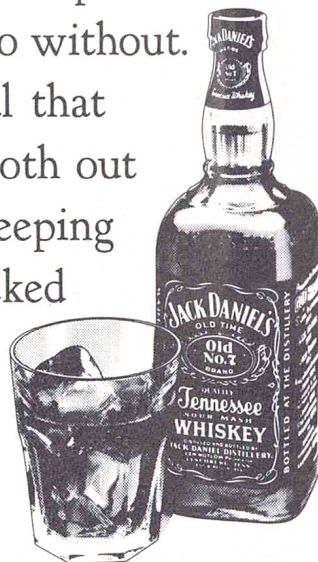
The place was nearly deserted since it



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, we hope you'll visit us sometime soon.

WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too. Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without.

You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through huge vats packed tight with this charcoal. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it's worth a water fight or two.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13649/A

SJD 0272

forum

was only two in the afternoon. I liked it that way; it meant I could work without the continual interruption of guys wanting to help me "train." I went over to the cycle and began to warm up. Slowly my breathing and pulse rate increased, the muscles in my legs and arse pumping. I felt good. I forgot everything except my body and what I wanted it to look like. After ten minutes of cycling, I started stretching out on the mat. A fine film of sweat began to form on my body and the contours became more defined as my skin began to shine.

Ignoring the less than discreet stares of the few males working out, I began as always to work the large muscle groups first, my legs and arse. I didn't mind the burning feeling of straining muscles, I knew the type of results I was getting. What was a little pain compared with the feeling of turning women green with envy and the men hard with want?

I was thus absorbed when my thoughts were interrupted by the thudding of the stereo. Looking up to see who turned it on I noticed a stunning woman in a red leotard bending over the tape deck. Now, while I was proud of my body, I knew I had a lot of work to do before it was perfect. So, it was not without a great deal of envy that I realised hers was — perfect, that is. She wasn't even wearing tights — she didn't need to. Even relaxed, the muscles in her legs were firm with not an ounce of excess fat. And her arse! I'd kill for a bum like that. "Oh well," I thought, trying to console myself, "my tits are better." I didn't mind the music and once more I was totally absorbed in my workout.

"Excuse me . . . Excuse me," she had to say it twice — the music was loud and I was in a world of my own. "What?" I answered rather impatiently.

"Um . . . I'm sorry to disturb you but I was wondering if you'd mind if we worked together," said the woman in red. "I need someone to spot for me and you know what it's like trying to work with one of the guys."

Normally I prefer working alone, but she did have a point about the guys — the only thing they took seriously about working with you was the possibility of getting into your pants and with the guys training at the moment this did not appear to be a palatable possibility.

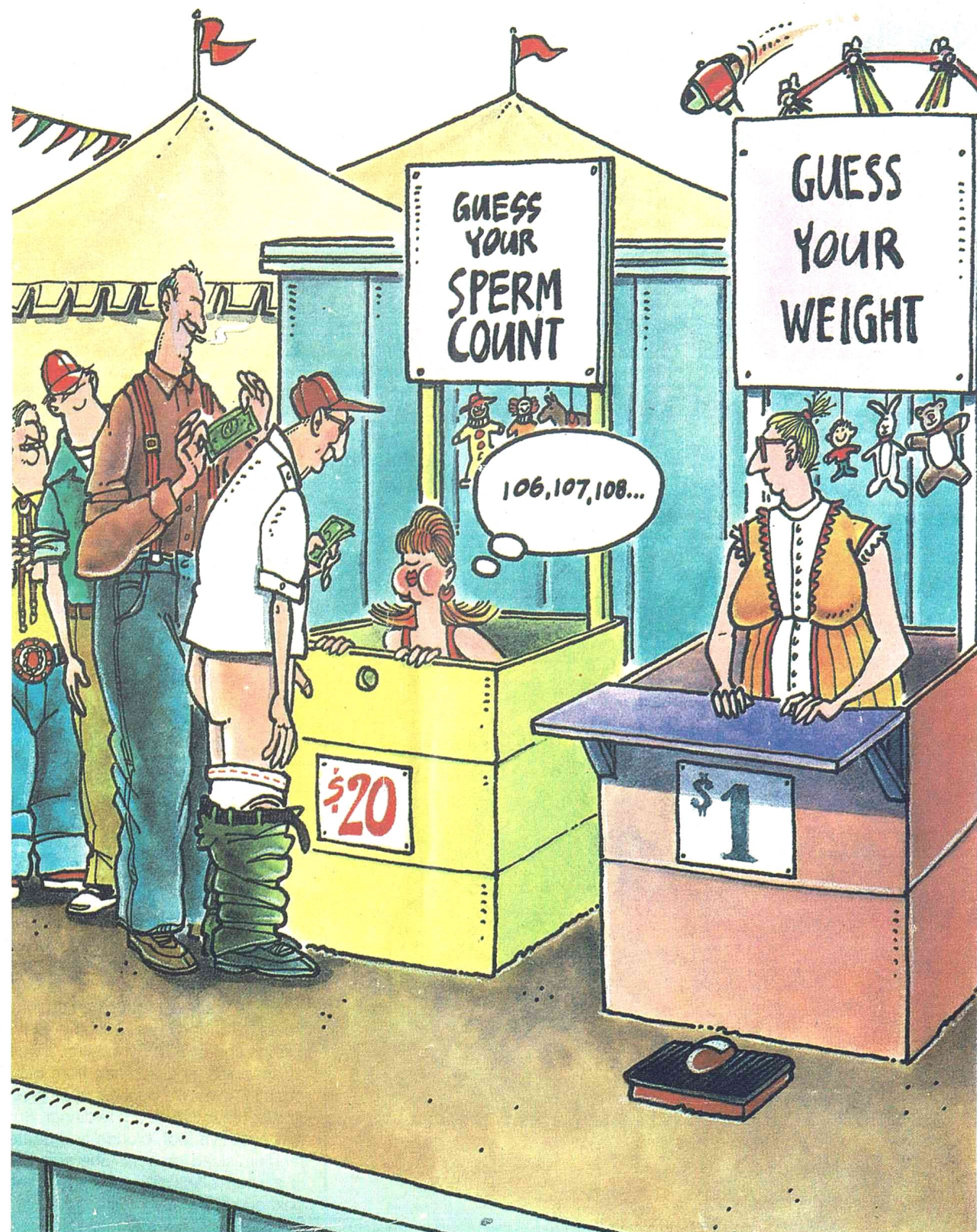
"Yeah sure, why not" I said. "What do you want to do first?"

"Well, my legs need some work," she replied. Like hell they do, I thought as we started with squats and then moved to leg curls and lifts. My bum tends to raise off the bench when I do curls, a fact she was quick to point out.

"Hey, you look like you're humping!" she laughed. "Keep that arse down!" she laughed.

"Easier said than done!" I growled.

by Gretchen.



forum

"Here, let me hold it down for you," she said, pushing down on my bottom with every curl.

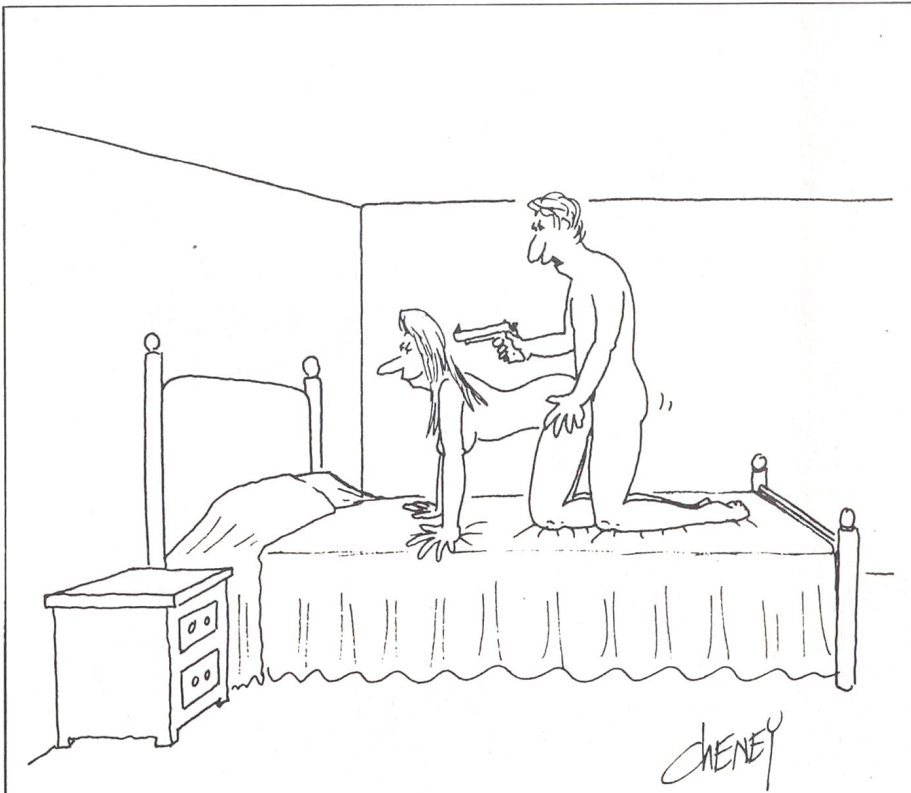
As soon as she touched me I felt the muscles in my groin contract sharply, as though she had sent electric shocks through my arse to my pussy. I began to feel extremely uneasy, painfully aware of her hands on my arse.

I finished my four sets and it was her turn. Nervously I put my hands on her arse; I could feel the muscles in her arse contracting with every curl, and each time she lifted, her leotards inched higher, nearly disappearing between her arse cheeks. In the past, I had found women sexually attractive, but the intensity of the feelings aroused by this seemingly innocent encounter set my mind racing with the promise of fantasy fulfilled. I kept losing count.

"You all right?" she said after the third time. "Sure," I replied. If she was feeling any of the emotions I was, she sure as hell wasn't showing it. We continued working out for another hour, my body exhausted but my mind spinning overtime with mixed emotions.

"Well, I'm fucked, how about you?" she gasped at last.

The choice of words didn't do anything to calm my feelings but I managed a reply: "Me too. I think we've done enough."



"You don't have to worry about getting pregnant... I've taken every precaution."

"That was good. We should do this regularly," she said as we walked to the change room. Up until now I had a tight rein on my feelings, but not for much longer.

In the dressing room she made no attempt to cover her body as she stripped off and walked to the shower. Oh God! I thought as I sank on to the bench. She didn't bother to close the door as she bent forward to turn on the shower. Like an automaton I began to undress, all the while staring at her body. Her breasts, free of the constraints of the leotard, were gorgeous, small and firm, with long nipples which at the moment were very hard. She was leaning against the shower wall soaping her body. Looking up, she said, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Shocked, I hesitated before removing the rest of my clothes. As I approached her, she accidentally dropped the soap and bent over to pick it up, giving me a clear view of her shaved cunt.

Closing the door behind me, I stepped into the shower not knowing what to expect. I stood awkwardly under the strong gush of hot water, knowing what I wanted but not knowing how to get it. She definitely wasn't suffering from the same qualms. Gently soaping my body, she traced the curves of my breasts, sliding her hands down and around my arse and drawing me towards her. Then she looked straight into my eyes as her lips closed the

gap between us. Closing my eyes, I gave myself up to the totally new sensation of a woman's mouth on mine. Her tiny tongue darted into my mouth, setting off explosions in my groin.

Gingerly I brought my hands up to touch her. She felt wonderful, so small and soft, so different from anything I had ever experienced.

Cupping her firm breasts, I gently stroked her nipples. Groaning, she gasped, "Suck them!" I obliged, bending down to take one of them into my mouth. My initial nervousness had been overcome by my desire and instinctively I knew what to do. After all, I know what I like and this was just another woman. Pulling at her nipples, I quickly flicked my tongue across the tip of each one, sending shivers of pleasure down both our bodies.

Gripping my arse, she sank to her knees pushing her face into my pussy. I thought I was going to faint as I fell against the wall and pressed her head into my cunt. Her tiny tongue, which had previously caused indirect pleasure in the same area, was directly at work licking the lips of my pussy, darting into my cunt and sucking my throbbing clit. As my body began to shudder, she concentrated on my clitoris, sucking on it while at the same time flicking on it with her tongue. I was gasping for air, my muscles spasming deliciously.

Her fingers invaded the soft wet flesh of my cunt. The fact that her shoulders were pinning me to the wall was the only thing keeping me upright when my orgasm hit. I was drowning in the decadent delight of the ultimate in sexual satisfaction. My pussy erupted violently as explosion after explosion tore through my body sending me spinning into the senseless oblivion of pure pleasure.

Very slowly the waves of sensation receded and I floated down to the reality of what had just happened. Grinning, she stood up, kissing me with a face full of my come.

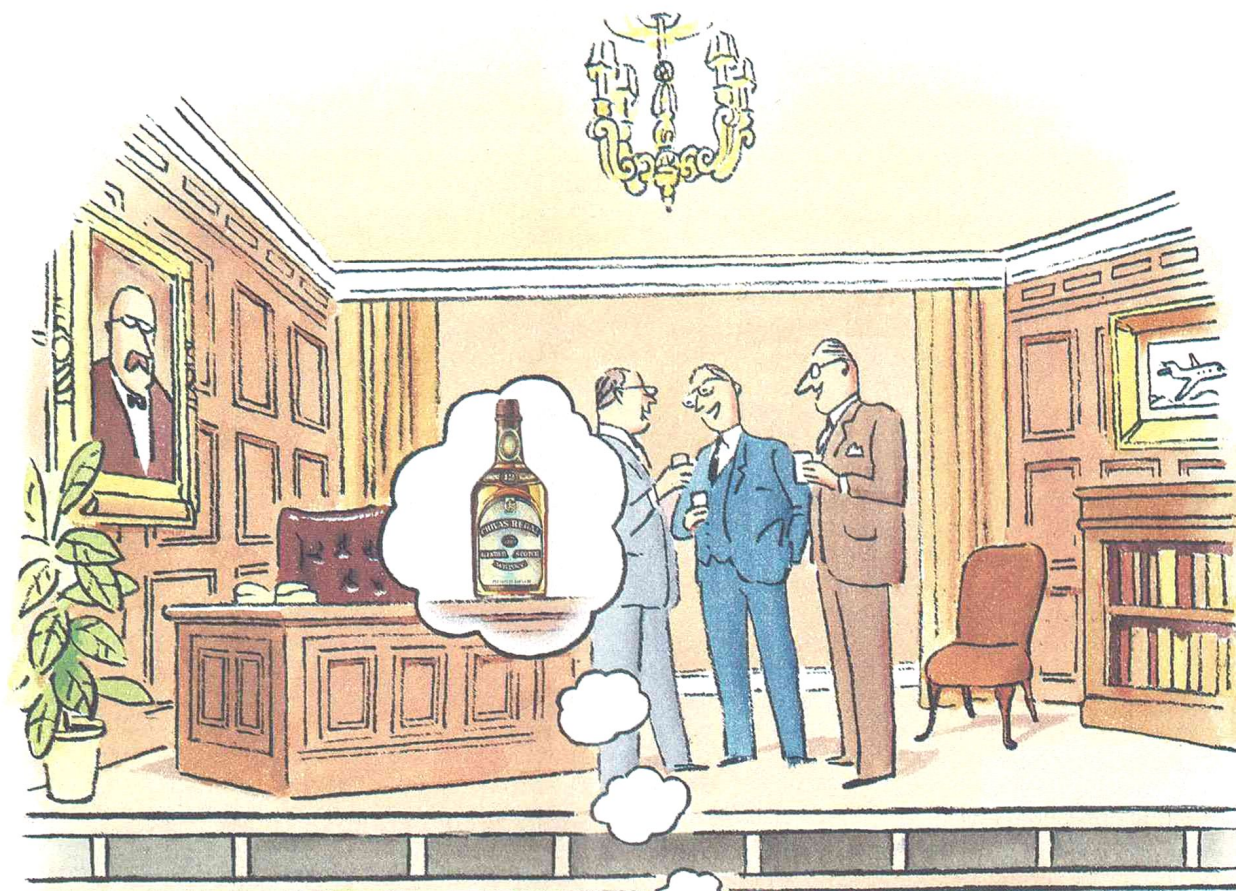
"I think we should go to your place," she said. "My husband is starting to feel threatened by all the women I'm bringing home."

"Fine with me — my husband is overseas on business," I laughed. — Name and address withheld

Hello sailor

My wife and I are both in our late twenties and have been married for seven years. Recently we left the kids with friends and flew to Sydney for a weekend of shopping and a break from our small country town. We booked into a nice hotel and got ready to go out to dinner. Susan is just over five foot, blonde and petite with medium-sized breasts. She was dressed in a short black skirt with a soft, smoky-colored blouse and no bra.

After dinner we caught a cab to a disco in the city. The place was crowded but we managed to get a seat at a table with a



"We seem to be lacking a little Christmas spirit."

CHIVAS REGAL

forum

couple of black American sailors, Bill and Leroy. Their ship was in port after exercising with the Australians. We were all singing and Sue was having a great time on the dance floor with them. As the place was getting close to closing, we all headed out to catch a cab.

Sue caught me by surprise when she asked the boys if they would like to come back to our hotel for a drink before returning to their ship. They were only too happy. Once inside our room, Sue turned on the radio and handed out beers. Bill and I had the only two chairs, so Sue sat next to Leroy on the bed. We were all singing and laughing and Leroy had his arm around Sue. Suddenly he leaned over and started kissing her. Time seemed to stand still as I watched my wife being kissed by this big black man. The atmosphere was electric as everybody wondered how far it would go.

Leroy put his other hand on Sue's thigh and slid it up to her knickers, taking her skirt up with him. There was a heart-stopping pause as Sue's thighs remained closed. Then her thighs parted an inch or so; that was all Leroy needed. Still kissing her, he eased his hand under her knickers and started playing with her pussy. Sue's thighs parted further, giving Leroy better access. They broke from the kiss and

there was a flurry of movement as clothes went in all directions. Leroy lay back on the bed, taking Sue down on top of him. Bill and I were both at the edge of the bed for a better view.

Leroy's cock was six inches long but massively thick. Sue's small hand had no hope of reaching around it. Sue knelt up and positioned the thick cock at her entrance. I couldn't see how she could take such a thick cock; she looked so small on such a large man. She reached back and spread her cunt with her fingers, then she started forcing herself down on Leroy's cock. She had taken about an inch when she stopped and said he was stretching her so wide that it was hurting more than when she lost her virginity.

Leroy grabbed her waist and forced his cock up into her. Sue screamed and bent forward as Leroy held her impaled to the hilt. After Sue had a few minutes to adjust to the thick monster inside her, Leroy showed his strength by lifting and lowering her on his cock. Sue started coming, digging her nails into his arms for support as Leroy kept pumping up into her until he was pumping spurt after spurt.

Bill and I were only inches away and could clearly see the juice running back down Leroy's cock and over his balls. Bill dropped his jeans and grabbed Sue, who was still breathing heavily. He rolled her off Leroy and on to her back on the bed. Bill's cock was about as thick as mine but about

three inches longer. He would have been a good nine inches. Sue asked him not to go in too far, as it hurt when he hit bottom. Bill fucked her, burying about two thirds of his cock on each down stroke. Sue started coming again and Bill drove all the way in. Sue squealed and told him to fuck her hard, to ram his big cock right up to her throat. I couldn't believe what I was hearing from my diminutive wife. Bill started pumping his load into Sue. I could see his big black balls moving as he unloaded in her.

Everybody got a drink, as the pace had been rather hectic. Leroy couldn't keep his hands off Sue — he said they had been about three months without a woman. He knelt Sue on the edge of the bed and, standing behind her, started feeding his monstrous thick cock into her doggie-style.

By the grip she had on the sheets she must have still been experiencing some discomfort accommodating him, but after a few strokes in her come-soaked cunt, she was pushing back hard and urging him on. The boys left totally satisfied, and claiming Aussie women to be the best.

Next morning Sue visited a doctor and was given some cream for a sore and swollen cunt. We sat down and discussed what had happened. I asked Sue when she had actually decided to let the two blokes fuck her. She said that on the disco floor they were pulling her over into a corner away from me and feeling her up and pressing their cocks against her. She said she had always wanted to be fucked by a black guy and this was the only chance she had ever had. But she didn't know how I would react. She had only intended to let one have her but she couldn't get them apart and once the ball started rolling it couldn't be stopped.

We are planning another trip to Sydney. Sue says this one is for me — she will do anything I want. But that will be another Forum letter. — *Name and address withheld*

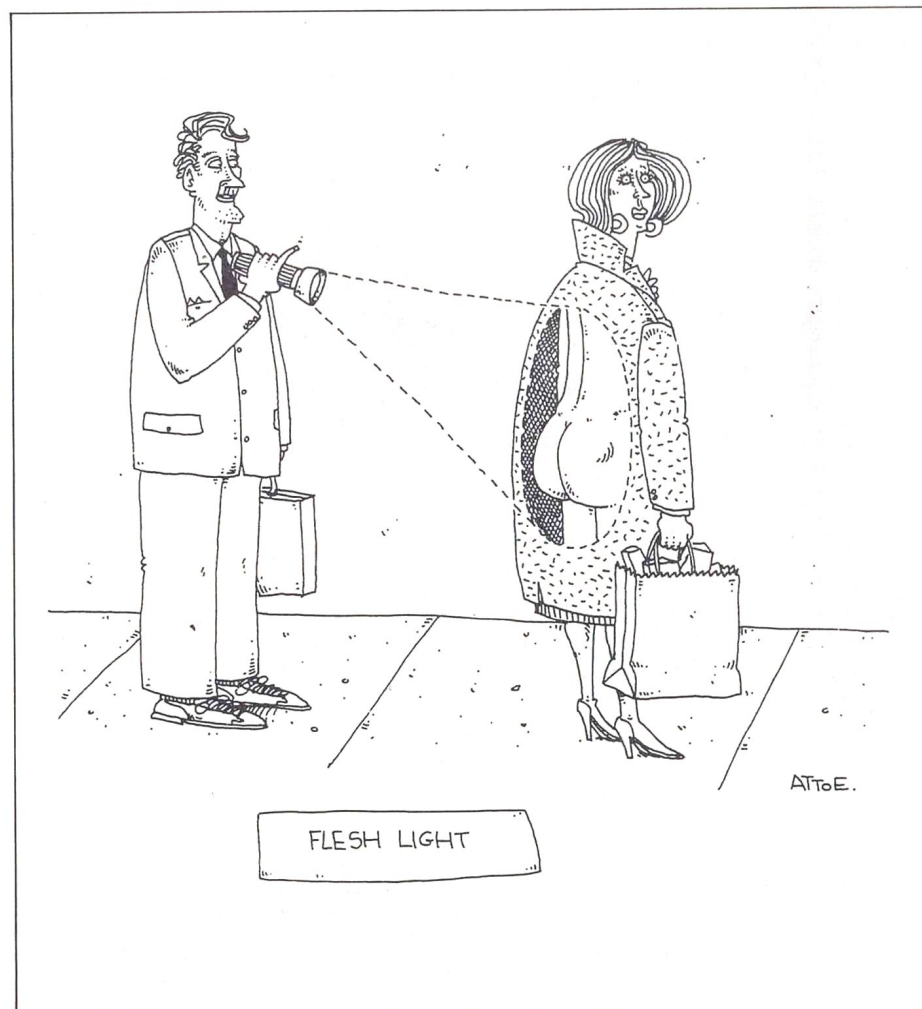
Try anything once

Once I wrote to an adult meeting club in an endeavor to inject some spark into our married sex life and to maybe wet my wife's juices and free up her frigidity. One day a letter came from an out of town guy named Paul who said he would phone us to meet him in the hope of making a threesome.

I broke the news of this to my wife Sandra. Her response was totally cold and frigid.

The day came and Paul rang us to meet him for drinks that evening. I finally convinced Sandra to come, saying that nothing need happen and the meeting would at least be an adventure. Well, even though she appeared annoyed with the

Continued on page 120



LOOKING BACK CAN BE A STEP FORWARD.

The past had a lot to offer. They were the good old days, when the pace of life was just right, and a ride on your motorcycle was the sheer pleasure of man and machine, not a high-tech race.

Today is complicated and frenzied enough without your motorcycle adding to the rush, so, Suzuki is pleased to introduce a new motorcycle that has its roots embedded deep in yesteryear, with none of the primitive hassles those riders had to endure.

The VX800 gives you a powerful, torquey liquid-cooled V-twin with just the right exhaust throb — but without poor carburetion, oil leaks and vibration. It gives you all the character and charm of a traditional twin cylinder sportbike — without pitted chrome, heavy metals and a hard seat. It gives you traditional twin shocks and forks — with none of the flex and flutter of old time suspension. It gives you smooth, reliable shaft drive, not the oily splatter and seized links of old chains.

With the VX800 you'll have everything you recall that was good about riding in years gone by, with just the right amount of subtle new technology to let you revel in it.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "RIDE IT RIGHT" campaign. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Enjoy safe riding.



THE FIRST CUT

Are you or aren't you? And if you aren't, do you need to be? What difference does it make? And what do women think?

We're talking about circumcision. "The first cut is the deepest" sang Rod Stewart way back when, and for many boys of his generation, the first cut was the doctor's knife stripping away their infant foreskin. So how deep does that cut really go? Is it a great loss to mankind (literally speaking), or is it a gain? How does it affect life, health and — above all — sex?

Recently (thanks to *Forum* magazine and the Family Planning Association) I conducted a survey of almost 200 Australian men, women, boys and girls aged from under 15 to over 60, to find out what effect circumcision had on people's lives, and what their opinions about it were. The results held quite a few surprises.

We started off with some routine medical questions: balanitis (inflammation of the knob) was unknown among roundheads, but had afflicted 14 percent of uncircumcised men; the latter were also four times more likely to have suffered from urinary tract infections. Five percent of the naturals had suffered from a tight foreskin which got stuck in the retracted position. When this happens it's a medical emergency — if it's not seen to, dire things can happen to your dick. All those who had this problem were subsequently circumcised.

Let's talk about your dick

However, in spite of the many claims which have been made, there was no difference in the incidence of sexually transmitted diseases. These results are pretty much in line with other studies around the world. Medically, then, the benefits of circumcision are, er, clear cut.

But the health of your dick isn't usually a major concern — unless something goes wrong with it (in which case, outright panic is permissible). What is far more important is how circumcised and uncircumcised dicks perform in the

field. That topic seems to have been too touchy for other studies — which hasn't stopped people from having a whole range of preconceived ideas. Three points came up repeatedly in the men's answers: (1) Women prefer a circumcised cock; (2) Most Aussie women have never seen an uncircumcised one; and (3) It is women who insist on boys being circumcised. Many men and women also believe that a circumcised dick is less sensitive and therefore reduces sexual pleasure. Our survey showed that these notions are well and truly up the gum tree.

What do women prefer? Certainly some (but only 23 percent) had a definite preference for a cut cock; but ten percent favored the uncut version and many of them were vehemently anti-circumcision. The majority — 67 percent — had no overall preference; this didn't mean they weren't interested, just that they saw different virtues in each sort. The snipped dick won on appearance, with a 63 percent vote, and it was also the clear winner for oral sex. But for hand jobs, the skin won hands down. Both sorts were equally popular for intercourse.

Secondly, women *do* know what they are talking about. Three quarters of them had encountered both sorts of dick. Circumcising sons (or not) was generally a joint decision by both partners; if they differed, it was just as likely to be the men that favored the cut.

The question of sensitivity was a bit more ticklish. Men can't swap dicks to compare, so we let women be the judges. Half reckoned there was no difference in sensitivity, while the others voted equally both ways. So although individuals may vary, there was no overall advantage one way or the other. It's often claimed that circumcised men's supposed loss of sensitivity makes premature ejaculation less likely. But we found that circumcised men were in fact *more* likely to shoot too soon, though the difference was not huge. They were less likely to have difficulty reaching orgasm.

Which feels better? Twenty-two percent of the circumcised men had been cut as adults, and their vote was unanimous — sex is better without the skin. Women mostly said that both sorts of cock felt the same, but the survey revealed that with circumcised lovers they reached orgasm more often and it was more likely to be a simultaneous climax.

Circumcised men, and women with circumcised lovers, made love more often than uncircumcised. The roundheads' women wanted sex as often as their men, while the naturals' women wanted less.

The cut boys were certainly not wankers — they masturbated less often than the naturals, and using different techniques (details in a plain brown envelope, if you must).

Is there a down side to circumcision? The biggest negative



must be the likelihood of a botched job.

One in five was unhappy about the way he had been cut, and the same percentage of women had lovers with maltreated members. So if the previous paragraph makes you want to rush out and get circumcised, make sure you pick a doctor who can cut straight! (You might get a funny response if you ask to see samples of his work, though.)

A word of caution: cultural, social and ethnic factors can all affect whether or not a boy is circumcised. They can also affect his sex life. We asked no questions about these things, so it is impossible to tell how much they may have influenced our findings. Remember that circumcision is a one-way street — a natural who wants to switch sides need only see a medico and make an appointment; but a snipped dick who wants his skin back has a real problem. So think before you chop.

— James Badger

Illustration by Kerry Lleshan

THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING

SIMPATICO

GOING BAREFOOT

It may be madness, but there's definitely method in it. Some say it's the best feeling in the world. Others — who have crashed and burned — reckon it's sheer insanity. Either way, skidding along the surface of some puddle at high speed using only the soles of your feet has a way of getting into your blood. It's fun. And once you've mastered the technique, there's no end to what you can do.

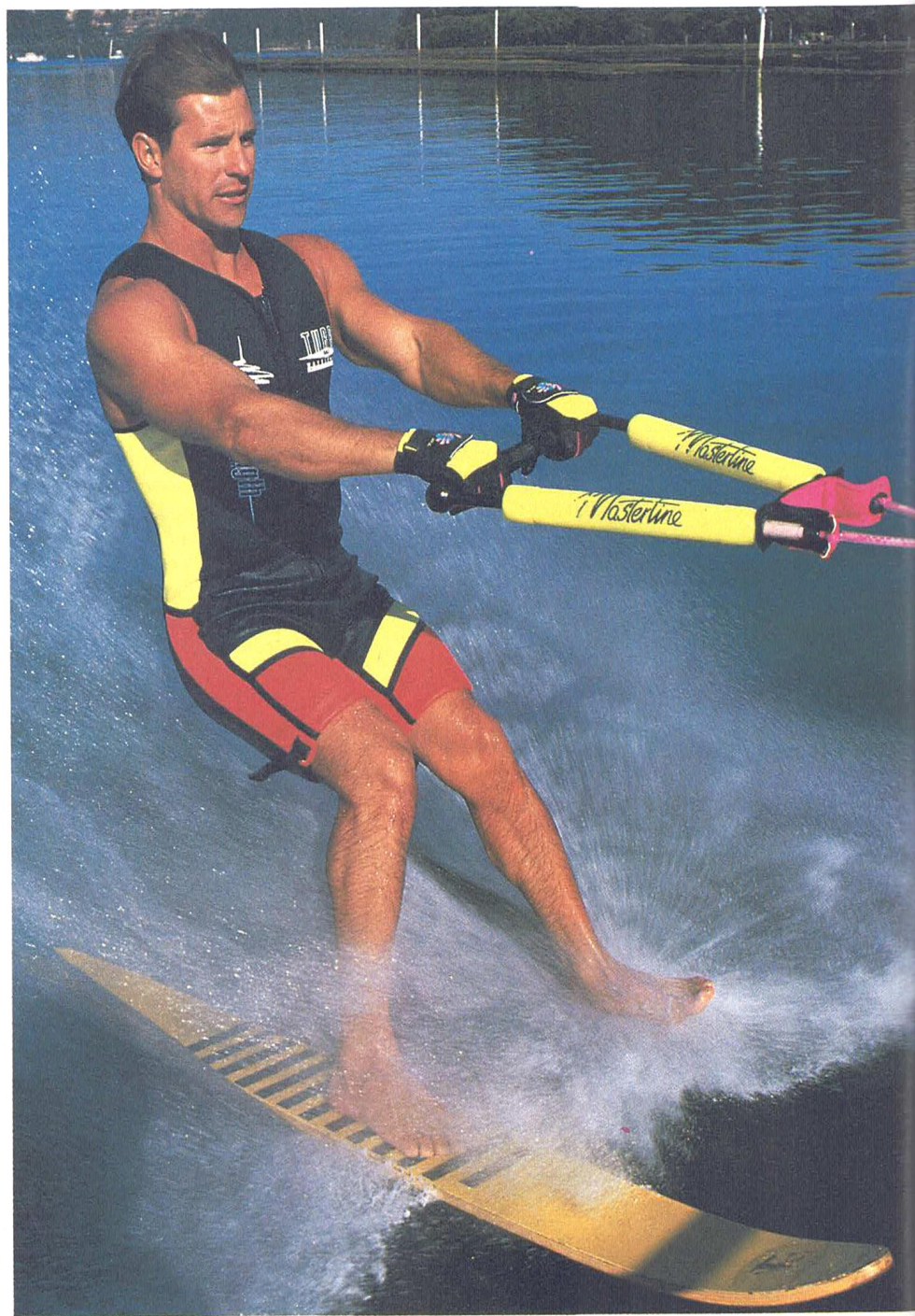
Barefoot waterskiing caught on in Australia in the early Sixties, with the first national titles held in 1963. Over the next few years Australia sent small teams to compete against the Americans, but it wasn't until 1978 that the first World Championships were held in Australia. Up against teams from the US, New Zealand, Britain, Canada, South Africa, Ireland and the Netherlands, the Aussies found the competition fierce and furious, but they went on to win both the Men's and Women's overall titles.

But the heat of competition isn't the reason why people of all ages drag themselves out at ungodly hours to be the first boat on the river to break the glassy water with the soles of their feet. There's a fine feeling of achievement, a knowledge that you've put all that time and effort into mastering a tricky sport.

If you think you're ready to try walking on water, and haven't done it before, I suggest you seek professional advice (not the psychiatric sort, although some might recommend that, too). First, you should be a competent slalom waterskiier, able to beach start and cut aggressively across the wake. You'll need a barefoot suit, although it's not essential — 5mm jump shorts and a life-jacket are sufficient. Second, you'll need a boat driver you can trust implicitly, as he or she will play a major part in your safety and success.

The front step-off is the most common way of starting. Find an old ski, take the bindings off, add some non-slip tape and you have your step-off ski. Getting along on this ski can be a challenge on its own, but it's worth persevering in the long run.

Before you set out, do some warming up and stretching, as you may fall off like you've never fallen off before, and being supple helps a bit. Your barefoot speed should be



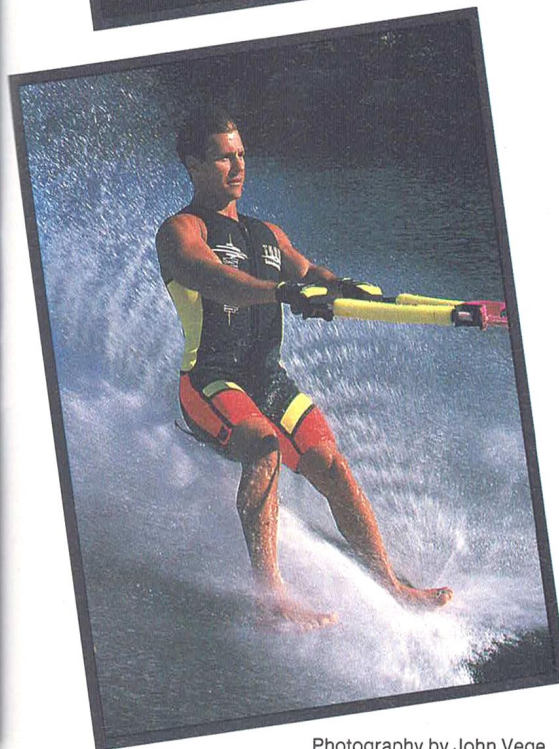
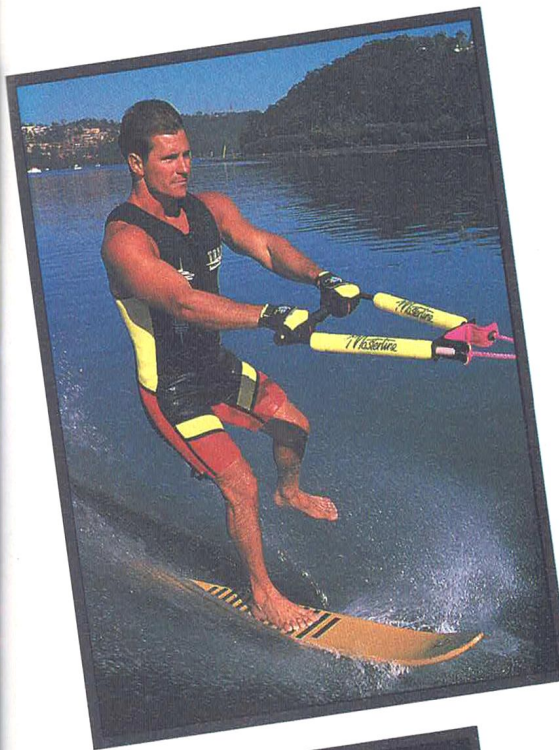
between 60 and 70km/h, depending on your weight. Start on your step-off ski about 5km/h under your normal skiing speed. Transfer your weight forward on to your front foot, placing your rear foot slowly and gently into the water with your toes up — that's the signal for your driver to accelerate slowly to barefoot speed.

As the boat speed increases, slowly transfer more and more weight on to the foot in the water. Your knees should be bent, your shoulders back behind your hips and a strong stomach stabilises your position. When you feel you have all your weight on the foot in the water,

slowly rock off your ski, lifting your foot only slightly and placing it back in the water. Whatever you do, don't relax or look down or you'll find yourself cartwheeling across what feels like cement. If all goes well, you'll feel like you've just broken the sound barrier.

For the competent barefooter, after you have mastered all your forward tricks such as toe-holds and tumble turns, your next barrier is going to be backwards barefooting.

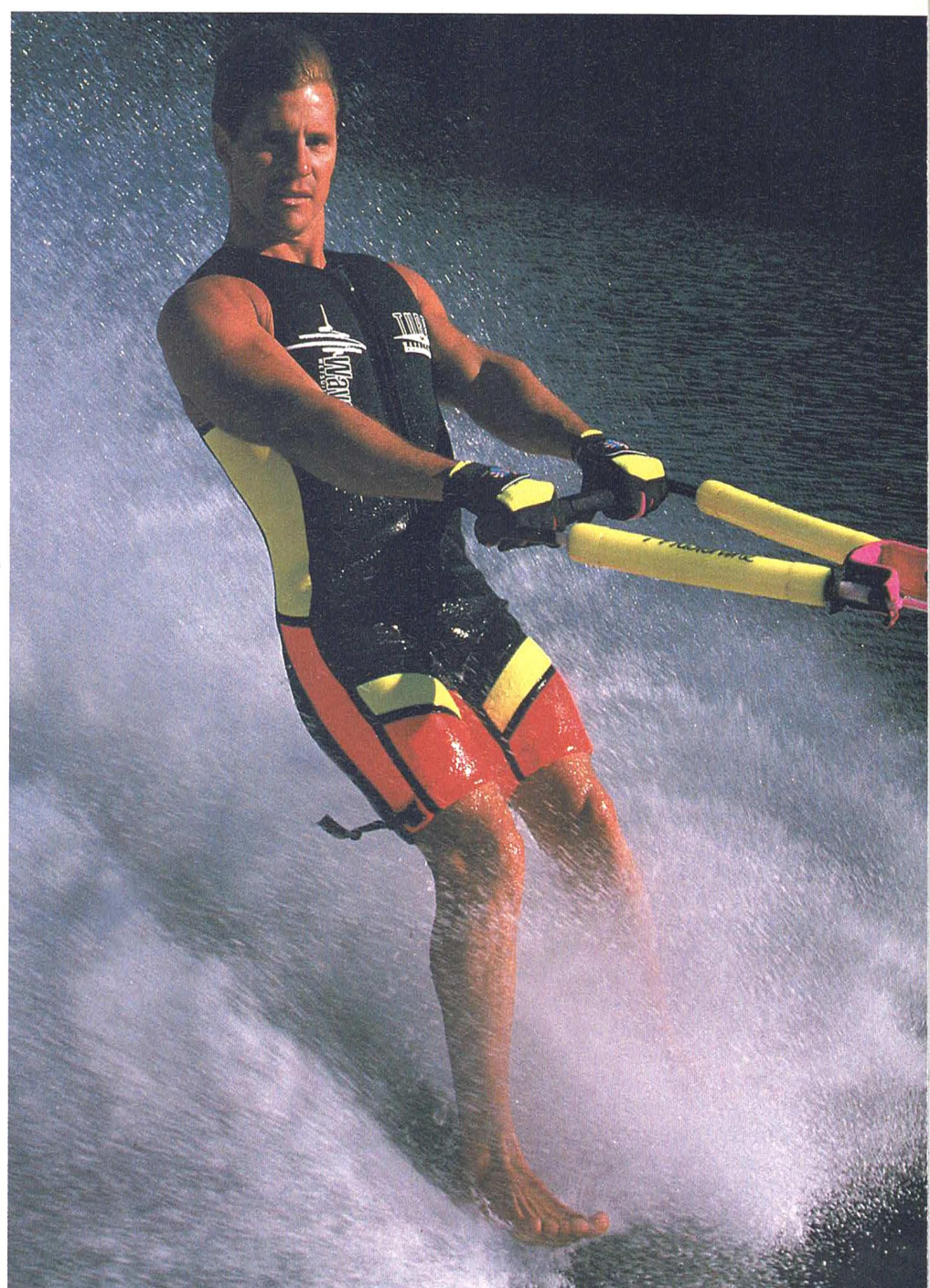
Again, start off on your step-off ski at around 40km/h. Executing the "walkaround" will take some practice, with head and feet position



Photography by John Vege

crucial. Once around, with your eyes fixed on the horizon, transfer your weight to the front foot on the ski and place your rear foot gently, toes first, into the water. At this stage don't put any weight on to that foot in the water — just keep your balance. Shake the handle to signal to the driver to accelerate steadily to around 5km/h slower than your frontwards speed. As you feel the

Are you ready to walk on water?



water pressure under your foot, slowly transfer your weight to your foot in the water. Your arms should be almost straight, the handle against your lower back. Your head should be inside the spray created by your foot.

With 90 percent of your body weight over the planing foot, you're ready to release the ski. Don't be too eager to put pressure on the other foot as it leaves the ski — just let it trail along the surface until you're confident with your progress.

If you fall forward on to your face, you're leaning too far down, or you're looking at the water, not the horizon.

If you're falling headfirst, push the foot in the water forwards towards the boat and wait for boat speed, as you may be rushing the whole process.

With practice you'll soon be shooting along backwards as easily as you do forwards. Keep in mind that you'll have some real neck-snapping falls as you feel your way around your favorite river or lake. So I suggest that before you sink a lot of money into fuel and chiropractor's bills, contact your state Waterski Association and they'll give you the names of the qualified coaches in your area. — Greg Shipton



WHEN YOU APPRECIATE WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE YOU'LL ASK FOR GRANT'S.
William Grant of Glenfiddich

McCANN GRNT 0087 APB 8566-A

FOOD

FRONT

MAMA MIA!

The arrival of upwardly mobile Italian restaurants is not all plain sailing on the Bay of Naples. People who used to be able to order from an Italian menu without the terror of being completely ignorant are now faced with the problem of deciphering *pollo scarpariello*, *zuppe di cozze* and any novelty *pasta posillipo*.

Gone is the kindly Neapolitan father-figure waiter who handed you a bottle from the three-word wine list — red, white or rosé — and took your order for macaroni cheese without a murmur. In his place stands a firebrand patriot contemptuous of anyone who confuses cannoli with canelloni, or who doesn't know a *caffè latte* from a *cappuccino*.

Let's start with *antipasti*, arguably the best course of any Italian meal. In some restaurants, one can find long tables with anything up to 20 offerings. Most will include the following: *Caponata*: A cold Sicilian salad of eggplant, celery, capers, tomatoes, olives, vinegar and sugar. *Carpaccio*: An invention of Harry's Bar in Venice which also appears as an entree. Thinly sliced raw beef in a peppered dressing, occasionally topped with shavings of parmesan cheese. *Funghi Ripieni*: Mushrooms filled with a seasoned bread or vegetable stuffing. Anything labelled *ripieni* is always stuffed. *Peperonie Acciughe*: Grilled or baked sweet capsicum — red and green — and anchovies, usually dressed with olive oil, chopped garlic and parsley.

Now, on to the other courses: *Linguine*: The name literally means "little tongues", and this pasta is a form of spaghetti. It's a narrow noodle that comes in several thicknesses. *Tagliatelle* and *fettuccine*: these two long pasta strips are the hottest in town. The former are "small ribbons", the latter up to 1.5cm wide. *Pappardelle* is the broadest of this type and sometimes has a scalloped edge.

Macaroni types: All the following hail from Sicily and southern Italy. *Bucatini* is a thick version, twice the thickness of spaghetti and cut into long lengths. *Ziti* are wide-holed tubes normally cut in 5cm lengths. *Rigatoni* are longer and larger tubes, with grooves (*rigati*) on the outside.

Stuffed pastas: ever since Heinz

put *ravioli* in a tin, only one-year-olds have been unaware of it. These days, however, chefs use wildly exotic ingredients instead of the faithful old mince. In new Italian and *cuisine moderne* restaurants, one can find pumpkin, smoked salmon and lobster *ravioli*. *Agnolotti*, a semi-circular *ravioli*, is another trend. Tortellini are ring-shaped pastas (said to resemble the belly button of Venus) finished with a twist.

Novelty pastas: Invented by the Italians for a bit of fun, for others a cultural minefield. Some of the most common of these are: *conchiglie* (shells); *farfalle* (butterflies or bars); *fusilli* (twists that look like corkscrews); *penn*, a *ziti* variation cut on the slant to make the end look like a pen; *orecchiette*, domed pasta said to resemble little ears. *Gnocchi*: These can be anything from little potato dumplings to large balls of spinach and ricotta cheese. The sauce is nearly always tomato. *Risotto*: The creamiest savory rice dish in the world. The Italians use their fat arborio rice. Like pasta, it adapts to many foods, most notably seafood and vegetables.

If pasta is a minefield, Italian sauces can be worse. Exceptions are *cacciatore*, *marinara* and *bolognese*. *Alfredo*: Named after the Roman restaurateur who invented it (there's the reason they all do it). Always



served with *fettuccine*, it's a caloric time-bomb of butter, cream and parmesan. *Amatriciana*: A spicy tomato sauce with onions, hot peppers and pancetta (cured bacon). *Arrabiata*: The literal translation is "Arab-style." Again tomatoes, but with really hot peppers. *Pesto*: The cult sauce of fresh basil, garlic, pine nuts and parmesan. *Posillipo*: Frequently served with clams, a mix of onions, tomatoes and white wine. *Puttanesca*: "Prostitute's sauce" is quickly put together (originally between tricks) with garlic, tomatoes, peppers, anchovies, capers and olives.

Meat is not a big part of the

Deciphering the modern Italian menu

average Italian diet, but *veal scallopine* remains the "Big Mac" of Italian restaurants. Outside this versatile cut, in hundreds of quickly pan-fried sauces are: *Fritto misto*, mixed fried meat and vegetables. *Fegato alla Veneziana*: The best liver dish in the world — consisting of thickly-sliced calf's liver, onions, white wine, butter and oil. *Pollo Scarpariello*: The shoemaker this time, who liked his chicken fried in small pieces of garlic, rosemary and white wine. *Saltimbocca*: Slices of veal wrapped around prosciutto and quickly fried with garlic, wine and sage. *Vitello Tonnato*: Cold sliced veal in a superbly creamy tuna sauce. Italians keep from weighing 200 kilos by finishing meals with cheese and fruit. In Australian restaurants the big six are: fruit, *gelati*, flavored mascarpone cheese, *cannoli*, *zabaglione* and *tiramisu*. The first three need no explanation.

Cannoli: A Sicilian sweet pastry, deep-fried around a metal tube. When cool, the crisp pastry is stuffed with ricotta cheese, grated chocolate and very finely chopped glace fruit. *Zabaglione*: A whipped foam of sugar, marsala and egg-yolks. Italians say it keeps your strength up for a night of *amore*. *Tiramisu*: Horribly alcoholic and fattening, multi-layers of rum-soaked sponge or savoiardi biscuits, mascarpone cheese and, if the chef's a sadist, whipped cream. — Elisabeth King

Illustration by Skye Rogers

Greenpeace will never turn their back on the world. Please don't turn yours.

Against all odds, Greenpeace have continued their direct but non-violent fight to protect and save life on this planet. Your life.

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GREENPEACE

573

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Malaysia first began for me on the early morning train from Butterworth to Kuala Lumpur, after reading the local paper that indicated all too clearly the Malaysian attitude to crime. A guy had been jailed for six months for hugging a girl

Somerset Maugham wouldn't recognise the Malaysia of today

round the waist without her consent. I had been on the island of Penang in the north. There, I stayed in the air-conditioned towers of a beachside Holiday Inn, sallying forth by day into the island exotica of spice trees and snake temples, clan houses and kleptomaniacal monkeys who snatch cameras from unwary visitors and then hang them out of reach on the highest tree.

Looking back on it now, the green and white logo of the hotel chain seems a peculiarly apt symbol of late 20th Century Malaysia. Now, the masses of international hotels in Penang have supplanted the clubs for British gentleman planters that Somerset Maugham used to frequent, his ear alert for gossip that provided raw material for his stories. Overhead wooden ceiling fans rotate impotently in the frigid air-conditioning, turning a once practical necessity into one more decorator touch.

The train leaves Butterworth for Kuala Lumpur very early in the morning and the journey into Malaysia begins in earnest. The carriages are chilled to a temperature more conducive to refrigerating meat, producing thick condensation on the windows. Outside, close enough to almost touch through the heavily clouded glass, lay the jungle, lush and green as the fantasies of Henri Rousseau.

You reach KL in the early afternoon, pulling into the incongruous Victorian palace of a

railway station, a blend of the Taj Mahal and the glass conservatory at Kew Gardens. But the city's picturesqueness virtually begins and ends here in one city block; the station's lone neighbor is the equally baroque Malayan Railway Administration Headquarters.

KL is a green, clean, modern city of one million, all of whom seem to spend their Sundays at the race track. Only on one Sunday in six is a race meet actually held here, but because there is no TAB in Malaysia race fans have to go to the track to bet and cheer broadcasts of races being run in other parts of the country. The city's remaining slums are hidden from the roads by huge hoardings. About the only taste of old Malaysia left are the streets of Chinatown, closed off in the evenings to allow nibblers to progress from one food stall to another. The other "sight" in town is Pudu Prison where Barlow and Chambers were hanged; the walls are covered with the largest painted mural in the world, the work of prisoners.

Malacca lies 180kms to the south of

a centuries old mix of Malay and Chinese. The Straits Portuguese, descendants of the 16th Century Portuguese who settled here, still speak an ancient dialect called Cristao based on Portuguese, African and Malay words. Malacca's Dutch legacy is architectural, epitomised by the surreal rose-colored buildings of the city's main square.

Pangkor Island hasn't attracted the heavy promotion of Langkawi in the north — the so-called Tahiti of Malaysia. A five-hour drive from KL on the west coast, the island's pace of development has stalled at two international resorts, two or three Fifties style hotels, campsites and backpackers' huts of corrugated iron that make sleeping after 7.30am impossible because of the pounding heat. The Pan Pacific Pangkor is the pick of the bunch, sheltering in snotty seclusion on Teluk Belanga Bay with lush jungle and a \$30 entrance fee keeping out daytrippers.

The polyglot population on my visit consisted of sullen Germans, shrieking English memsahibs left over from an ancient planters'



KL. Once the most important port in South-East Asia, today it's a quiet backwater, a showcase of benign neglect. Situated on the Straits of Malacca at a point where the monsoon winds met with enough force to push a sailing ship between the South China Seas and the Indian Ocean, Malacca's docks hosted Arab dhows, Chinese junks and ships from the Celebes laden with spices, gold, silk and gems.

Today the architecture, faces and language of Malacca reflect the past. The Peranakan, or Straits Chinese, are

convention, and Australian honeymoon couples and pre-retirees. Yet, despite this "wild and crazy" crowd, the fabulous setting of Pangkor overcame such handicaps. Time could be whiled away with circle island and sunset cruises on two swish yachts, para sailing, jet skiing, tennis, golf and a figure-of-eight swimming pool that remained open until midnight. — Elisabeth King

MAS (Malaysian Airline Systems) flies to Kuala Lumpur four times a week. Excursion fares begin at \$1055 return.

Photo by Elisabeth King

COVER STORIES

I suppose I must be slow. I used to sit in traffic jams and wonder at all these people driving BMW turbos, Porsches, and in early days, Buick Rivas. "There just couldn't be," I would muse, "that many advertising copywriters in the world." Who were these people who could spend on a car as much brass as would buy a one-bedroom home unit?

I discovered who when I first began to take an interest in life insurance; a sure sign, by the way, that one is really grown up. (Which isn't much of a recommendation for growing up but that's what it's like, kids. So stay young.)

After much agonising interrogation and much obfuscation and not a few lies I discovered the secret to becoming a Porsche-owner: sell insurance — and not just general insurance (that's fire, accident and so on) but life insurance.

Australians spend more than \$7 billion a year on insurance (including life office superannuation) and there's always the odd dollar or two splashing over the sides of the bucket. A good insurance salesman should become a millionaire before too many years in the industry and a not so good, but sharp, salesman will probably become one too.

Because an insurance company will generate so much money out of the five, ten or 20 years it will have you as a client, it is prepared to give away to the bloke that signs you up nearly all of the first couple of years' premium by way of commission.

There are ways to avoid paying vast sums out of your pocket to keep your friendly insurance agent in Bollinger and two-tone shoes. Not buying any insurance at all is one popular way and, despite what many will say, this isn't a bad way of saving money generally.

Take, for instance, health insurance. There is little point in a 20-year-old man, in good health and a nice safe job, paying \$10 a week to a health fund against the quite remote chance of coming down with some exotic disease which would require long-term hospitalisation.

A family man is a different kettle of fish. Kids always seem to get sick around the time you're thinking there might be enough in the bank for a new set of golf clubs. For such a person, health insurance makes a

little more sense.

It's a matter of what they call risk assessment. One way of assessing risk is by gauging the willingness of the insurer to have you on board as a customer. Insurers are not too keen on 65-year-old racing car drivers who smoke but they do like 20-year-old Methodist College students who jog. A handy rule of thumb is the more willing an insurer is to sign you up, the less you need the insurance.

However, few of us can go all through life without becoming so enmeshed that we don't need protection. And, unfortunately our first main requirement for insurance arrives when we can least afford it:



when we have just bought our first home.

First off, you must realise the "mortgage insurance" fee the building society — and perhaps the bank — makes you pay is not for your benefit, it's for the lender's. This insurance covers the lender's exposure to the risk of you falling under a cement truck and your widow being unable to keep up the house payments. If there is any shortfall between (a) what the lender gets when he turfs you and your wheelchair or your widow and kids out of the home and sells it, and (b) what is owed on the property, the mortgage insurance covers it; ie, pays it to the lender, not to you.

So you need your own insurance. It is possible the institution lending you the money may have a policy of its own for you. Remember Rule One: Don't Sign Anything Straight Away. Think of what you need and then look to see who can provide that at the least cost.

At the least, you need to insure yourself against sudden death to the extent of what you owe on the house. Thus, if you owe \$80,000 take out term insurance for that amount — costing a couple of hundred a year, possibly more, depending on your age and smoking habits. As the amount owed on the house decreases over time you can, if you like, reduce the amount of cover.

Now, thanks to progress and modern life, being dead is not the only way to leave your family in the lurch — or yourself for that matter. Accidents that remove you from the work-force for good can play havoc with the mortgage payments and, for many of us, even six months off work — without pay or even without the expected overtime — can put us too far behind to ever be able to catch up again. Self-employed people are especially vulnerable, the more so the higher their overheads.

Disability or income protection insurance is the go here. However, because "disability" is not as easily defined as, say, being dead, the would-be insuree has to do more than just compare annual premiums. Normally, disability insurance is an add-on to a term insurance policy. "Income protection" pays you a regular percentage of your monthly wage or salary (the higher the percentage the higher the premium you pay) if you are unable to work for any period. Both this period, and the waiting period before payments start being paid, are set by you at the time you take out the policy. You can even get cover from some insurers against getting the sack!

Ah, the wacky world of insurance

But boy, read the fine print. One company may pay you while another might make you go work as a street sweeper. Some classify job risks differently and some won't insure some jobs, such as part-time workers or farmers, at all. When shopping for this sort of insurance remember that the variations in conditions are quite wide, so if you've "shopped around" three different companies and found little difference, you haven't really shopped around at all.

Are you bored yet? So am I. — David Quicksilver

Illustration by Bernard Dobbie



For those who demand true fidelity in sound reproduction, Marantz continues to develop exceptional stereo system componentry. Our new generation receivers set revolutionary standards in audio perfection. Perfection that's surprisingly affordable. For \$799, the SR 60, pictured, delivers superior sound clarity with a powerful 75 WRMS per channel. For a complete home entertainment system, the SR 60 features dedicated Audio Visual inputs. Also available, for \$599, is the SR 50 with 50 WRMS per channel. Connected to other Marantz components using the Marantz D-Bus system,

these receivers offer full system remote control. Both models boast motorised volume control, video inputs, digital preset of your favourite AM and FM stations and Extended Bass Boost (EBB) that improves tonal range with added low frequency impact for sound of true integrity. Treat your ears to perfection at your nearest Marantz dealer.

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HEATH
NOT FOR THE CASUAL LISTENER

FRONT

European Compact Camera Of The Year is the award now resting on Pentax's fireside mantelpiece after 14 European photo magazines voted the Zoom 105 Super top of the pops for the '90-'91 product year. The 105 is equipped with a 38-105 power zoom which focuses down to 45cm. A built-in flash fires automatically when needed and a built-in motordrive takes care of everything from film loading to rewind. Multiple exposures, mixing flash with daylight and time lapse sequences are also possible with the Zoom 105 Super which sells for around \$600. C.R. Kennedy is the Australian distributor. ▼



Projection TV has had a pretty appalling image until now, but the ubiquitous liquid crystal is about to change all this. Sharp has just released a compact projector unit which employs tiny LCD panels instead of conventional picture tubes to create a television image. The three panels (one each for the red, green and blue components of the TV picture) create a high resolution image (comprising 302,940 pixels or elements, in case you wanted to know) which can be projected on to a screen with a diagonal measurement of 254cm (100 inches). That's 15 times the viewing area of a 63cm TV. The SharpVision projector weighs 14kg which means it's lighter than many TV sets and it's compatible with both hi-fi stereo sound and high definition (S-VHS and Hi8) picture quality. ▼



Under \$1000 buys a complete Akai sound system which comprises a 25-watt per channel stereo amplifier, five-band graphic equaliser, double cassette deck, AM/FM tuner, belt-driven turntable and a CD player. Turning the signals into sound is a pair of two way 70-watt loudspeakers. On a features-per-dollar basis, Akai's M-373 delivers excellent value for money with the CD player, for example, featuring double oversampling (more samples = better sound), 16 program selections and triple beam tracking. How much under \$1000? Well, the change will buy a litre carton of milk... good sound should be enjoyed sober. ▼



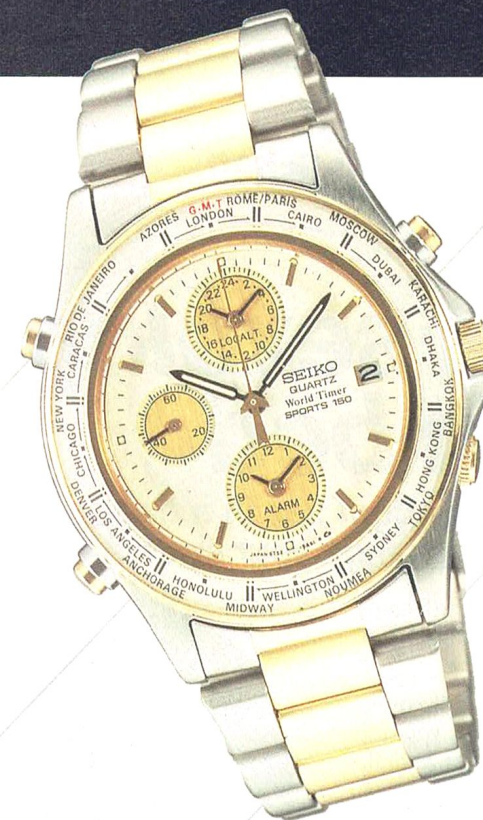
Usually when the word "portable" is used in relation to a computer the qualifier "if you're a gorilla" needs to be added. Not so with the Poquet PC which weighs in at just 450g and is smaller than a yuppie's Filofax. Yet the Poquet runs MS-DOS software and has 512 K of RAM and 640 K ROM (translation: it's not short of processing power or memory). In place of conventional disks, data is stored on special RAM cards while programs such as Lotus 1-2-3 and WordPerfect wordprocessing are contained on ROM versions. The "knee-top" PC's LCD screen has space for 25 lines of 80 characters while power comes from just two AA-size cells claimed to be good for 100 hours. How? Legend Technologies will be only too happy to explain and if you have a spare \$3495, the Poquet PC is yours. ▼



Somewhere deep in Pioneer's R&D department there must be a closet JPY fan humming "Don't Stop The Music" as he designs products which add new meaning to the term long play. Pioneer's CT-M6R is a cassette deck with a difference as it allows six tapes to be loaded at once for continuous recording or playback. The fully remote controlled unit has features such as intro scan to help quickly locate tracks and a random play facility... a sort of microchip disc jockey. Dolby B and C noise reduction keeps the music coming loud and clear while at the end of the day the CT-M6R rewinds each cassette in succession. What's more, Pioneer Electronics Australia are charging a modest \$699 for all this convenience. ▼



You're looking at the 35mm SLR of the future, only you can buy it now courtesy of Olympus. The Dan Dare-styled 19-1000 is equipped with a 35-135mm power zoom and in case the numbers don't mean anything... that's long range indeed. There are twin built-in flash units to pack plenty of punch and while fully automatic operation is the order of the day, the Olympus has plenty of features for the more discerning snapper including continuous film advance, a top shutter speed of 1/2000 second and even a spot metering mode for really creative exposures. All this and much, much more (as they say) for under \$900 from R. Gunz (Photographic). ▼



A return to a classic design characterises Seiko's new series of analogue watches (chronometers, if you please) of which the World Timer model is designed to keep jet setters on time. This handsome timepiece (you know how the script goes) shows the main time from which it can be calculated whether the sun is over the yard-arm in 24 major cities around the world. There are two alarms for appointments and other important events such as waking up while the World Timer can be worn in the jacuzzi or when going under. ▼

"Made in Australia" isn't a common badge on hi-fi equipment, but Australian Monitor is building both amplifiers and loud speakers for commercial and domestic applications. The B-150 speakers feature a trapezoidal sealed enclosure (finished in black) in which is housed a 200mm diameter multi-range driver with a frequency response range of 56 Hz to 19kHz. The compact cabinet's shape allows considerable flexibility with speaker location and a carefully controlled dispersion pattern delivers a high degree of intelligibility in problem areas (such as those with high reverberation). Solidly constructed (and thus ideal for parties), the B-150s cost \$799 a pair and are available from Graftons Professional Sound, telephone (02) 698 7777. ▼



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Everything you thought you knew about sex is no longer true.

What a sexologist does in bed

(25 hints about sex in a book that will change your sex life)

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8. The trick used by Japanese women to make fellatio irresistible.

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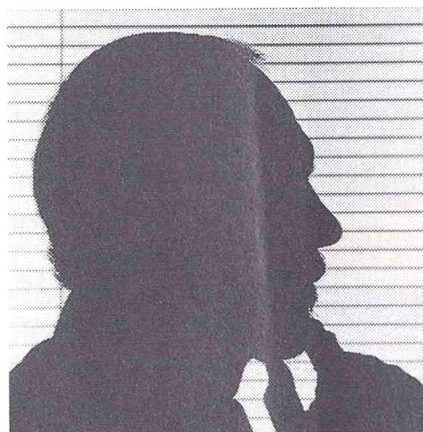
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16. A simple and absolutely certain way of finding the G spot (the Grafenberg orgasm).



CONFESSIONS OF A SEXOLOGIST
(and the reason why he wishes to remain anonymous)

17. A new and easier way of prolonging intercourse as much as you want.

18. What a sexologist does when a partner is unable to climax (or the secret weapon for making a woman orgasm *every time*).

19. How to avoid a mistake that the vast majority of men make during their first sexual experience.

20. What causes sexual desire, and how to make it happen (comparative reactions of a woman and a man).

21. The favourite sexual fantasy of most men.

22. The recipe for an aphrodisiac that really works every time (and how to prepare it yourself).

23. How to have more powerful erections.

24. A little-known technique for appreciably increasing sexual pleasure.

25. An apparently innocent caress that excites most women.

How sexual awareness can change YOUR love life
Here, perhaps for the first time, is a book that tells you (and explains in the minutest

detail) exactly what to do — and how to do it.

In a moment I will reveal the amazing reason why the famous sexologist who wrote this book wishes to remain anonymous. But first of all let me tell you how this book can totally transform your love life.

First of all, you need to understand *thoroughly* the sexual needs of your partner, and to satisfy them beyond what he (or she) has experienced up until now.

The book teaches you how to maximise desire, how to trigger excitement that borders on wildness, and then how to satisfy that desire, totally and utterly.

You will learn how to take your sexual partner to the peak of sexual pleasure. Although this book is aimed primarily at men, there is as much (or more) for women to learn. It is also a book that makes an excellent gift — especially if you want the techniques it contains to be used on you.

But there is more — much more. For example, this book also answers most, if not all, the embarrassing questions that you would like (but would probably never dare) to ask a sexologist.

All problems linked to sexuality are dealt with frankly, freely and totally accurately in simple language that everyone can understand: sexual practices previously considered perverse, impotence, homosexuality, sexual incompatibility, contraception, frigidity, sexual diseases, vitamins, hormonal creams and lotions, orgasms, inhibitions, masturbation, prostitution, and more.

Whatever problem you are interested in, you can be sure it is covered in a practical and in-depth manner. And as you will see, the replies are sometimes quite surprising.

You have perhaps guessed that the reason why the remarkable sexologist who wrote this book wishes to remain anonymous (and uses the pseudonym AIRGI) is because he has made certain revelations in the book and proposes sexual techniques that some fellow sexologists might resent.

To the best of my knowledge, no book has dealt before in the same detail, nor with as much experience, everything relating to sexual pleasure, techniques and desires. Nothing attracts the opposite sex more than a sexual virtuoso — now this book can help you become one, too.



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94% of people in France who examined "What a Sexologist Does In Bed", decided to keep it. It is because I know that you, too will want to keep this book that I feel confident in making you this free trial offer that comes with no obligation on your part whatever.

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Jean Carpentier

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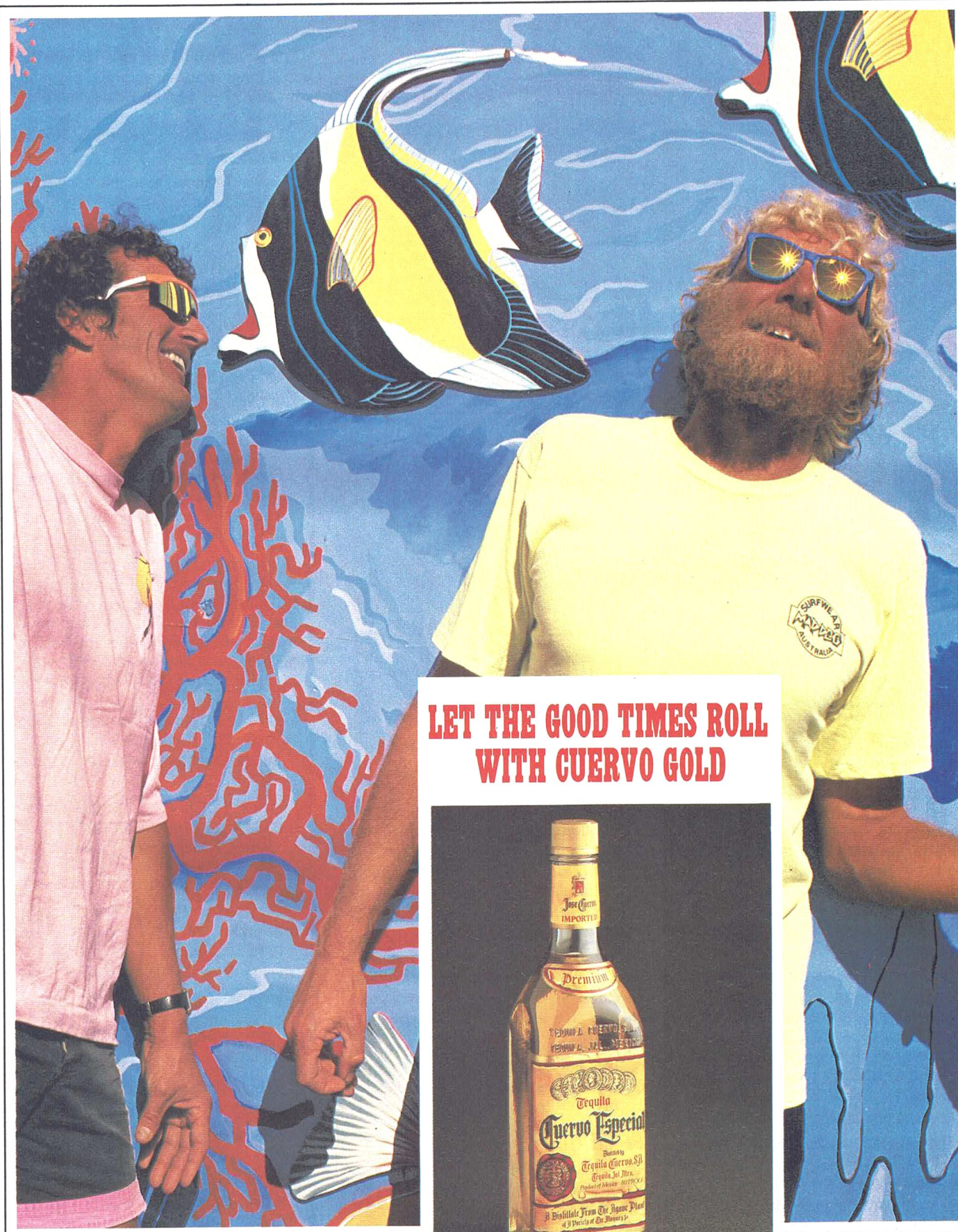
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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.



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You didn't. After all, you really love her. You don't want to live without her. It's even frightening, because you do need her. But she has moved out. She says she's had enough of your rotten temper and broken promises. You know she's right, because it has happened before. You always feel guilty and sorry afterwards. You try to make it up by being extra loving and you mean it when you promise it won't happen again. But it does. You just get so angry that you lash out. Now she's gone. How did you get into this mess? Better still, how do you *not* get into this mess?

Because we have tended to idealise "the family", we have been reluctant to acknowledge the true frequency of family violence. In 1989 the Australian National Committee on Violence reported that more than 40 percent of murders were by family members, while about 25 percent were marital killings. The family home is the location of most violent incidents. A Victorian government report said that the number of calls to police about domestic violence was second only to the number about road accidents. In that state alone, each year more than 28,000 women and children sought shelter in women's refuges. It's not certain whether domestic violence is increasing or whether people are now more willing to report it. Some of the factors that can promote violence — stress on individuals and families, use of alcohol and other drugs, shrinking family and social support, the modelling of violence as desirable in some media and sports — seem to be increasing.

Conflict has an undeservedly negative reputation. Conflict is the clash of opposing ideas, goals, wants or values. Some conflict is inevitable in any human organisation, including the family. It isn't necessarily bad. Explaining your side of a conflict,

listening to the other side, can improve understanding. Sticking up for your side assertively can strengthen your self-esteem.

Conflict can also be destructive. What counts is how you handle it. Couples may work through a period of conflict by learning how to handle it constructively, developing a stronger and more mutually satisfactory relationship. But some will argue or fight. By *argument* I mean a heated disagreement, where the strength of the feelings involved blocks effective problem-solving. At least occasional arguments happen in most relationships. By *fighting* I mean an argument that has esca-

lated to the point where physical or emotional violence occurs. The damage caused by physical violence is usually visible and is serious, but the damage from emotional violence may be longer-lasting, even if not visible. Say enough negative, hurtful things during fights and, even though you may apologise afterwards, eventually it becomes impossible for your partner to believe it when you say positive things.

Anger has also had an undeservedly negative reputation. It's often assumed that there is something very wrong if you get angry. That's not necessarily true. Anger is a feeling, the emotional reaction you have when you are provoked. In that

sense, it's normal and under some circumstances quite justifiable. It can also have positive functions. It energises you, signals a problem that needs attention, can make you feel powerful. But it can also have its negative side. If you tend to get angry often, to get very angry, to stay angry or to express your anger aggressively, chances are you have an anger problem. This is likely to interfere with your relationships, your work and your health.

Don't confuse anger, a feeling, with aggression, behavior intended to hurt or harm. Anger does not have to lead to aggression, although sadly it some-

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HER!"

Coming to terms with a violent temper

"Don't confuse anger, a feeling, with aggression, behavior intended to hurt or harm."

times does. Anger is often, but not always, the trigger for spouse battering. This is not fighting, as I have defined it, because that's a two-way interaction. If a man is injured by a woman, it's more likely to have occurred during a fight. Battering is one-way, involving deliberate, severe and repeated physical injury, usually of a woman (or child) and done by a man. Again, the psychological damage may last long after the physical wounds have healed.

If you realise that you have a problem with anger and that is contributing to fighting or battering, the responsibility for doing something about it is yours. Other people influence how you feel but they don't control it. You largely determine how angry you

get by how you choose to think and react to any provocation. If you find you quickly get very angry, teach yourself the *calming response*, a quick cool-down technique.

As soon as you start to get angry:

- Detach mentally and smile to yourself;
- Think: "Clear head, calm body";
- Take in one slow, deep breath, and
- Imagine a wave of relaxation flowing through your body as you exhale. The more you practise this response and the earlier you use it, the better it works. When you have put the brakes on your anger, check out what you are saying to yourself. Are you thinking realistically and reasonably?

Then express your anger — it doesn't help to bottle it up — but constructively. This will usually mean you should level to the other person. Levelling is based on the formula: "When you did X the effect on me was Y and I felt Z." For example, "When you didn't collect the dry-cleaning I didn't have anything clean to wear to work the next day and I felt angry."

If an argument is looming or already happening, have enough sense to stop it. Say: "I'm getting angry" or "You look like you're getting angry". "If we go on now, we'll only fight and I don't want that." It does take some self-control and practice to use these skills to manage your own anger and to stop arguments. They work better if you both learn them and try to use them early in an upset. And they work a lot better than fighting or lashing out.

(For self-help instructions for stopping family violence and managing anger, see our book, *Surviving*, published by Lothian Books. For advice for couples to improve communication, solve problems together and stop fighting, see our book, *Living & Loving Together*, published by Viking O'Neil.)

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Vexed voyeur

My wife is a dynamite lady and we have a great sex life. I caught her recently having sex with our neighbor like there was no tomorrow. I got so hot that I jerked off while they got it on. I don't care if she has sex with him, so she is doing it twice a week. But she won't let me watch. How do I get her to let me enjoy it too, by watching? Please help.

If you have asked and she has refused several times — stop asking. Feign a lack of interest. This will make her curious. You are more likely to get your voyeur privileges if she brings up the subject. Once she has opened the door, tell her in very graphic terms what you saw and how it made your feel. Describe what you saw the neighbor doing with his penis — and her face as she responded.

If you can make her feel that her pleasure will be intensified by your watching, she may relent. It may be possible, though, that she wants her activities with the neighbor to be a private affair. In that case, find your own extramarital fun.

Dancing out of reach

I am obsessed with a dancer I've seen several times at a club. When she gets down to her G-string, it's all I can do to keep my hand out of my pants. I can't afford to keep going to the club — it's expensive. I've sent notes backstage with the waiters, but I never get an answer. What can I do?

She probably gets a lot of notes. My guess is she doesn't bother to read them. If you want yours to stand out, attach it to a dozen roses or a bottle of French champagne.

But really, this obsession isn't likely to get you where you want to go — inside her G-string. Beautiful women who strip for a living are usually leery of the male admirers in the audience. They tell me they're afraid the guy will be obsessed with their bodies,



time like that. Could you keep from gasping? If not, I hope you lied and said you were bringing yourself off while thinking of him. And why did you phone him — just because Jim told you to?

It sounds as though both of you enjoy the heightened risk of exposure that such shenanigans afford. Or perhaps you get extra pleasure in setting up a situation in which your husband is made to play the unwitting fool. It would be fine to call him while you were screwing his friend if he was in on the joke. Since he isn't, it isn't. What do you think Jim is trying to pull?

which is exactly what you describe yourself as being. Perhaps if you knew more about her, you could manage to meet her under ordinary circumstances, when she's clothed.

Fat chance

I really get off on fat women. In fact I seek them out as sexual partners. But I demand good hygiene and fat women seem to smell of sweat, particularly in their pussy areas. Why is this? And how do I tell a fat woman I particularly like that she should clean up her act?

Maybe fat people sweat more than thin ones. If a woman is very fat and spends a lot of time sitting down, wouldn't her sweat collect in her pussy area? Have you considered applying for a grant and doing some sex research on this subject?

I do not think there is a tactful way of telling a prospective sex partner to clean up. You will just have to make a joint bath or shower part of the foreplay.

With friends like these . . .

I am having an affair with my husband's friend Jim. My husband travels a lot and I have to do something with my urges while he's gone. He doesn't know about me getting it on with Jim, but I think Jim is trying to drop hints. Yesterday he had me phone my husband long-distance to tell him I miss him — while Jim was screwing me. What do you think?

I think it would have been very difficult to speak in measured, affectionate tones at a

Silly silk

I've just discovered that my friend wears women's panties. How I know this is a long story so let's just say I know it for a fact. It occurred to me that he might wear women's panties because he hates men's cotton underwear, as I do. I wear only silk, but silks made for men. Should I let him know where I buy mine?

Not unless he asks. Don't assume he's wearing panties because he can't find his style of underwear in the men's department. He may be a cross dresser. Or he may just like panties. It's his business, either way.

Plumbers and plungers

My wife asked me to share my fantasies with her in bed one night because she thought it would turn us on. I was reluctant to talk about my fantasies, which involve younger women and heavy black leather gear, so she decided to talk about hers first. She told me how she'd always wanted to be seduced by a repairman, and then told this wild tale about a plumber making her come repeatedly with a new plunger. Did she really make that up? Now I'm afraid to call a plumber — and we need one.

You sound like a very literal guy. Has any of that stuff involving black leather and younger women actually taken place? Why can't you accept her fantasies for what they are — as unreal as yours? You should stay home from work one day to

wait for the plumber if you're so worried about what might happen when she's alone with him and his plunger! (Using a plunger sounds rather dangerous. But please, write and tell us exactly what he did with his plunger in her fantasy, will you? Might open up a whole new world . . .)

Pong paradise

I love women's natural body odors. I love to sniff their feet and armpits and all their other smelly spots. How can I approach a new girlfriend with this fetish?

Slowly and carefully. She may, as you already suspect, find it distasteful. Try nuzzling her all over after sex, when she is feeling warm and accepting. Don't go for the armpits first, however. Work your way to the smelly spots via the more socially acceptable areas for nuzzling — neck, breasts, etc.

After a few mutually pleasant experiences, maybe you can tell her how much you like the natural smell of a woman. Or maybe not. In most cases you'd probably be wise to sniff and not confess. She'll probably think of you as a nuzzling, cuddly kind of guy — not as a smell fetishist.

Time out

How can I stop masturbating?

Wear large mittens. Take frequent cold showers. Sign up for a course in tax law and read your textbooks in bed. Or better yet, find a woman. Even an inflatable doll might do the trick.

Well hung-up

I'm 22, my girl is 20. She'll only have sex with well-hung men (nine inches or more) and only with more than one man at a time. Do you think she is too obsessive with her requirements for sex?

Yeah. I think she's missing out on some good experiences with men who are smaller than nine inches. Obviously she's confusing quality with quantity. And what does she do when she can't find a group of big guys willing to share? And what do you do when she's attending to those guys? Sit on the fence kicking your heels?

Look, having sex with as many heavily-hung blokes as she can muster may be your idea of fun too. But if it isn't, I suggest you tell her it's her turn to arrange the

advisor

group entertainment — you and a bevy of large-breasted women.

Night life

Is it okay to masturbate every night?

It's certainly okay with me if you do. (Who washes your sheets?) Too many people still feel guilty about it, but why should they?

Look at the benefits of masturbation. It isn't fattening. It won't give you a sexually transmitted disease. No-one gets pregnant. You will sleep well without resorting to pills or alcohol to relax you. And I promise you won't go blind or crazy.

Slip-sliding away

My wife of six years has recently lost interest in sex. What can I do beside masturbate?

In this case I do not recommend masturbation as the answer. You view it as a last resort. That's certainly no way to get your thrills in marriage.

Therapists say that lack of desire is the number one sex problem today. Sexual lethargy can be caused by physical or emotional illness or simply by fatigue and stress. Or maybe she's having an affair. Have you asked her that question yet?

If you can't identify the problem without

help, convince your wife to see a sex therapist. And if she won't go, you are entitled to a sex life of your own. Not every woman in Australia has a headache tonight.

Acquired taste

How can I get my wife to swallow come?

Ply her with champagne and gourmet chocolates first. Maybe you should try dipping your cock in chocolate sauce for good measure. Let's be realistic: if she hasn't done it yet, she probably won't do it at all, unless you do something outrageous and amusing to inspire her.

Many women have an irrational fear of swallowing the stuff. They think they'll choke. They think it will taste awful and that you will be hurt when they gag and spit. Once you've overcome her fear or distaste, getting her to do it again shouldn't be too difficult. Even if she doesn't love the taste, she probably won't hate it.

Fishy business

My new and very sexy boyfriend arrived at my place the other night with a large parcel of fresh perch filets. He said he wanted to introduce me to his raw fish fetish. I backed out of it, but promised to try it another time. What on earth do I do now?

A good recipe for sashimi sauce is one part soy sauce, one part honey, a good twist of lemon and a shake of black pepper. You'll also need a large sheet of plastic if you don't want a fishy smelling bed. Seriously though, if the idea disgusts you, say so. But it could be fun — you never know until you try it. At least he's not into diesel oil or rotten eggs.

Woodsmen

Are erections acceptable at family-oriented nudists colonies? Is it okay to masturbate in the bush there?

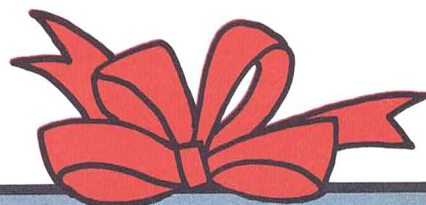
I suppose it's difficult not to have one, if you feel so inclined. But family nudist colonies are not places where people get their gear off for sexual excitement. They genuinely believe in the physical and mental health benefits of nudity. Sex is as private in those places as it is in motels. (But who could stop you masturbating if you picked a secluded spot?)

Really, nudist beaches are more appropriate for what you have in mind, not the colonies that cater to families. ☐





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silver service

Tara Belle Wilson, 24, is a travel consultant with a difference. "I'm not interested in steamy buses packed with camera-toting robots," she says. "I send my clients to very, very exclusive places. And I check every detail of those places out myself, first." Tara scorns backpacking. Indulgence, she says, is far more fun.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HANK LONDONER





Tara has travelled on the Orient Express and explored the best of Istanbul, Srinagar and Hong Kong. "New hotels might be nicely appointed," she says, "But they are boxy and lack the cachet of those wonderful places discovered by Greene, Hemingway and Newby. Truly great haunts still exist, but you have to know where to look."



Tara confesses to being an incurable romantic. "Take me slowly down the Nile under a full moon and I'll do anything for you," she smiles. "That's what my style of travel is all about — exoticism, romance and fantasy with no holds barred. Silver service in the middle of nowhere." Men? She grins wickedly. "Yes, please," is her only reply.



KANTOR'S GALLERY

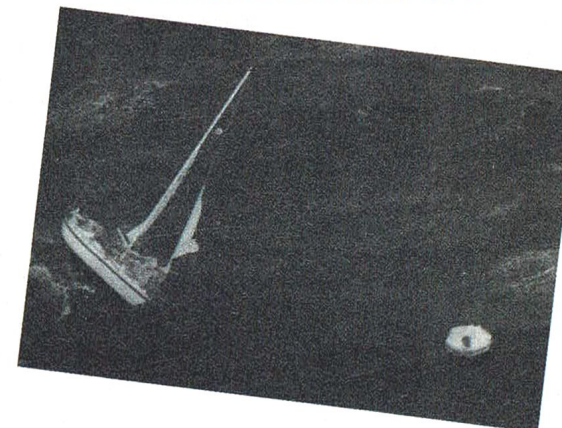


BY TRISH MURPHY
ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

**Were the
deaths of
four men
from the
yacht *Rockin'
Robin* a
result of bad
luck or bad**

MAYDAY!

**management
on the part of
our search
and rescue
authorities?**



In the early hours of June 8 last year, a fierce storm was raging across the Tasman and Coral seas. Generated by a weak low pressure cell moving against a large stationary high in the southern Tasman, it threw up huge seas and winds gusting up to 60 knots (120 km/h). On land, 60 knots of wind strips roofing off buildings and flings down trees. At sea, it's a shrieking, demonic force that tears the tops off waves and fills the air with dense, whipped spray. On a yacht, partially unfurled sails can flog so badly they can bring the mast down; any loose rope becomes a lethal whip; the noise alone is relentless and exhausting.

But it's not wind on its own that sailors fear most — it's the waves that come with it. That storm on June 8 generated ten-metre swells with seven-metre breaking tops coming off them — massive walls of water that would tower above a small yacht's masthead. In the troughs, which are protected from the wind, there is usually a tense silence; then the boat bucks and rises, eventually hitting a howling white-out of wind and water on the crest. Waves come in sets: every seventh or eighth one is bigger than the rest. In storms like this

one, on the crest of a wave you can see what's coming, see the "big one" standing head and shoulders above the others.

Down below, nothing is still. The boat rears and rolls endlessly; loose gear crashes across the cabin; people are thrown up against bulkheads and tables or out of their bunks. You have to hang on, literally, for dear life. The noise of tonnes of water smashing against the hull is amplified by the hollow structure of the boat. There's nowhere to hide from it — all you can do is do the best for

your boat and hope she gets through.

Everything seems to be worse at night. Waves look bigger, the wind seems stronger. A sailor described how, in such a storm under a half-moon five years ago, he was so hyped that he could feel the difference in temperature — through layers of foulweather gear — between being in the moonlight and being in shadow. That night, he swore he was going to give up sailing forever. But he never has.

That's how it was the night *Rockin' Robin* put out a mayday. She was a long way out to sea — 500 nautical miles off Bundaberg and heading for Noumea. The storm was a broad-ranging one, covering the whole area of the southern Coral Sea. Even with a 24-hour storm warning, *Rockin' Robin* wouldn't have been able to get clear. Around 1.30am on June 8, she reported she was taking water but in control of the situation. But half an hour later, the crew put out a mayday, saying that they would have to abandon ship.

Skipper Grant Wiltshire wasn't a man to abandon his boat casually. Every morning, said his wife, Robin, he would get up, pad down the passage, look out of the window at his 11-metre yacht and say: "Good morning, my darling." Grant, 62,

MAYDAY!

was a member of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club at Pittwater and sailed regularly with their offshore racing team. His son Robert, 34, raced Etchells class boats at Gosford. Between them they had 30 years of sailing experience. Both were builders by trade. They were keen fishermen, and the family often went on camping trips together. Jeff Smith, 34, was a finance broker from Sydney and father of three children aged seven, five and two. He was the least experienced sailor aboard. Andrew Young, also of Sydney, was a member of the Beyond board, where he was a cost controller.

The trip had been planned at least a year in advance, and before setting off, the men had done several months of intensive sailing, including coastal passages together. This was not only to teach Jeff and Andy the ropes, but to introduce them to ocean sailing so that they could decide whether or not they wanted to make the voyage. According to Mike Wood, Grant's son-in-law, who sailed to Noumea aboard a companion boat, Winnifred, the trip was to be the adventure of a lifetime, a big family holiday. The men were to be joined by their families in Fiji. Airfares had been booked, the boats checked, surveyed and rechecked. Everybody had worked extra hard to be able to make the trip.

Mayday. The word derives not from English, but from the French *m'aider* — "help me." It is a call that goes out when sailors are in grave danger and in certain fear of their lives. It is respected as sacred in maritime custom and law around the world. Sailors, regardless of nationality or the sort of vessel they use, share a common understanding that no matter how well equipped or well prepared they are, the sea is bigger, meaner, more unpredictable. Sailors will go to the assistance of other sailors in distress. And the corollary of that is that sailors in distress may request assistance.

Maydays are picked up either by the nearest coast radio station, or by ships or aircraft which relay the message. In Australian waters, the Federal Sea Safety Centre, Canberra, is then alerted. It's Sea Safety's responsibility to co-ordinate the ensuing search and rescue operation, down to the last detail.

The late 20th Century equivalent of a mayday call is also represented by an electronic signal emitted by an Electronic Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB). This gadget, about the size of a brick, is considered such an essential device in search and rescue operations that any vessel putting to sea is expected to carry one aboard (although many don't). When the chips are down and you have to abandon ship (and therefore lose radio contact), the one thing you grab, no matter what, is your EPIRB. With it, you have a chance of survival. Without it, you're down to luck. The older

style EPIRBs (now being phased out) emitted a signal which could be picked up by aircraft. If there were no aircraft around, well, tough. The newer type transmits to a satellite, which downloads the signal to a Local User Terminal in Alice Springs. It is then relayed to Sea Safety.

A great deal of speculation has gone under the bridge about what happened in the *Rockin' Robin* debacle. Accusations have been made and questions asked. Not all have been answered: Sea Safety was unable to comment because an in-house in-



quiry was underway. Senator Bob Collins, Minister for Transport and Communications, under whose wing Sea Safety falls, had initially undertaken to have the results of the inquiry made public by the end of June. By mid-September the inquiry had still not been completed, or at least, the results not made public.

Other information, however, including written transcripts from the RAAF pilots involved in the *Rockin' Robin* search, as well as a brief report issued by Sea Safety to the families, gives a picture of events.

After *Rockin' Robin* put out her mayday, a RAAF Orion aircraft engaged in another search closer to shore was diverted to go to *Rockin' Robin's* aid. The yacht's crew switched on their EPIRB but were advised by the Rescue Control Centre in Brisbane that their battery was failing and that they should switch it off until it was needed. The Orion pilot, in his report, said that contact with the beacon was "intermittent" (this is in fact caused by the fluctuating signal as the yacht rolls).

While the Orion was still en route to *Rockin' Robin's* position, the men attempted to launch their life-raft. It had been surveyed before the voyage and inflated all right, but then was torn on the boat's propeller. Their dinghy had already been washed overboard, and the four men had no way of getting off the sinking yacht short of swimming.

By the time the Orion arrived, around dawn, the men had been bailing for at least six hours.

The Orion dropped two ten-man life-rafts joined by a long rope. The yacht intercepted one raft and the crew boarded it. They were well out of helicopter range, and had to wait for a ship. The nearest was 20 hours away. Although a series of planes on station throughout the day kept track of the two rafts, no further contact, other than visual, was made with the men. No EPIRB signal came from the raft.

Gavin Turner, pilot of the Queensland Premier's plane, HS125, which was on station on Friday morning at the height of the storm, said the conditions were the worst he'd ever flown in. He estimated the mean windspeed to be around 60 knots with visibility about half a mile. Said Turner, who has been flying professionally for 11 years in and around Cairns during the Wet: "We were just trying to stay there and stay alive. When we heard that the nearest help was 20 hours away, we asked ourselves, what are we doing out here?"

The last sighting of the men was at 5.08pm on the same day by Hercules 161, who reported two men on top of the raft and unknown inside. The pilot said later that the men had given him a thumbs-up. By then the storm had moderated to a gale, which blew all night. To mark the position of the rafts, the RAAF planes at various times had dropped datum and sono buoys into the water. Although planes used these buoys to maintain positions around the search area during the night, visual contact with both rafts was lost.

The following morning, an Orion arrived on station just after dawn. He located a beacon, but no rafts. He searched for five hours before locating one raft, the position of which he gave to the French frigate *Admiral Charner*, which was now in the area. The frigate picked up the raft and confirmed it to be



**Four months after
Rockin' Robin (far left)
was wrecked and her
skipper, Grant Wiltshire
(above), his son Robert
(left) and two other crew
lost during the search,
the results of the Sea
Safety inquiry had still
not been made public.**

empty. The Orion searched for another two and a half hours before heading home.

Although what had been a rescue operation should now have become a full-scale search, no extra planes were sent out to find the second raft. In fact, after the Orion had gone home, there were no other Australian planes on station for the next 16 hours. A French Falcon out of Noumea had taken over from the Orion (the French planes joined the operation at the request of the Civil Aviation Authority). In two separate sorties, he flew a total of five hours. One of those sorties was not requested by Sea Safety.

On the third day, Sunday June 10, two more Orions went out, one relieving the other, and searched until last light. The search was then called off. At the request of the skipper's wife, Robin, the search was reinstated on Monday June 11. Three planes searched for around six hours.

Why were these men lost? Sea Safety, in its reasons for calling off the search, said that the survivors in the empty raft had been drowned, and the second raft had been seen to be "low in the water"; it was presumed sunk, and the men in it drowned. But evidence put together by the families of the men suggested strongly that they had all been in one raft. Only one was seen (and photographed) secured to the stern of *Rockin' Robin*. Both the crew of the *Admiral Charner*, and naval authorities in Darwin, where the retrieved raft was dropped off, confirmed it never to have been used. The two rafts were not marked, and during the search there was no way of telling one from the other. Except that one raft was observed not to have a canopy, and to be low in the water.

Despite rescue authorities believing that the yacht's own EPIRB was malfunctioning before the rafts were dropped by the Orion,

no other EPIRBs were included in those rafts. The reason given by the RAAF was that it was usually considered unnecessary because RAAF lifejackets are equipped with individual EPIRBs. But no RAAF lifejackets were in the rafts either. Regulation civilian lifejackets don't have individual EPIRBs. Sea Safety had not requested EPIRBs be dropped. (Both the RAAF and the CAA stressed that the entire responsibility for the co-ordination of the search lay with Sea Safety, and that they merely provided the assets.)

Sea Safety appeared unaware that it is recommended by the raft manufacturers, RFD Safety Marine, that rafts be partially deflated to stabilise them in extreme conditions. Rafts have inflate/deflate valves and the type dropped to *Rockin' Robin* had a compressed air cylinder for this purpose. When first observed to be "low in the water" on June 8, the raft had already capsized at least once. Grant and Rob Wiltshire had completed a sea rescue course and would have known about the inflate/deflate capacity of a raft. A partially deflated raft would appear to be "low in the water." Its canopy would appear collapsed.

A point made by John Ferris, of RFD, was that the rafts used that day were not designed for air-drops. Designed for the RAAF, they have fewer water-ballast bags (which aid stabilisation). RFD has rafts especially designed for dropping, but they aren't used in search and rescue operations. Sea Safety declined to comment on why this was the case.

Even so, the type of raft used in the drop is very carefully designed not to sink, even when deflated. The raft picked up by the frigate had weathered the same conditions as the missing raft; it was upright and undamaged. But Senator Bob Collins, who had the final decision on whether or not to continue the search, said on radio the following week: "... The raft that was found empty was the raft aboard which people were seen to climb and be thrown off twice"; and "... All the circumstances [are] that that missing life-raft which was the one without a canopy was destroyed by the sea."

The datum and sono buoys dropped by planes to mark the search area were used as homing beacons for aircraft on station. But careful study of the written RAAF reports and the Sea Safety report shows discrepancies in the positions of the buoys given by the planes, and those recorded by Sea Safety.

Plenty of other things didn't tally on the two reports. Observations appearing in the Sea Safety document were not made by planes on station at the times given. Observations such as the raft capsizing, the number of rafts (one or two) seen, the number of survivors seen on board various rafts, were all different. Some of these appear to have been made earlier in the day by other planes but written down at later times. Sea Safety made no mention in its report of the last sighting of two men and had apparently not

People throughout the marine industry have expressed dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, and with safety in general.

Ian Treleavan, proprietor of Musto (Australia), which imports foul-weather gear, has a safety harness available which is standards-approved in both the UK and New Zealand. However, to get it passed by the Australian Bureau of Standards, it would cost him \$10,000 to have it tested — by the government agency. Although the harness might be superior to the approved type, Treleavan says that the cost of testing just isn't worth it.

Then there's sales tax, which is a bugbear with both buyers and sellers of safety gear. Life rafts are exempt from sales tax, but other essentials such as EPIRBs, hand-held VHF radios and flares are subject to a 20 percent tax. In the case of an EPIRB selling for around \$200, \$40 of the cost is tax. The cost of safety gear adds up to thousands of dollars, and the tax does little to encourage people to equip themselves properly.

OTC Maritime, which is funded by the federal government to provide the coastal maritime communications system, has its own gripe, and it's a serious one. At present, OTC has 13 coastal radio stations operating in Australia, handling communications, issuing weather and high seas warnings, listening for maydays, etc. But the International Telecommunications Centre in Geneva is planning to rationalise the entire international HF frequency band plan — in short, it means that anybody owning an HF radio (ships, yachts, trawlers and anybody else who goes a long way offshore) will have to have it updated to match the revised frequencies.

The change-over is to take place overnight on July 1, 1991. After that, radios which haven't been updated simply won't work. However, says Paul Cope, a consultant at OTC Maritime, the Department of Transport and Communication has yet to bring out a publication which specifically addresses the maritime area regarding this change-over. In an attempt to avoid a shambles, OTC has been trying to advise the public itself. "It's not our responsibility to do so," Cope says, "but we'll get the flak anyway."

The new frequencies will allow a far greater radio range. As a result, the federal government has cut its funding to OTC, which means that of the 13 coastal stations OTC now operates, seven will be shut down completely by January 31, 1992. Weather warnings and other safety information will fall under a new designation — Marine Safety Information (MSI) — and will eventually only be broadcast from Sydney, Perth, Darwin and Townsville. Adelaide and Brisbane, which are to remain open for commercial traffic only, will broadcast MSI until January 31, 1993. This means that small craft operating off the south coast of Australia, including Tasmania and Bass Strait, will have to go through Sydney or Perth for their radio communications. Bass Strait and Tassie fishermen who know about these changes are already freaking out. OTC doesn't like it because it means they'll have to lay off trained staff. OTC was unwilling to comment on whether they believed safety would be compromised.

Then there is the general problem of boats which are ill-equipped and skippers who are ill-informed. Sailors value the freedom of being able to hop aboard and chuff off to wherever they wish without the need for proof of qualification, seaworthiness of vessel or adequate safety equipment. Fishing vessels are required to carry life-rafts and EPIRBs only in certain states.

Most responsible skippers carry the right gear as a matter of course, but there is a lunatic, or shoe-string, fringe that ignores the odds, and heads out regardless. Sometimes they're lucky, sometimes not. When they're not, it tends to cost the taxpayer plenty. In New Zealand, any yacht clearing customs must present a Category One (blue-water) safety certificate. In Australia there is a growing need for a similar law.

A spokesman for Sea Safety said that search and rescue operations differed from state to state and were sometimes difficult to co-ordinate. For instance, planes flying under the direction of the Civil Aviation Authority reported to airports; messages were then relayed to Sea Safety. The "nitty-gritty" got through pretty quickly, but at times there were delays. He cited the instance of an air controller who said he couldn't talk until he had found two planes which had become lost in cloud after a freak storm had descended on them. The Sea Safety spokesman described the present situation as a "mish-mash" and said a nationally co-ordinated body would be better.

A SEA OF RED TAPE

MAYDAY!

seen the written RAAF reports or photographs when the search was called off. When asked about this, Sea Safety said: "No comment."

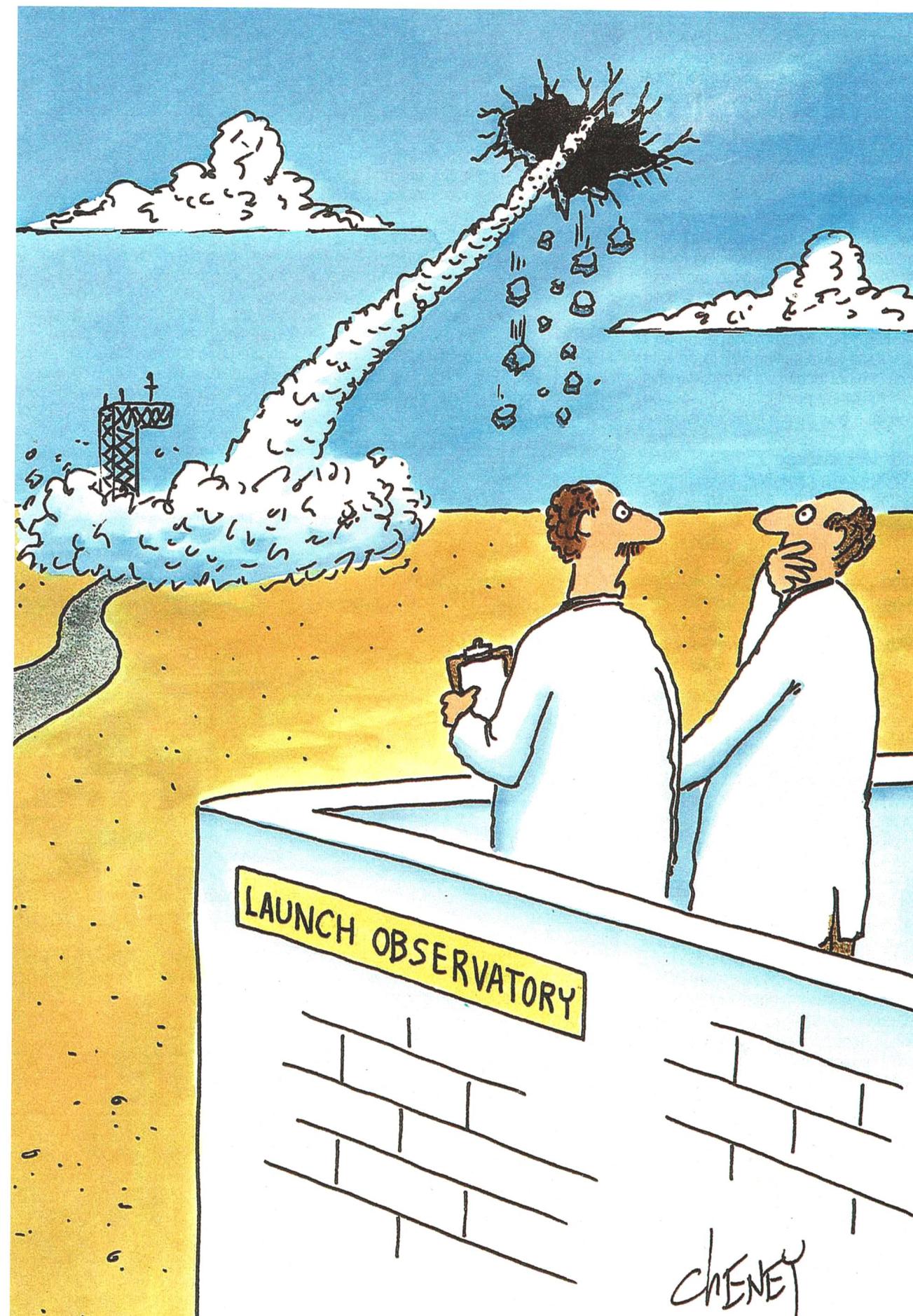
Laurie Gruzman, QC who is also a veteran aviator and Chief Pilot of Flight Facilities (a private search and rescue organisation at Merimbula, NSW), made the following observations about the manner in which the search was conducted: "On June 8 they knew there was raft out there and there was no positive way whatever of finding it. Therefore you had to mount a proper intensive search as laid down in the [Australian National Search and Rescue] Manual."

"On the morning of June 9 the search area was 50 miles wide by 100 miles long. Visibility that day was half a mile, so you have to do it at one-mile track spacing which is quite normal for those conditions. You do that 50 times by 100 — it's 5000 miles. The search speed is 120 knots so that's going to take 40 hours. To get a 90 percent probability of finding the raft, you have to do it three times in one day, which is 120 aircraft hours. If each aircraft can do a maximum of ten hours, you'll need at least 12 planes — probably 15 or 16 planes. Between the RAAF plane on station and six hours put in by the French aircraft, the maximum hours flown on that day was less than 18."

It was learned, several weeks later, that Canberra had rejected offers of assistance during the search from civil rescue organisations. John Salter, then the manager of the North Queensland Emergency Response Group, said that an offer was made to help the men on June 8, the first day of the search. Alternatives were to parachute two highly-trained rescue men with raft, beacons and radio, to assist the *Rockin' Robin* survivors; or, if conditions were unfavorable for that, a raft containing an EPIRB could have been dropped — it would have a similar rate of drift to the other rafts. "Sea Safety told us it was not necessary as they appeared to be all safe in the life-raft," Salter said. When asked if an offer by the CAA to use allocated, approved aircraft training hours to continue the search had also been declined, Sea Safety said: "No comment." Clarifying this, Kim McLeod of the CAA said it wasn't a matter of offering extra assistance. Once the search was called off, that was it.

Sea Safety could not comment on why the families of the men first heard of the emergency on a commercial news bulletin, except to say that the media had probably intercepted radio exchanges between *Rockin' Robin* and search and rescue authorities on a scanner.

The families, who believed the men might quite conceivably still be alive after the official search was called off, then mounted a private search in which Gruzman took part. During that search, he said, only two objects were seen in the search area. One was a large, sealed yellow drum floating high in the



"Well... there's something we didn't plan on!"

MAYDAY!

water, and the other was a sheet of plywood. Gruzman contacted Sea Safety to ask for assistance in identifying the drum. If it could be ascertained where it came from — where it was lost — it would be a good indication of the currents and drift in the area, and might help calculate the drift of the missing raft. A Sea Safety official told Gruzman they'd see what they could do.

Gruzman: "Then a man rang me and I got his name and made notes and after a while I couldn't believe what I was listening to. He said, 'If we reacted to anything that was found in the private search it would be belittling to the officers who called off the search and demeaning to the whole department.' I said, 'Look, all we're asking you to do is to see if you can get identification of where this went in.' And they point-blank refused, on that ground. It was their official, considered response." When questioned about this, Sea Safety was unable to comment.

Rockin' Robin's crew was never found. Nor was any sign of the second raft. While talking to Sea Safety on the phone shortly before going to print, *Penthouse* pointed out that people simply wanted to know what had happened. "We know what happened," the official said. "The men didn't survive the night."

More fortunate sailors who have made it back from the life-raft zone have often done so by the skin of their teeth, or at least with a lot of help from themselves. They also reveal that apart from instituting the new satellite EPIRB system, which is proving very effective, Sea Safety hasn't changed its modus operandi for some time.

The most drastic thing that can happen to a yacht at sea is to hit something full-tilt. And there's plenty of junk out there. In the week that *Rockin' Robin* went down, 37 containers were lost off two separate cargo vessels off the east coast alone. Containers have a nasty habit of floating about a foot below the surface of the water — instant death to yachts. Logs, trees, storm debris, partially submerged wreckage, half-full 44-gallon drums, whales, tangles of fishing net and abandoned vessels can all spell disaster for a small boat minding its own business. Especially at night and in rough conditions when visibility is reduced.

Nineteen years ago, the 30-metre, 100-year-old Tasmanian ketch *One And All* was 70 miles north of Middleton Reef in the Coral Sea when, around daybreak, she ran into a floating jetty. According to Peter Dabbs, her skipper, she hit so hard that one crew member was flung from his bunk and across the five-metre wide cabin. At the time it was blowing 30 knots with lumpy seas. Dabbs, who was then 47, thinks that a couple of planks were damaged, and that the caulking then started to run. "When she first started taking water it was fairly serious but we could keep ahead of it with the pumps. Then it increased and we got more and more

caulking in the pumps, and we had to keep taking them apart to clean them out.

"We were in touch by radio all the time — we got on to VIB Brisbane and put out a PAN call. They said, 'Do you want to change it to a mayday?' and I said, 'No, at this stage we're holding our own.' We had a centrifugal high-volume pump with us but it had been swamped in seawater. We had a motor mechanic with us who spent all day trying to get that thing to go, but we couldn't. If we'd had that, we would have got away with it.

"We decided we'd have to get out and changed our call to a mayday. We gave them a very accurate position and a week later we were only 30 miles away from it. We didn't ever see a plane and I don't give a stuff what Canberra says, I know no plane ever came over that position because we kept watch 24 hours a day." Dabbs did not have an EPIRB since, in those days, private sailors weren't allowed to have them — possession of one carried a \$1000 fine.

In that week
37 containers were
lost off two separate
cargo vessels off
the east coast
alone

Dabbs: "The story I was told by the RAAF, and I believe this, was that there were no aircraft available in Queensland so they sent to SA for one and they sent a plane up [to Queensland], by which time Day One had passed. They went to bed that night, set out the next morning, got 100 miles offshore, one engine packed up, they turned around and went back again. Sent down to Adelaide for another plane — Day Two's gone. On Day Three, Canberra panicked, saying, 'They won't be there now, they'll be somewhere else.' I cannot say that that is 100 percent true but I believe it because I was told that by the air crew who were working on that search.

"That would explain why they never came anywhere near us and started looking somewhere else. Five days later they sent out the last plane that was going to be dispatched. They were looking 150 miles away. [On their way home] they just happened to fly over us by mistake — they weren't even looking for us by that time.

"We saw that plane and Jack Kenny grabbed a flare and I said, 'Not on your life. Wait till we can bring the bastard down. If we can sink him we'll have the whole Air Force

out here!' So we tried very hard to hit the plane and we only missed him by about 50 or 60 yards. The pilot said afterwards he was so shocked by it that he was about eight miles away before he got the plane back under control.

"After that, everything went smoothly — the plane circled us, dropped two big life-rafts, must have dropped 100 flares in the air, stayed with us as long as his petrol would allow, dropped a sono buoy. A submarine — *HMAS Ottway* — was dispatched from Brisbane and they turned up about 1am. It was the greatest bit of seamanship I've ever seen: we had rising winds and seas and the submarine stopped dead just as the life-raft touched it."

Once aboard, they were given controlled amounts of food to begin with, and comfortable bunks. "We couldn't get used to it," Dabbs said. "Within half an hour we were all sitting on the cabin sole in a circle." (For Dabbs, the story had a happy ending. He and Margaret Collins, one of his crew, had spent a week in a raft without arguing — so he married her.)

Sailor and doctor Gavin Le Sueur, 31, is another man who made it back from the life-raft zone. On April 9, 1988, Le Sueur, his crew Catherine Reed, and two delivery crew were en route from Lord Howe Island to Port Stephens aboard the 11-metre racing catamaran *D-Flawless*. At 3am, 60 nautical miles offshore, *D-Flawless* was running under shortened sail in a stiff southerly when she hit a 10-metre hump-back whale. It was enough to wreck the boat, and by 4am she had completely broken up. Le Sueur put out two maydays on the boat's radio before she sank, and then he and his crew took to their six-man life-raft. They had with them in the raft an EPIRB (old style) and a hand-held VHF radio. Gavin, using the VHF, put out another mayday. He heard the call being relayed, and activated the EPIRB. "We'll be rescued by breakfast," he said to the others.

They weren't. The life-raft capsized twice, and they almost lost the EPIRB. Once wet, it appeared to have stopped working. After each capsize, they righted the raft and climbed back into it. They then began actively working to prevent further capsize: "Catherine and I could see the oncoming waves and were able to alert the others when a wall of white water appeared. Our anticapsizing technique consisted of everyone diving to the wave side of the raft just as the water hit. This threw all our bodyweight against the capsize moment of the wave. Most times it worked, but it required continuous watch."

At midday on April 9 a helicopter appeared. The crew in the raft let off flares and a smoke signal. Their EPIRB appeared to be working again. The chopper came over to them, let down a man to help them, and soon they were all safe.

Continued on page 135



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR

Lean, mean and a Leo, Kristin refuses to tell anybody her surname. "Why should I?" she shrugs. "Most people that matter remember me anyway." She won't tell her age, either. "It will be a lie, so why bother about it? Okay, I'm five foot eight and I'm a health freak. No oil, no smoke, no sugar! I'm a professional model and I can't afford to be indulgent."



SHORT CIRCUIT







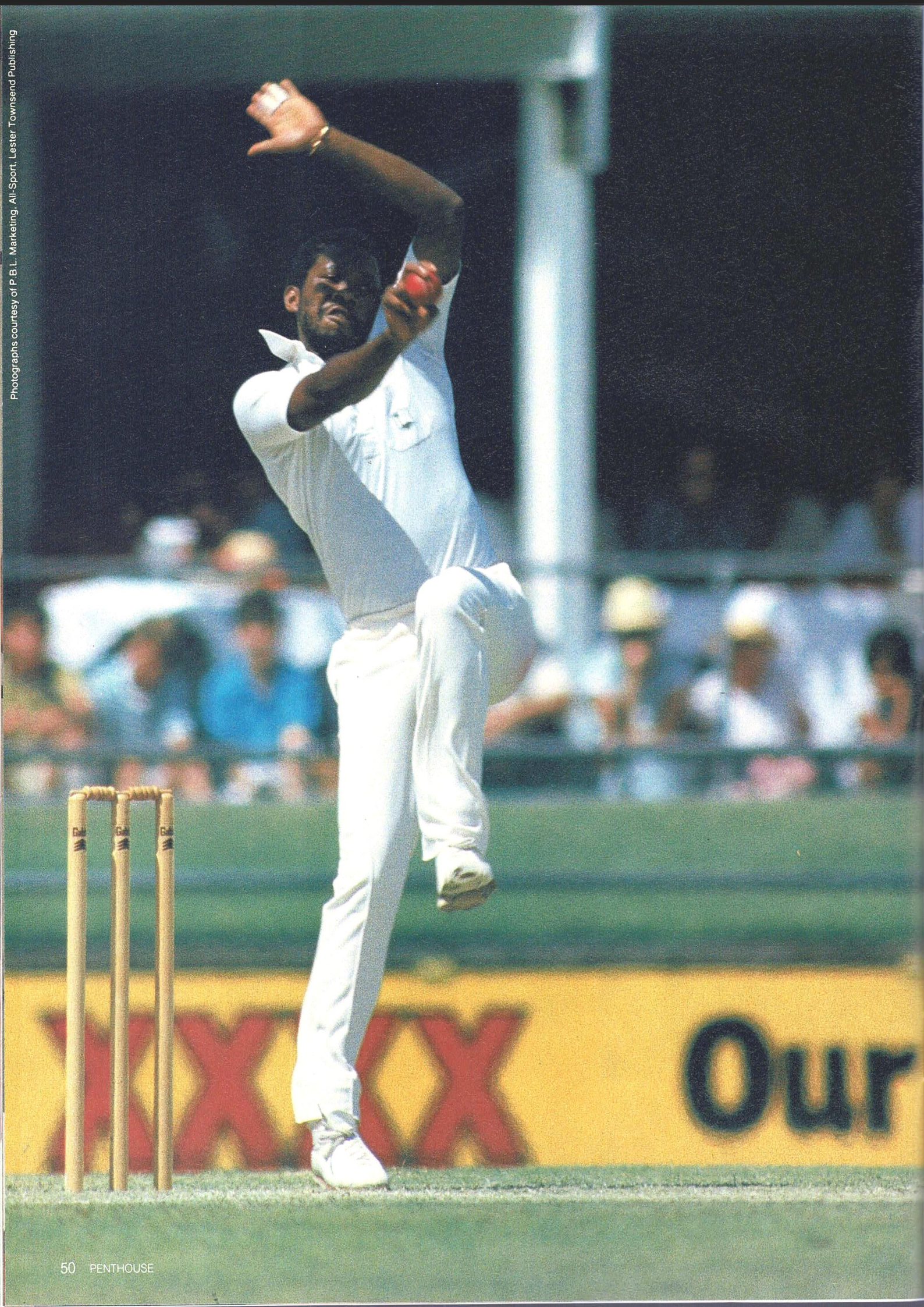
Kristin freely admits to having a compulsion to conquer men. "Some people say I'm destructive, that I short-circuit marriages. Well if women can't hold on to their men, that's their problem. All's fair in love and war, and if I must make war to get love, well so be it. I take what I want, when I want."





Men don't often say no to Kristin. "They are usually begging for it, and the ones that aren't, well, they have no imagination." Every new man is a new challenge to her, a new tiger to shoot. And no two are the same. Why does she do it? She laughs. "Well why do you think? Because they are there, of course! Why else?"





Balls of Fire

Cricket's fast and furious pace men are the stuff of sporting legend

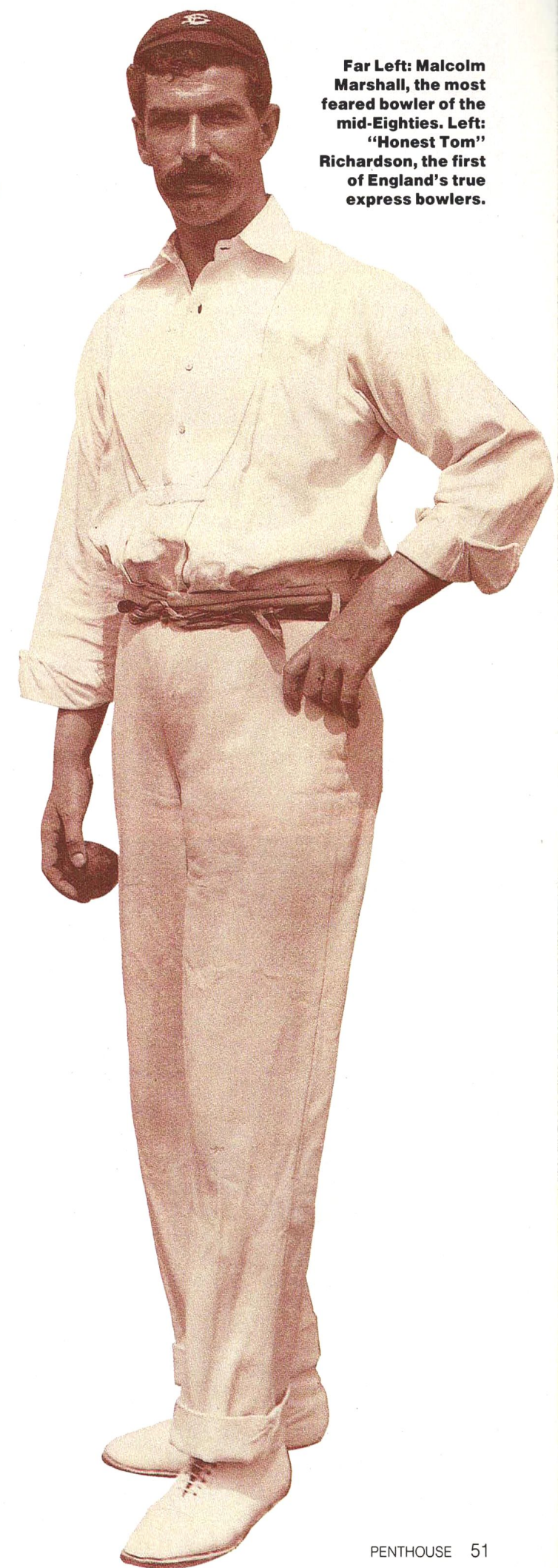
BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

For no less than 40 years the venerable Bill O'Reilly lamented in the *Sydney Morning Herald* that the domination of fast bowling had ruined cricket as a spectacle, and that if only youngsters were once again trained in the subtle but devastating crafts of the spinner, instead of pursuing the vainglory of the speedster, the game would be much the richer.

Old Bill might have convinced some people, but not many. As John Snow, the slight, whippet-like English tearaway of the Seventies, often remarked, fast bowlers are the men who most often win Test cricket matches. Not batsmen, not medium-paced trundlers, not spinners, but frighteningly, blindingly fast bowlers. They are the men who can tear a batting side apart and watch it *bleed*.

But from where does this great gift of explosive speed derive? The current crop of Australian pacemen — bowlers like Merv Hughes, Carl Rackemann and Craig McDermott — are all large, muscular, well co-ordinated and determined men. On their day, and given the right conditions, all can bowl with some venom and grab a bag of wickets. But none of them is the possessor of genuine *express* pace; none has the capacity to reduce a top-class batsman to a pitiful quivering wreck who subconsciously has no other desire than to return to the sanctuary of the grandstand as quickly as possible. When you see a fast bowler do that to a batsman — not a hapless tailend rabbit, for whom you can only feel pity, but a proud wielder of the willow — it is a memorable thing to behold.

Far Left: Malcolm Marshall, the most feared bowler of the mid-Eighties. Left: "Honest Tom" Richardson, the first of England's true express bowlers.



Balls of Fire

At the Bridgetown Oval at Barbados on March 14, 1981, Michael Holding, a tall, skinny black man with long legs and the grace of Fred Astaire, began gliding along the grass towards the man many regard as the greatest defensive batsman ever.

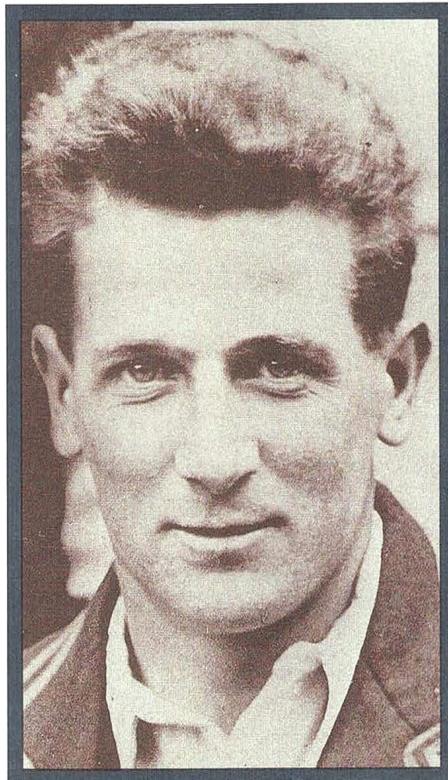
When Holding arrived at a point 22 yards from that batsman, Geoffrey Boycott, he hurled a cricket ball at him at a speed that may never have been reached in cricket before or since. In one searing over Holding beat Boycott for pace five times and then smashed his stumps with the sixth delivery.

Don Mosey of the BBC remembers that Clive Lloyd, the West Indies' captain, had deduced early in the series that Boycott could be unsettled by great pace from around the wicket. He instructed Holding, who had assumed Jeff Thomson's mantle as the world's fastest bowler, to go flat-out at Boycott from the first ball of the innings.

"No looseners, no sighters, just sheer blinding pace," Mosey recalled. "The result was an over which will long be remembered by everyone who saw it. Players who were with Frank 'Typhoon' Tyson in Australia in 1954 — men like Len Hutton, Johnny Wardle, Bob Appleyard and Trevor Bailey — have told me that the Typhoon's bowling in Melbourne was the fastest from anyone in the history of the game. All one can say is that if it was faster than Michael Holding's at the Bridgetown Oval on March 14, 1981 it is possible to feel a rare sympathy for Australian batsmen."

Holding is the fastest bowler yet produced by the West Indies, who have been

Harold Larwood . . . destroyer of Australia in the Bodyline series



churning out the most fearsome men in cricket for the past 15 years, teaming them in gangs of four or five to attack their rivals with relentless, merciless precision.

Along with Andy Roberts — he of the Calypso lilt and Rasputin stare — Joel Garner, Colin Croft, Malcolm Marshall, Wayne Daniel and Patrick Patterson, Holding made the West Indian cricket team the most powerful and menacing in the world from the mid-Seventies on.

It was often said that Holding was so light on his feet he could run in soft snow and not leave any marks. He was so graceful that he earned the nickname "Whispering Death" because Test umpires often could not hear him approaching as he strode out on a run-up that was one of cricket's most elegant sights. While some umpires could not hear him, many batsmen could not see the ball as it whistled past their ears or crashed into their stumps.

Many times during his career Holding's deliveries were clocked at above 90 mph, but for the Englishmen who faced him at Barbados in 1981 he may have bowled the fastest spell ever in Test cricket. At six feet three and with a lithe, wiry frame, he developed his pace from a long, smooth run-up that was all floating strides and head held regally high. His approach was too athletic to ever be called menacing, but his majestic action resulted in terrifying speed — even though most of the time it looked like Holding was hardly extending himself. If batsmen had the time to appreciate their own predicament against Holding, they would have been overwhelmed by the beauty of the action which had brought about their own destruction.

Holding's raw pace was not enough to help the West Indies in their 5-1 series defeat in Australia in 1975-76, but before long he was being compared with Jeff Thomson in terms of pace and Charles Manson in terms of menace. Against India the following season, Whispering Death won the home series with a violent spell of fast bowling on his home turf at Sabina Park, battering the tourists with a display of hostility they had never encountered. Persistent bouncers on an unpredictable pitch devastated the Indians. In the first innings, Vishwanath's hand was broken and Gaekwad was so alarmed at Holding's pace that he began backing away as soon as the speedster began his run-up. Repeatedly struck, Gaekwad was finally put in hospital for two days after being hit in the ear, and Patel retired to have stitches sewn in his mouth.

Bishen Bedi, protesting the West Indian tactics, declared his team's innings closed at 6-306 to protect himself and fellow spinner Chandrasekhar from any further damage, especially broken fingers.

After making 55 with the bat, Holding then tore back into the Indians in their second innings, and after Mohinder Armanath seemed to be steering his side to some

sort of recovery at 2-97, three wickets fell without a run being added, and at 5-97 Bedi again declared — with five of his team going into the scorebook as "absent hurt." Some of them were probably absent through justifiable trepidation.

Holding, a former Jamaican track and field star, Jeff Thomson, a former Sydney beach bum, and Frank Tyson, an erudite graduate of Durham University, are generally regarded as the three fastest bowlers of all time, though Thomson is the man listed with the official record of 99.7 mph against the Windies at Perth in 1975.

At his bat-breaking best, Tyson was a prematurely balding young man of 24, a scholar who quoted Shakespeare, who perceived cricket as human drama, and who saw in the angst and fury of fast bowling the colorful artistic turbulence of Vincent Van Gogh. Neil Harvey, master batsman of the Fifties, rated Tyson and the giant, athletic West Indian Wesley Hall as the two fastest bowlers he ever faced; Ray Lindwall as the best; and Fred Trueman as the most aggressive and most talented of the Englishmen from his era — a better all-round bowler than Tyson, and nearly as quick.

In his own artform, though, Tyson was something of a grand master — almost a freak of nature, a man who gave up what could have been a long, illustrious Test career for one brief season in which he bowled as fast, and perhaps faster, than anyone, anywhere, ever.

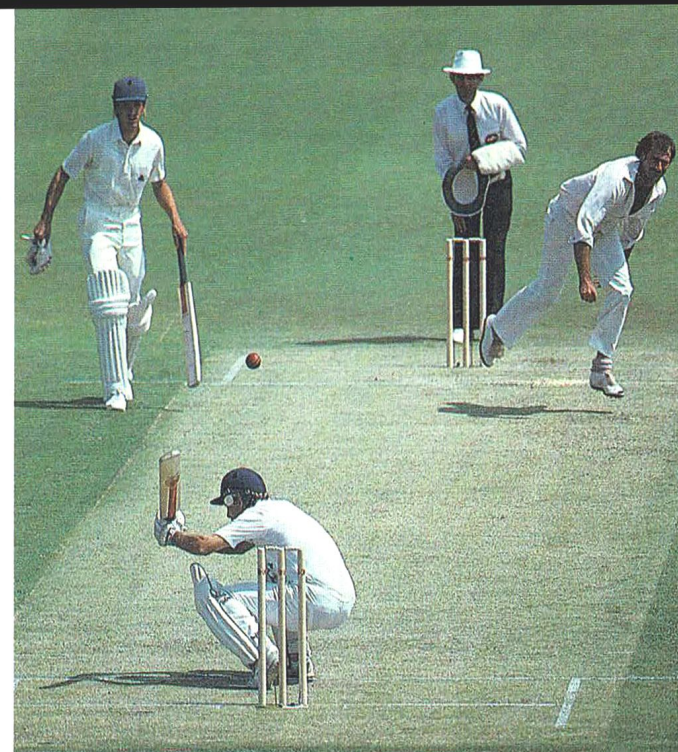
To him cricket was a pursuit which should "uplift, gratify and stimulate intellectually as well as sensually." To anyone who faced him, it was a death-defying sport as hazardous as dodging cannon-fire.

Former Australian captain Richie Benaud says he has never seen anyone bowl quicker than Tyson did during his assault on Australia in the summer of 1954-55, when he roared in with his steel-backed, long-striding charge to the crease, pounced with his long, straining final leap, scared the wits out of Australia's best batsmen, and won the Ashes for England.

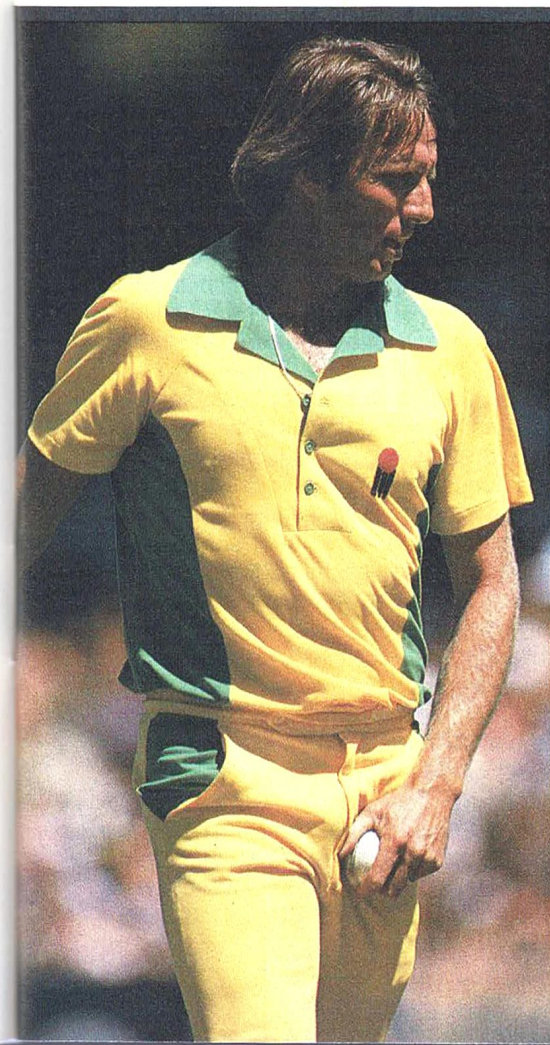
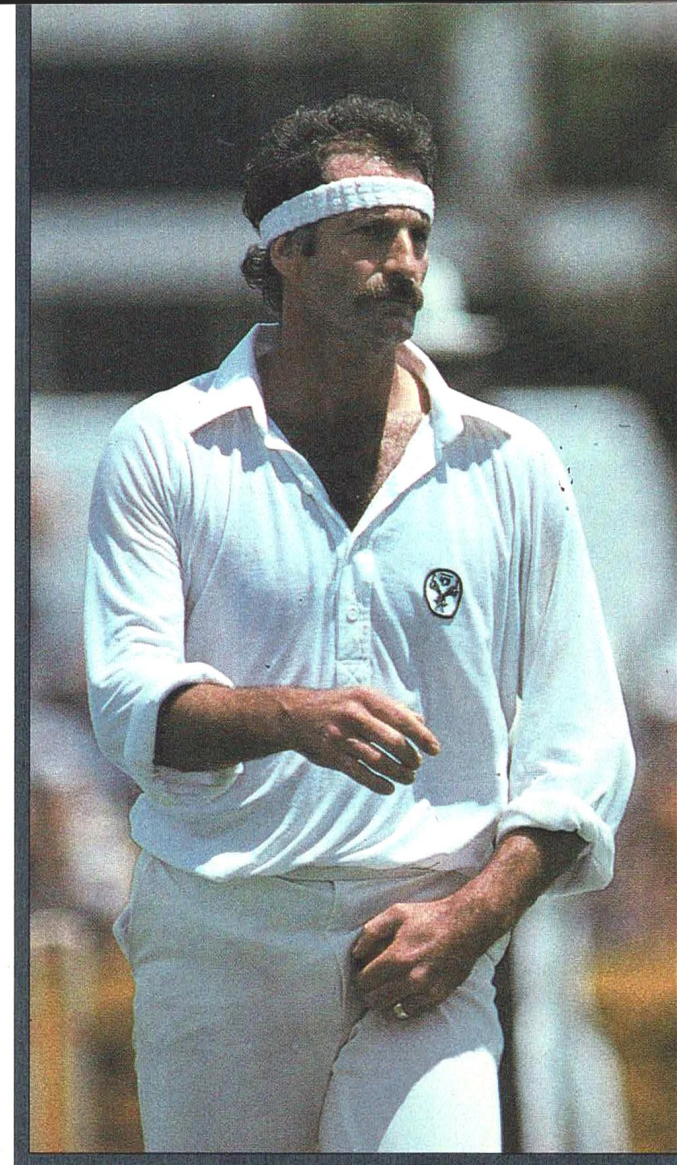
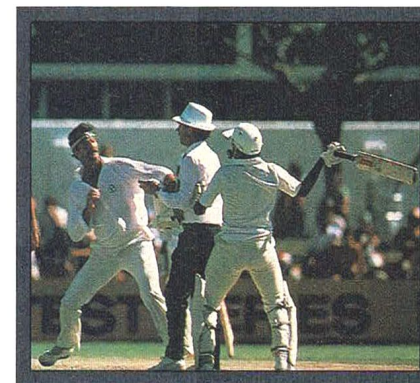
Tyson came along at a period when Fred Trueman and Brian Statham were already established figures in the English side. Yet even though such lauded fast bowlers surrounded him, Tyson is probably remembered along with Harold Larwood as the most terrifying quick man England has produced.

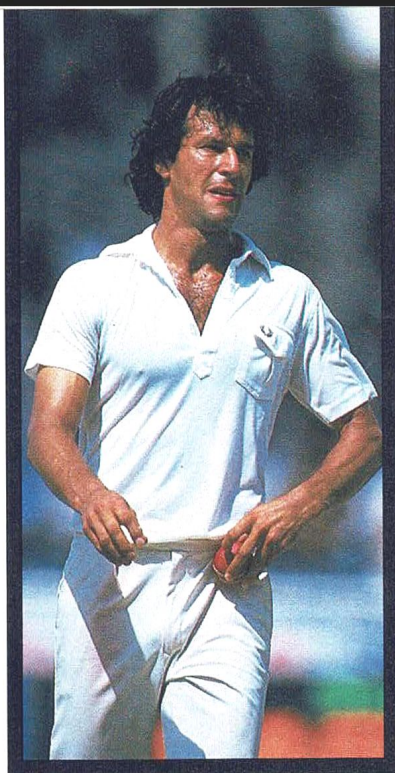
He was destined for big things right from his very first delivery in county cricket in 1952. Tyson came pounding in off his 38-metre run-up, leaped into the delivery stride and sent the missile hurtling. It travelled so fast and swung so far that it rocketed into the slips cordon, which immediately jumped back another five metres in readiness for the next delivery.

He loved to bowl fast, if nothing else for the great sense of power that comes from



Dennis Lillee, above, and Jeff Thomson, below — the fastest and most lethal opening pair in Australia's history. Lillee was better, Thomson faster — officially, at 99.7 mph, the fastest of all time.





Balls of Fire

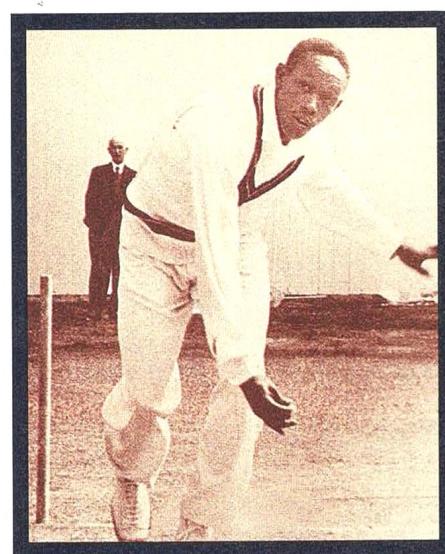
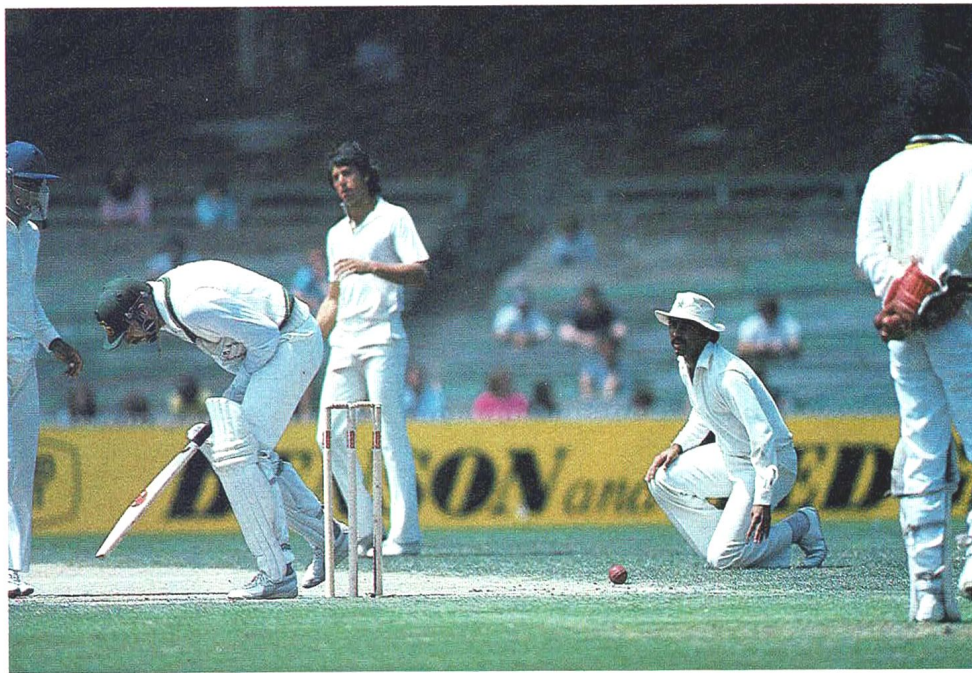
making men quake. In *A Typhoon Called Tyson*, he wrote: "To bowl quick is to revel in the glad animal action, to thrill in physical prowess and to enjoy a certain sneaking feeling of superiority over the other mortals who play the game. No batsman likes quick bowling and this knowledge gives one a sense of omnipotence."

In Wellington, Tyson and Brian Statham were once clocked at just under 90mph, but it's certain that going flat-out Tyson was much quicker than that. Whether he was ever as fast as Jeff Thomson is anyone's guess. Sophisticated timing equipment was not available during Tyson's reign of terror, but despite the great fear that the Typhoon was able to generate, he never quite possessed the overt menace of Jeff Thomson and Dennis Lillee during the Ashes series of 1974-75.

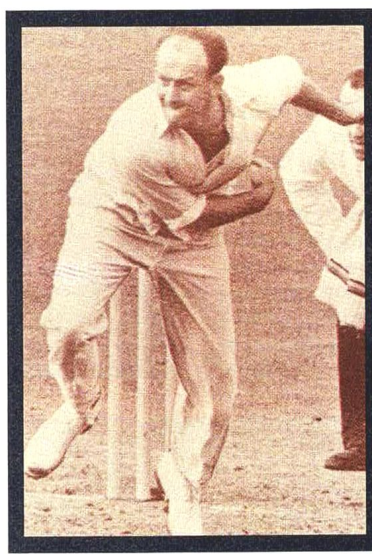
Don Bradman described the pairing of Lillee and Thomson ("Lillian Thomson" as they became known) as probably "the fastest and most lethal opening pair in Australia's history. They possessed remarkable physique, strength, stamina and ability, and may I add within the confines of diplomacy, a willingness to exploit the short-pitched delivery to an extent which would have unnerved any side."

Thomson once described his bowling action to the journalist Philip Derriman by saying: "I just shuffle in and go *whang*." But what a whang it was, officially the fastest whang of all time. Like his father before him, Thomson bowled with a slinging action that owed much to his school days as a javelin champion. Photos of his exaggerated side-on windup, with his bowling arm disappearing behind his back, hark back to the slingshot action of Tibby Cotter.

Thomson had a slow run-up, almost a gentle jog to the wicket, and then one leg



Roy Gilchrist (left) ... fast but far too furious; Frank Tyson (right) ... for one summer, possibly the fastest ever



would cross the other, the powerful torso would swivel, his right arm would wind out to the small of his back, his left would karate-chop the sky, and then he would uncoil with tremendous thrust and a whoosh of acceleration.

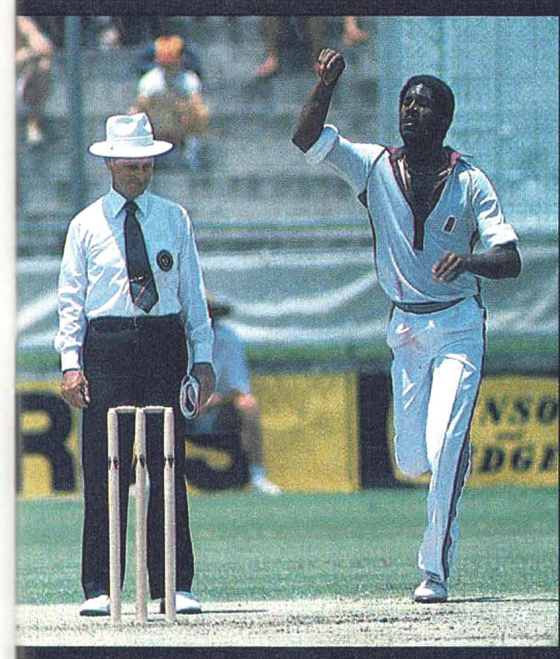
Early in his career he became notorious as a batsman hater. Before the MCC tour of Australia which catapulted Thomson to fame, indeed infamy, he sat with Sydney cricket writer Phil Wilkins in a portable press box — a Holden — and gave a controversial interview which he would later play down as much as possible. Thomson told Wilkins that he enjoyed hitting batsmen more than getting them out. "It doesn't worry me in the least to see a batsman hurt," Thomson said. "In fact it makes me happy — rolling around screaming and blood on the pitch. The ball hitting his skull was music to my ears."

Yet in his biography, speaking of the time he had flattened the son of former Test umpire Reg Lewidge in a club match with a ball that cannoned into the

batsman's eye, Thomson said: "It was frightening to see this bloke just screaming and shaking and the pitch splattered with blood as it poured through his fingers. He was in the intensive care unit for a week."

"Thommo" was so unpredictable that he often had no idea where the ball was going to pitch. He just bowled as fast as he could and hoped for the best. If he didn't know where it was going to land, what chance the palpitating man holding the willow, who had less than half a second to sight the ball, decide upon a stroke and play his shot?

Against the Englishmen on their terrifying journey south in '74-75, Thomson sent many complexions a whiter shade of pale. Journalist David Frith remembers the havoc Lillee and Thomson caused throughout that season: "Dennis Amiss and John Edrich suffered broken hands in the First Test. Thomson damaged Luckhurst's knuckle and hit David Lloyd a cruel blow in the pit of the stomach.



Lloyd's finger was split and Titmus was almost maimed by a ball from Thomson which cannoned into his knee. Underwood was hit resoundingly in the ribs by Lillee, who also bowled a beamer at Willis and was cautioned by the umpire after two withering bumpers at Amiss. Fletcher headed an unplayable ball from Thomson to cover point, and John Edrich, dropping earthwards after his first ball from Lillee, suffered broken ribs in the Fourth Test, which gave Australia the Ashes."

Dennis Lillee was not as quick as Thomson but he was a better fast bowler — more accurate and with greater control over swing, cut, seam and variation — the fast bowler's supplementary skills to sheer pace. Lillee always maintained that fast bowlers were born and not made, and that the essential component for any true speedster was the same "fast-twitch" muscle fibres found in the champion sprinters. These fibres allowed the muscles to contract and release quickly, thus creating great pace.

Lillee bowled with a side-on action straight out of the textbook, and his style was modelled on the long-bounding run of Wes Hall and the silky-smooth delivery of Ray Lindwall. But Lillee, like the gangling Englishman Rob Willis and so many other fast bowling greats, always believed that a young paceman should be encouraged to bowl fast with whatever style suited him.

Thus a speedster like Mike Procter, the bull-necked South African, was able to develop into the world's fastest bowler in the late Sixties using an action that was comical to all but the Australians he shattered in two home series.

Procter's fast bowling worked on the simplest of physics: the faster he ran to the wicket, the faster he bowled. Unfortunately for Australian Test batsmen and English county cricketers, Procter was a very fast runner. The chunky South African did not have much grace or

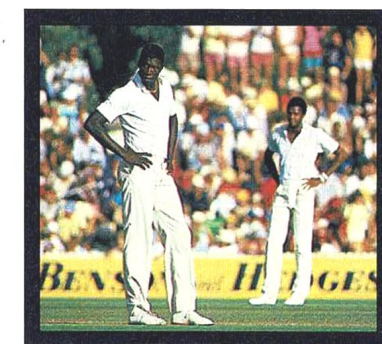
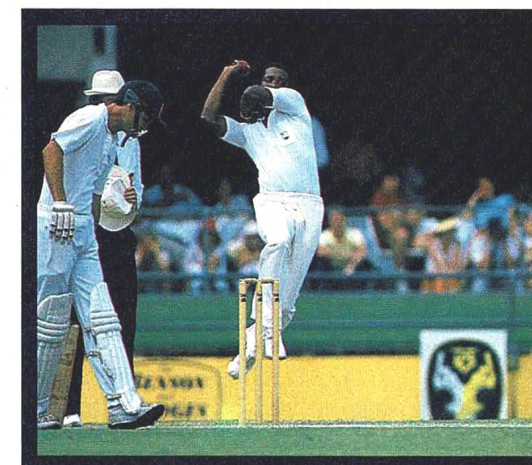
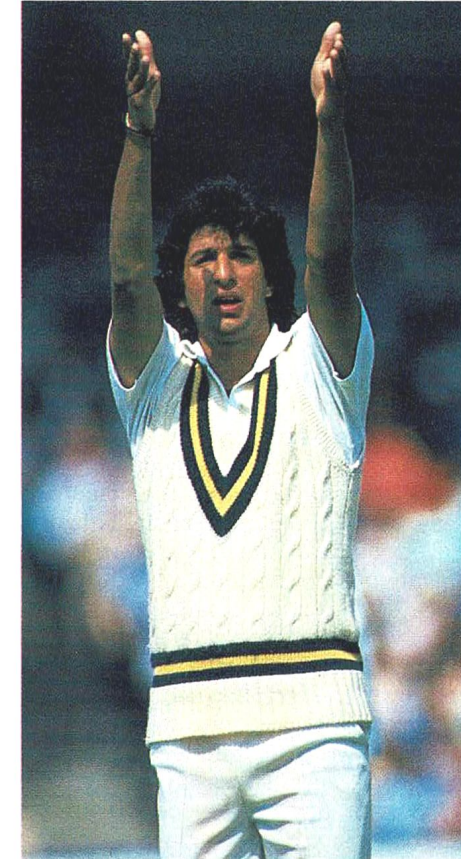
Left To Right: Imran Khan, "the Lion of Pakistan", with tremendous swing for a true speedster; Dennis Lillee cops some of his own while batting against Pakistan; Michael Holding, who in 1981 may have bowled the fastest over in history.

rhythm, or any semblance of what the purists call "style." But with his physique and toughness he didn't need to. His pace was based on arm and shoulder action — a charging sprint to the crease and a whirlwind chest-on catapult with his right arm whizzing over in a white blur. He bowled so fast from such a curious position that spectators wondered just how long it would be before the big South African's arm went flying right off his shoulder. His arm action was so quick that he released the ball fractionally before his left foot landed, giving the impression that he bowled off the wrong foot. He hardly left a mark at the crease because, unlike most pacemen, he did not derive any 'speed' from a slammed-down front foot.

Because of his awkward action and his sharp pace, the batsman was never quite sure when or where to expect the ball to land, even though most of the time Procter's action resulted in booming inswingers that had a habit of knocking stumps out of the ground or bruising shinbones. It was widely predicted that Procter would last only a few years in cricket before he broke down, it being reasoned that the immense strain on his joints would cause something somewhere to break. Yet his action did not destroy him. It made him stronger. The more he bowled the fitter and faster he became, and the more resilient his bones and muscles got. For many years he was such a driving force with bat and ball for Gloucestershire that the county became known around the cricketing world as "Proctershire."

What Procter had was immense strength, but he also had a suppleness of shoulder that reminded enthusiasts of double-jointed pacemen like Brian Statham and the American John Barton King. King didn't have express pace but his ability to swing the ball through the air made him one of the all-time greats, even though his appearances were mostly confined to the Philadelphians and he never played a Test match.

King once wrote that the secret of fast bowling was relaxation — the complete absence of tension in the arms, legs and shoulders. At six feet one and 12 stone 10lb (185cms and 81kgs), he had the same physical bearing as Sydney Barnes, who bowled fast spinners from a high-stepping run of 13 paces and was so committed to his craft that in many matches the ball became smeared with his blood as he wore the skin from his fingers. Barnes ranks with Lillee as the greatest fast bowler of them all, and succeeded



Top To Bottom: Wasim Akram, who could become the greatest left-arm quick ever; Malcolm Marshall, still the fastest along with Akram; Joel Garner, a handful at any pace because of his height.

Balls of Fire

"Honest Tom" Richardson as the greatest of the English speedsters.

Richardson was the first of England's truly fast Test bowlers. He was a man immortalised by the prose of the great cricket writer Neville Cardus and by the honest labors of his big heart, which carried him through two tours of Australia and 14 Test matches before finally giving out at the age of 41 while he was on a walking holiday in France. In the words of David Frith, Honest Tom was born in a gypsy caravan and born for bowling. He was lithe and supple, with a big moustache and black ringlets framing a kind face. His team mate C.B. Fry, the master batsman, called him "a cheerful, brown-faced, Italian-looking brigand with an ivory smile."

He was possessed of rare stamina and his pace would not drop no matter how much work he had to do under the blazing Australian sun or on the merciless Oval wicket bowling for Surrey. Honest Tom played his first full season for Surrey in 1893 after amazing success with the Mitcham club. He built up his pace off a fairly long run, culminating in a high leap that always made Cardus catch his breath and reach for a pen.

Against Australia at Old Trafford in 1896 Richardson was roaring in with that classical action Cardus likened to a great ocean wave about to break. He gave it everything he had and Australia was on toast, but one dropped catch ruined England's hopes and Richardson was never the same bowler again. "The heart of Richardson might have burst at this," wrote Cardus, "but it did not. To the end he strove and suffered. Australia won by three wickets, and the players ran from the field — all of them save Richardson." He was dazed, observed Cardus. "His body still shook from the violent motion. He stood there like some fine animal baffled at the uselessness of great strength and effort in this world . . . A companion led him to the pavilion and there he fell wearily to a seat."

Another version of the story is somewhat less romantic. It says that the beloved but thirsty Tom was first into the pavilion and had sunk two pints of beer before any of his team mates had time to take off their boots.

Richardson was almost as quick as Charles Jesse Kortright, the wealthy amateur he kept out of Test cricket. "Korty", who never worked a day in his life, had a measure of speed that became legendary. In *The Book Of Cricket*, former England skipper Plum Warner estimated the speed of Kortright's bowling at about 2000 feet per second — about 50 feet per second quicker than that of the other champion fast bowlers of the early 20th Century, Tibby Cotter and Kodgee Kotze. This works out at more than 1350 mph or

nearly 14 times faster than Jeff Thomson at his most fiery. It's not known whether Plum Warner had just been hit in the head by Korty when he made his miscalculation, but perhaps his estimate was just a way of emphasising that Kortright bowled a cricket ball as fast as was humanly possible. Indeed, those who faced the powerfully-built six-foot Essex speedster at his peak believed that no man would ever bowl faster. It is said that at a club match in Wallingford he sent down a bouncer that not only went flying over the heads of both batsman and keeper, but kept going over the fence for six byes.

Kortright was faster than the Australian Fred Spofforth, but Spofforth's name has become enshrined in legend as the original "Demon" bowler because of the hell he gave the English Test men of the 1870s and '80s. Born in Balmain, Sydney as the son of a Yorkshire bank manager, Spofforth had the same sharp features as

There are still some who saw Larwood operating during the Bodyline series who say that no-one has ever bowled faster

Dennis Lillee. He stood six feet three, lean and strong, with a long, thin face, hawkish nose, bristling moustache and eyes that could quicken the heart of any batsman. He killed England at the Oval in 1882, and Australia and the Old Country have been playing for the remains of some bails, The Ashes, ever since.

In the 1880s Spofforth was to bowling what W.G. Grace was to batting. He was the most feared cricketer in Australia and a fast bowler to be feared, if not always for his pace, which could be sharp at times, then always for his variety and cunning. He always remarked that bowling was just as artistic "as many of the so-called higher arts."

Spofforth bowled mostly fast-medium pace with great control, but William Cooper, a contemporary leg-break bowler, reckoned that flat-out the Demon could be as fast as Harold Larwood, the Englishman who destroyed Australia's batting and stifled Don Bradman's scoring in the 1932-33 Bodyline series.

Larwood was just a little bit of a thing when he first turned up at Trent Bridge looking for a county trial. At the age of 18

he stood just five feet four and weighed little more than the much maligned 90-pound weakling of comic book fiction. He was frail, pale and untried. But he was also very fast, and there are still some who saw him operating years later during the Bodyline series who say that no-one has ever bowled faster.

By the time he was fully grown Larwood was anything but a giant. At his peak he stood five feet nine and weighed just 12 stone, but from the English perspective at least, he had assumed another sort of comic book identity — that of a superhero. For some while this sturdy little man from a mining village in the north of England was the most feared man in the cricket-playing world.

Larwood was England captain Douglas Jardine's supreme weapon in the war against Don Bradman in that Australian home series which provoked so much bitterness and international ill-will. He was loyal, hardworking, deadly accurate, and above all, blindingly quick. Like a well-drilled soldier he did what he was told to do, unflinchingly. When Jardine told him the Australian batsmen were a cowardly lot — a pack of "yellow bastards" — Larwood roared into them with extra fury.

Even the old newsreel footage of him during the Bodyline series still quickens the pulse nearly 60 years later: the controlled hostility of the run-up, gradually building momentum in measured bounds like a cheetah chasing prey. His action was as dynamic as it was classical: the final leap and sway back of the torso, both arms clutching at the sky, his left foot thumping down on to the wicket as though he were trampling Australian cricket itself. And then the powerful combination of supple strength, superb co-ordination, a natural fast bowling rhythm, and arms that were so long his knuckles sometimes scraped the turf on his follow-through. He used his lack of height to advantage because his short-pitched deliveries reared at the chest and throat rather than sailing over the head.

Throughout the Bodyline series Larwood was jeered by fans; he was mock-cheered after being dismissed for 98 in the final Test; and his name was at the centre of a rift that threatened to tear apart the sporting relationship between Australia and England.

Australians believed his sole purpose was to maim brave young batsmen — something he has always refuted even though he never apologised for the Bodyline tactics. In his autobiography Larwood wrote that the short-pitched bowling put the dynamite into cricket, made it a manly game. "I never bowled to injure a man in my life," he said. "Frighten them, intimidate them, yes. But I had a very unspectacular record of causing serious injuries to batsmen." He always maintained that during Bodyline he only did what was necessary to win back the

Ashes. "They said I was a killer with the ball," he once wrote, "but Bradman with the bat was the greatest killer of all."

Stories of Larwood's speed have entered mythology. In a match against Tasmania in 1928-29 he is said to have sent a bail flying 66 yards. In the days before sensitive timing equipment his fastest deliveries were clocked at 96 mph, but according to the legends surrounding him he may have bowled even faster than that.

There are many tales told of batsmen in England playing and missing but still walking off the field as though they'd been caught behind, relieved to have the opportunity of escape. In county cricket it was always reckoned that the most dangerous time to face Larwood was after lunch, when he and his partner Big Bill Voce had sunk a few pints of ale and had their egos bruised by suggestions from their captain, Arthur Carr, that maybe the old speed wasn't there anymore.

When the touring West Indians met Larwood in 1928, he reacted to suggestions that Learie Constantine was quicker than him by hitting Frank Martin in the head and turning the cap of George Challenor back to front. Against Hampshire once, Larwood was plugging away merrily when a telegram was brought on to the field. He read it, put it away in his pocket and then let the ball go with a speed that was surprising even for him. Later the Hampshire players discovered

the telegram had informed Harold that his wife had provided him with a new daughter. "Thank God it wasn't twins," mumbled one of the poor batsmen.

Like Larwood, Malcolm Marshall from the modern era is proof that small men can be as fearsome as giants on the cricket field. There was nothing particularly menacing about Marshall, nothing to suggest he would become the most feared fast bowler of the mid-Eighties. Like Larwood and Lindwall he is not a big man — five feet ten and 12 stone, with most of the weight in his shoulders. But the West Indian rubber man's flexible body can twist and contort in all directions like a big elastic band, and from a charging, bounding run-up and an acrobatic chest-on wind-up, he became the fastest bowler in the world and the greatest wicket-taker in West Indian cricket. As a party trick Marshall can clasp his hands behind his back and swing them above his head. The looseness of his shoulder joints could create tremendous speed. His development in the arts and crafts of fast bowling earned him the nickname "Ninja" because of his many silent ways to destroy a batsman.

Like Lindwall, Lillee, Holding and the slower but equally fearsome Sir Richard Hadlee, Marshall was able to cut down his run-up after the age of 30 and still achieve phenomenal results through his mastery of swing and cut. He took 35 cheap

wickets in England in 1988 without having to reach the express speed he had in previous duels with the English batsmen.

According to former Australian Test skipper Greg Chappell, Marshall and the Pakistani newcomer Wasim Akram are the two fastest bowlers in the world, while Akram and the lanky West Indian Curtly Ambrose are the two brightest stars of the future. Chappell believes that if Akram can show any of the durability of Hadlee he could well go down in history as the greatest left-arm fast bowler of them all. "Although his run-up and action don't look threatening, his pace is derived from supple strength and perfect balance," says Chappell. "Somewhere between the actions of Akram, John Snow and Jeff Thomson lies the perfect fast bowling action — an economical run-up and an action which has the arms close to the body, ensuring perfect balance and explosive speed."

"Imran Khan was the best swinger of the ball among the genuine fast bowlers I encountered, but like Dennis Lillee he had an action that placed great stress on his back. Imran tended to throw his front arm out towards the offside and it placed a lot of strain on his spine. (Dennis, by the way, was the greatest fast bowler of my time, followed by Andy Roberts).

"West Indian Patrick Patterson can be

Continued on page 137



ONE



TWO



THREE

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HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES
ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF KELLY

how to sleep with a woman

† here are two stages every man goes through when he sleeps with a woman. When he first *sleeps* with her, he does very little actual sleeping at all. Then, when he gets to know the girl a lot better, he may decide to start living with her. Then, he really does start sleeping *with* her. A lot has been written about the first kind of sleeping, but very little about the second kind of sleeping. This is very strange because anyone can *sleep* with a woman, given a little practice. But sleeping *with* a woman is fraught with all kinds of difficulties, frustrations and obstacles. For instance, there are some very fundamental differences in the REM sleeping patterns of men and women. When women sleep, they dream about getting speeding tickets, going to the opera in their underwear, arguing with fish, the color red, menstruating in public and marrying Tom Selleck. Men dream about having sex with Kim Basinger.

Sleeping habits are also quite different. When men can-

not sleep they usually make themselves a cup of coffee and watch the American football on TV. When women cannot sleep they defrost the refrigerator, vacuum the house, rinse out their underwear and listen to late night talk-back radio. Also, women do not wake up in the morning with erections — although some reckon they wake up in the mornings with a big prick, but that's different entirely. So before you decide to stop *sleeping* with your latest girl, and start sleeping *with* her, you'd better think carefully. These are a few of the pitfalls to look out for.

Wild and crazy sex with her was great, but brother, living with her can be a whole new ball game

how to

SNORING

Sooner or later, no matter how sweet-natured she appears to be on the surface, a woman will complain that you snore in bed. Do not believe it. Such allegations are a female conspiracy to make men feel badly about themselves. If your snoring was loud enough to wake *her* up, it would have woken you too, wouldn't it? After all, you're closer to your adenoids than she is. If she persists with this harassment, and starts holding your nose while you're dreaming about having sex with Kim Basinger — or worse, tries to turn you on your side while you're having oral sex with Susan Sarandon — insist she sleeps on the couch.

MARKING OUT YOUR TERRITORY

Women are by nature what Freud referred to as *somnambulist imperialists*. No matter how much territory they have in bed, they always want more. It doesn't matter what size bed you have, they will sleep in at least three quarters of it, and then wake up in the morning and complain that you had all the covers. The only way around this problem is by taking a small brush and smearing the wet patch right up the middle of the sheets as a border. Women hate the wet patch and will not go near it.

The hassle over who had all the duvet is a much more difficult problem. The best solution is to hire a private investigator to stand in the bedroom during the night as an impartial observer. He can then adjudicate in the following morning's discussion and give rulings on:

- 1) Who stole the covers;
- 2) How many times the accused stole the covers and if they did, whether they only did it because the plaintiff had most of them to begin with;
- 3) How many times these incidents occurred, and who was the main offender; and
- 4) Whether all of the above was just cause for practically pushing the accused out of bed.

SMOKING

MAN: Do you smoke after intercourse?
WOMAN: I don't know, I've never looked.

It's an old gag, and of course in the movies the lovers always light up after the lights come back on. In real life though, it's been statistically proven that more women are taking up smoking than men, so it's far more likely that she's the only one who's going to reach for the gaspers. It therefore follows that she's also going to be the one who will burn a hole in your new silk sheets, make the bedroom smell like a two-up pit and leave butts under the pillows.

You should not allow it. If you are sleeping *with* a smoker, you should do all the

sleeping on the living room sofa, and then make her sleep *with* herself. Give her a sleeping bag, an ashtray and a fire extinguisher and tell her you'll see her in the morning.

EATING TOAST IN BED

There will come a time when the blonde siren whose svelte body kept you on heat for months at a time will decide she is hungry and bring a plate of toast to bed. Even a giant waterbed with silk sheets, fur restrainers and a ceiling mirror can suddenly seem somehow less seductive when it takes on the consistency of a bowl of granola without the milk. At the first sign of Eating Toast In Bed Syndrome you should discuss the possibility of a more open relationship, ie, sleeping with other women.

READING IN BED

Women have far less easy consciences than men and so find it much more difficult to get to sleep at nights. So when they ask you if you mind if they read for a while, what they are actually saying is: "Can you sleep with a bright light shining in your face until two o'clock in the morning?" As any ex-Lubyanka inmate will tell you, the answer to this question is no.

Handle the situation calmly and rationally. Tell her calmly and rationally that you have an important presentation in the morning and ask her calmly and rationally if she wouldn't mind turning off the light. If she refuses, calmly smash the bedside lamp and rationally throw the book out of the window.

WAKING UP

Some women have a pathological need to get up at sparrowfart and dash desperately into the bathroom to turn on the shower, wash and blow dry their hair, flush the toilet several times, then open and close drawers looking for a pair of tights that don't have a ladder, thus waking you up just after you got a misdirected call from Meg Ryan who thought you were the fire department and has asked you to come round straight away because she's in the bath and has got her big toe stuck in the tap.

Other women lie around in bed all morning with their hair over their faces and their pillows over their hair and the sheets over the pillows, groaning and dribbling, and expect you to bring them cups of tea and bowls of cereal while they're dreaming about marrying Sean Penn and reforming him.

It is impossible to sleep *with* such women. They are strictly for *sleeping with*. Send them home immediately afterwards.

I hope this guide is of some help. Remember: all cats are grey in the dark, but all women are different. Take care. Even if you find the girl of your dreams, you'll never get to finish a dream again. ☺



ANASTASIA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

KIWI AT LARGE

Anastasia Burford — Stacy to her friends — is a 23-year-old Kiwi with a mission in life. Born in the town of Lower Hutt, Stacy grew up in Wanganui. A qualified chef, she travelled widely — Europe, London, Morocco, Hawaii and the Caribbean — before deciding to settle in Sydney. She enjoys Sydney's climate and night life, although she still misses home. "New Zealand is incredibly beautiful, especially the mountains in the south."



Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Cream beaded corset, bolero jacket, cream chiffon tutu, lace G-string and gloves by Rod Alexander, (02) 958 6314; White ruffled G-string by Running Bare; Ballet slippers, boned corset, peach tutu, cotton top, lace vest and gloves from ABC Costume Hire (02) 950 4284. All Sydney.

One of Stacy's favorite moments during her travels was in the Caribbean, while working at a resort at Carriacou. She and a friend took a small runabout to a nearby island. "I was in the water, hanging on to the side of the boat having a lot of fun," she smiles. Stacy likes a variety of men. She enjoys good conversation over dinner, but above all likes to be treated intelligently.







Stacy is keen to get into acting and making rock videos, and eventually she'd like to run an upmarket brasserie. But for the time being, she's applied for a licence to raise money for charities such as the Children's Hospital and Sydney City Mission. "I care about people, animals and the environment and I want to make a contribution," she says.







CHEATING

mention the phrase "extramarital affair" and the image that comes to mind is usually that of the eternal triangle involving a lecherous husband, a long-suffering wife and a predatory, single female (often a work colleague or employee). Articles about affairs tend to focus on this stereotype, with catchy titles like "How To Keep Your Man From Straying" or "The Lonely Life Of The Mistress." There don't appear to be many articles on "How To Keep Your Wife From Straying" or "The Pain Of Loving A Married Woman."

Certainly studies done ten or 20 years ago consistently found that husbands were more likely to have an affair than wives, but if the many women who consult me about their problems are anything to go by, wives are fast catching up with their male counterparts in their willingness to explore sexual options outside marriage.

There appears to be an increase generally in the frequency of affairs and this seems likely to be due to the sexualisation of our society that has taken place in the last two decades. Sexual issues are dealt with openly and explicitly, and the message given is that sexual experimentation and var-

iety is almost essential if you want to be sexually fulfilled. The idea that we should only have one sexual partner for life began to be demolished in the Sixties, and has continued to disintegrate rapidly since then. One sexual counsellor of my acquaintance was

More Australian women than ever before are embarking on extramarital affairs. Why do they stray?

heard to declare that anyone who had only ever had one sexual partner clearly had inhibitions that needed to be overcome.

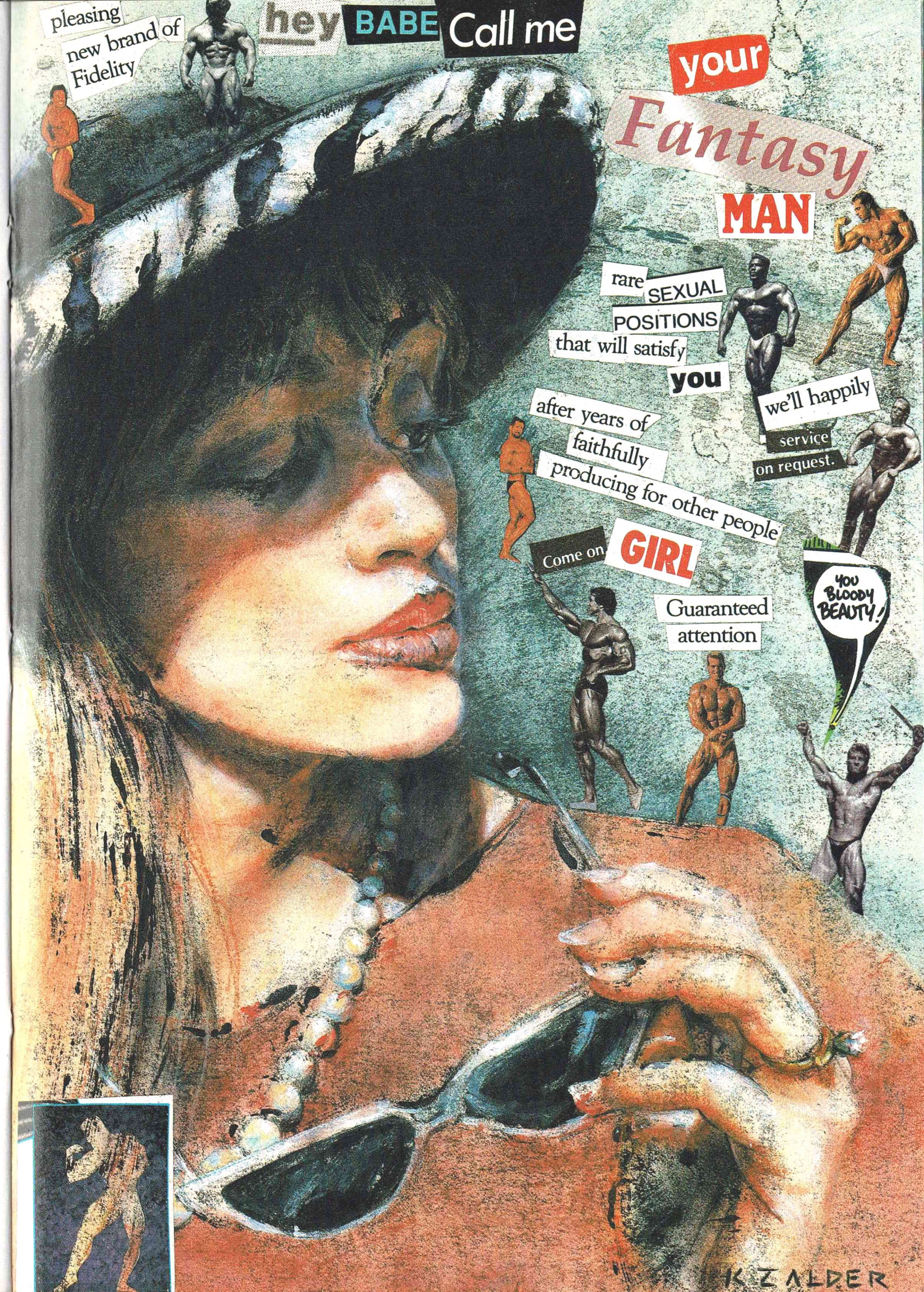
So, the barriers which once tried to keep sex as the private reserve of marriage have come crashing down, and this has affected women no less than men. However, it is clear from my women clients that their reasons for having an affair, and the impact on their marriages, varies tremendously.

It just happened: Susan was a computer programmer for a large company. At 27, she had been married for two years to a solicitor. They led busy lives, but their marriage was sound and Susan felt they had a satisfying sexual relationship. Both she and her husband

hearts

BY DR SANDRA PERTOT

ILLUSTRATION BY KELYNN Z. ALDER



CHEATING

had had previous sexual relationships.

Susan's job meant that she was obliged to keep up with the latest information in computing; she attended a week-long conference which was held in a residential conference centre. Naturally, the conference included a social program in the evenings. Susan was not naive and knew that sexual liaisons often developed in this atmosphere, but she felt she had no interest in this at all. In fact, she found the blatant sexual carry-on of some participants quite amusing and had great difficulty keeping a straight face when one man tried to pick her up with a line about "how did she keep the sexual fire going in her marriage?"

She wasn't prepared, then, for her reactions when she was seated next to Jim at the dinner-dance which was held on the last evening of the conference. He was pleasant company, easy to talk to, and she enjoyed their lively conversation as they shared a bottle or two of wine over the course of the evening. At the end of the night, he walked her back to her room, and then "it just happened."

Susan said sex was exciting, passionate, but really, not much more so than she had with her husband. She couldn't face Jim the next day, and was relieved to get on the plane home. Two weeks later she consulted me because she felt guilty

about what had happened and didn't know whether to tell her husband or not.

The decision to tell her husband depended on whether she could cope with *not* telling him, and how she thought he would react. Susan chose not to tell him because, although she felt he would probably understand, she didn't want to take the risk of disturbing a marriage she very much wanted to keep.

I wanted revenge: Leslie had an affair for one of the oldest reasons in the book: revenge. She had just had her second child when her husband Simon informed her that he was leaving her for another woman, with whom he had been having an affair. Six months later he begged to be taken back, saying he realised he had made a mistake. Life had been a struggle for Leslie on her own, trying to cope with two young children and with a reduced income, so she took him back. Two years later, however, when she became attracted to her oldest child's soccer coach, she found herself thinking: "He did it to me, why shouldn't I do the same to him?"

The affair lasted six months, until Simon found out; Leslie hadn't tried very hard to be discreet. They had a blazing row, Leslie ended her affair, and the marriage carries on precariously, with many of the issues of broken trust, sadness and anger still unresolved.

I wanted to see if I could enjoy sex with someone else: Quite a few women I

have seen have become involved in affairs because they have never enjoyed sex with their husbands. They had often thought of themselves as the one with the problem, believing they must be "frigid" because they rarely if ever felt any stirrings of sexual desire and many had never experienced orgasm. Usually their husbands were their only sexual partners.

Julie, now 35, married Kevin at 22. Both were quite naive sexually, and from the beginning Julie found sex to be nothing like the great excitement she had been led to believe it was. However, she loved Kevin and dutifully had sex once or twice a week. Once the children arrived, sex became one more chore in a busy and tiring day. Kevin, although basically caring and considerate, began to complain about her avoidance of sex. He felt, and she was inclined to agree, that there must be something wrong with her — it simply wasn't normal not to want sex.

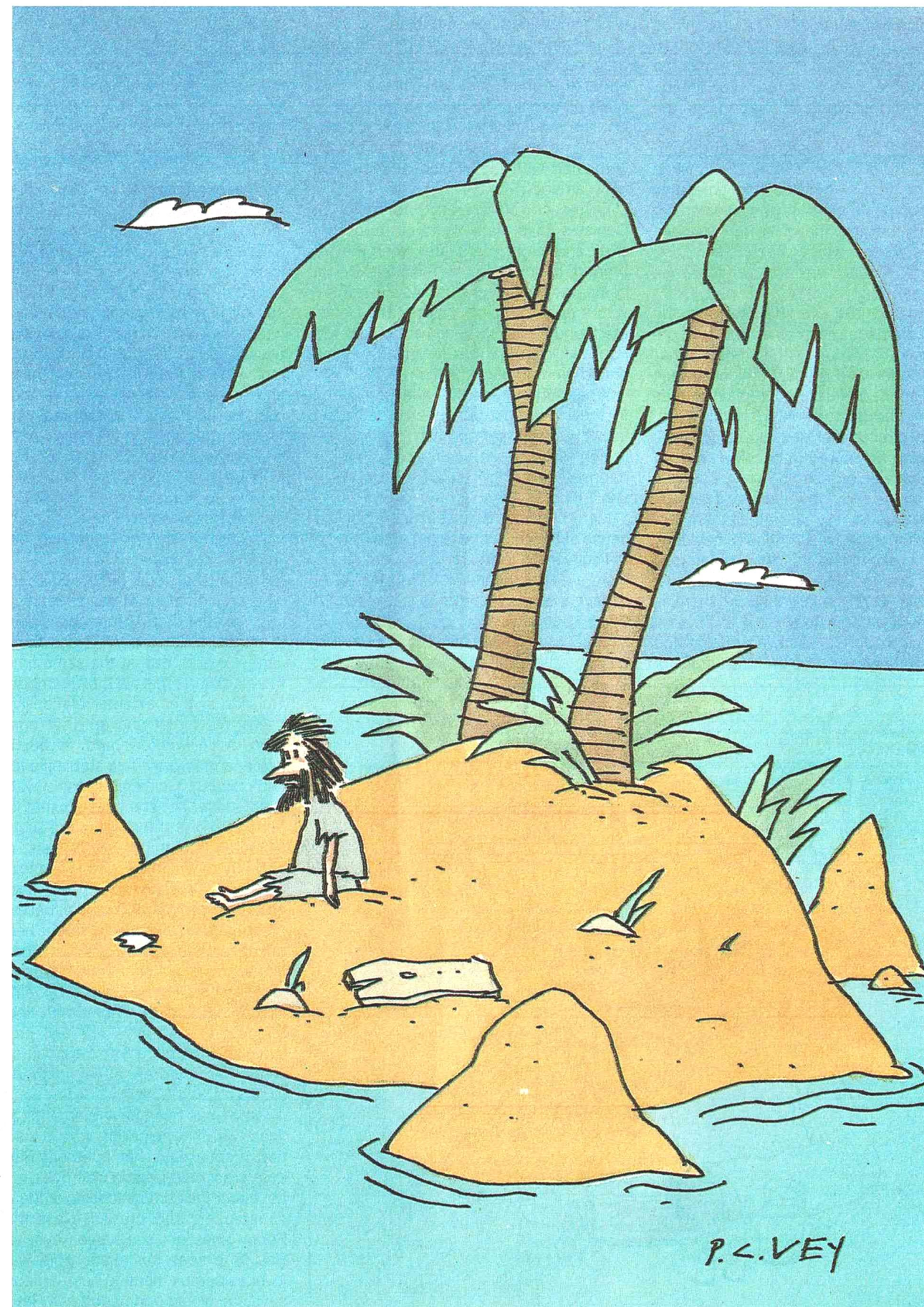
When the children started school, Julie took a part-time job in an office. Here she met Michael, who prided himself on being good with women. He spent time with Julie, listened to her point of view and generally made her feel like someone worth knowing, someone special. They began meeting for lunch. One evening he arrived at the squash court where she played. It didn't take long for them to begin a passionate embrace in the darkness of the car park.

Julie was stunned at how quickly and easily she became aroused. She had never, ever felt anything like this before. Michael's exploring hands literally made her flesh tingle, and it was with only a slight twinge of guilt that she agreed to meet him at a motel the following day. She wasn't rostered to work that day and Michael could arrange his schedule to suit himself, so they had several hours in which Julie discovered just what she had been missing all those years.

Julie had no illusions about Michael; she knew there was nothing more to their relationship than sexual attraction. Besides, apart from the sexual problem, she felt that her marriage to Kevin offered her most of the things she was seeking in a relationship. However, the affair taught her that she was *not* frigid, that under the right circumstances she could certainly feel the passion and experience the orgasms that she had read about. The problem was, of course, how to improve sex in her marriage without letting Kevin know where she had gained her new confidence and knowledge.

Julie arranged counselling by telling Kevin she wanted to do something about their sexual problem. She came on her own for the first session, in which she told me about the affair. Thereafter they attended counselling together.

The dilemma confronting Julie, and many women in her situation, is that an affair will almost always win in terms of being



CHEATING

able to offer exciting sex. The very things that women usually need, in order to turn on, happen in an affair: intimate, relaxed time together, sensuous talk, eye contact, prolonged touching, time out from the hassles of day-to-day living. This is because there is an essential, common difference between men and women: when men are tired or hassled, the time they take to come decreases; when women are hassled, the time they take to climax increases. Hence, women need to feel good in order to respond sexually, whereas men often seek sex in order to feel good.

Translated into everyday living in the typical marriage, even when the relationship is quite sound, this means that women often find arousal difficult unless time is spent on relaxing foreplay such as talking, cuddles, stroking and so on. Women often prefer sexual activity without feeling pressured to become aroused and to have an orgasm. So many couples, raised on the belief that the only good sex involves intense sexual (rather than sensual) stimulation, which should inevitably lead to orgasm, find that the women may rarely if ever look forward to sex and find it enjoyable. Both usually believe there is something wrong with her.

But as in Julie's case, an affair often proves otherwise, and the challenge for

the couple is to introduce into their marriage those elements of an affair that produce, at least sometimes, the arousal of which she is certainly capable.

Julie and Kevin managed to improve their sex lives without Kevin finding out about the affair. For Julie, it was never quite as exciting for her as with Michael, but she recognised the trade-off she was making: a reasonably satisfying sex life combined with the emotional security of her marriage.

Other couples aren't so lucky. In Denise's case, Paul found out about the affair and, eight years later when they attended counselling, he still felt Denise compared him to her lover. As a result, sex was a rather tense business, and Denise still found it hard to become aroused with Paul, while he in turn frequently experienced premature ejaculation.

When Amanda had her affair at 42, and, for the first time, experienced orgasm, she felt very bitter towards her husband, believing that it was his selfishness that had deprived her of her sexuality. Ultimately she left her husband for her lover.

Many women consult sex therapists because of their lack of interest in sex, and/or difficulty in achieving orgasm. Some therapists actually recommend an affair, but I believe this is a dangerous suggestion to make. Some women get no better response with a lover than their husband, and for others the guilt of the affair is ex-

tremely destructive. If the marriage is sound enough, I prefer to work with the couple to improve their knowledge of female sexuality and to develop better techniques to arouse the woman on those occasions when she desires orgasm. The message for the couple in this situation is that women are rarely frigid, and both need to take responsibility for developing a more mutually satisfying sex life.

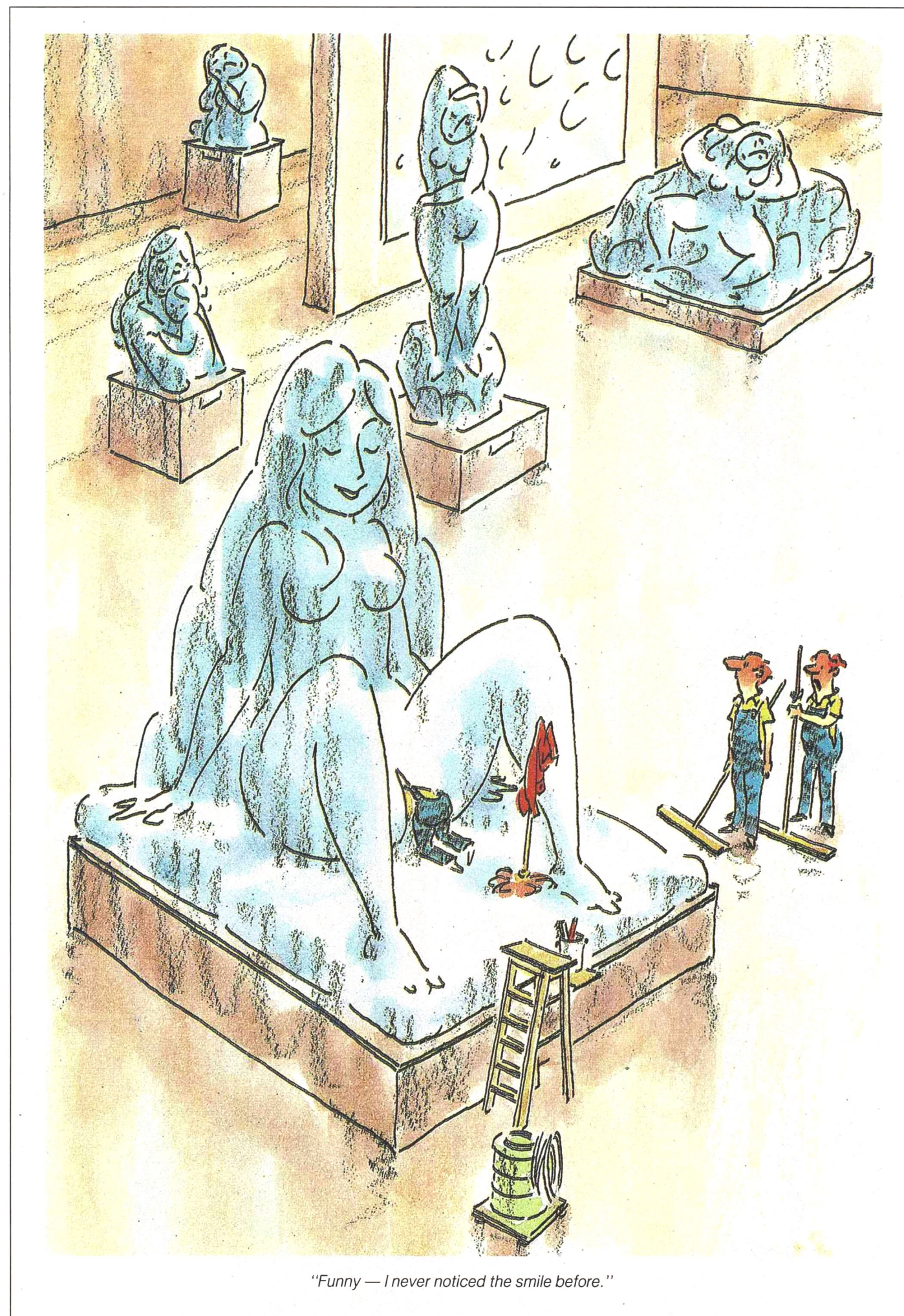
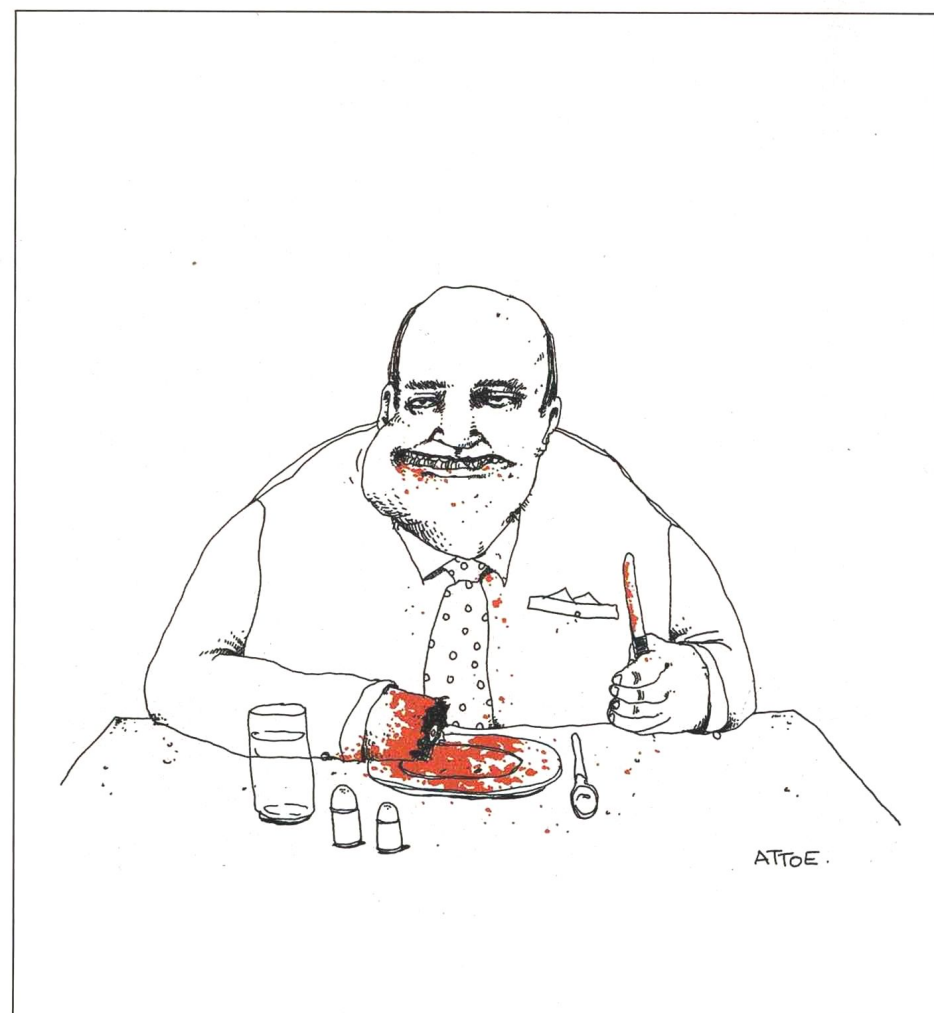
I enjoy variety: Anna had not had sex before her marriage to James. Despite this, they developed a passionate, satisfying sex life in which Anna was just as likely to initiate sex as James. In fact, Anna enjoyed sex very much, and, by her mid-30s, decided that maybe she was limiting herself by only having sex with James. She had a number of casual liaisons, which she usually found initially exciting but which rarely lasted. Eventually, James found out, and left her. It was he who sought counselling; he had been devastated when he found out about Anna's affairs. Anna, too late, had learnt that it isn't always possible to have it all. She hadn't acknowledged the risk to her marriage, choosing to believe James wouldn't find out. She had ignored the basic rule of gambling: only risk what you are prepared to lose.

I want my marriage, but . . . Gail had been having an affair for 11 years, Penny for ten and Carla for two. All three have one thing in common: they don't want their marriages to end, but, at the same time, feel there are huge gaps in their marriages that are filled by their external relationship.

Gail feels that she and her husband, Sam, have worked hard to build their home, and to provide a stable life for their two children. Gail's relationship with Sam is not close, but she believes that it is important to give the children the security of a home with both parents. She also recognises there would be serious financial difficulties if the marriage were to end. She and Sam don't fight, but Gail believes he must have his suspicions about her affair because there are frequent absences from home. However, it suits them both to stay in the marriage, and Gail's lover, although single, says he is happy with the way things are. Gail says she will probably leave the marriage in a few years' time when her children have finished their schooling.

Penny has been having an affair for ten years with her neighbor, who is also married. Penny says her husband Ray is a quiet, reserved person who does not give her either the companionship or the sexual satisfaction she craves. Nevertheless, Penny does not see herself ever leaving Ray. She sees her relationship with her lover as complementing her marriage, and says she would end her affair if Ray could offer her more. While she has good sex with her lover, Penny says he is more of a friend with whom she sometimes has sex.

Continued on page 104



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

EMERALD FOREST



Photographer Philip Mond likes to create a sense of the exotic by using simple backdrops and minimalist props in the studio. Using the bare essentials, he highlights the sensual proportions of his subjects. In this shoot, Mond has employed the talents of 20-year-old model Miriam Markham to create an atmosphere of jungle wildness.





Says Miriam: "I am a very feline person anyway, so it was not hard for me to imagine myself as a panther-child deep in the Amazon. As a wild creature, I would be both fierce and vulnerable, in harmony with the other inhabitants of the emerald forest. When you depend on your instincts to survive, you soon learn what to fear and what to trust."





"We wanted to create a sense of the dilemma facing the environment," Miriam says. The snakes and feathers represent the primitive side of things, and the western clothes the creeping influence of the so-called civilised world. Often we forget the true beauty of our bodies, and I always like to remind myself of that."



THE JUNGLE SCENE

**Doug Morrison's
shrink was beautiful.
So beautiful that he
wanted a lot more
from her than therapy.**

It's late when I get there and any fool could tell you I don't like the idea. I stand in the parking lot and look at the building. It's tall and glossy and glamorous in the inner city dusk; the sun is setting and the windows on the west glitter like mirrors. Very pretty, if you like that kind of thing.

I push through the glass revolving doors into the foyer, tramp through the vestibule in my old motorbike gear, punch the button and wait for the elevator. My muscles ache, and my split lip hurts. If it wasn't for my lip I wouldn't be here; but when you're so bone tired from lack of sleep that a student can split your lip . . . Did I hear the world, *sleep*? I used to sleep like a log.

But that was before Monica left me.

The elevator climbs to the 20th floor and stops; I step out into the corridor. There's a brass plaque on the opposite door, which reads: DR A. WEST M.D. I run one fingertip warily over the brass. Very shiny; very nice. If you like that kind of thing.

The waiting room is the jungle scene from somebody's movie. I beat a path through the palms and accost the secretary. She checks me out in her appointment book and waves me back to the jungle.

"Snakes?" I demand, waving at the undergrowth.

She smiles at me charmingly, all *haute couture* and silver jewellery, as if I've just asked her the time. "No. No snakes."

"If I see one, I'm leaving."

"It's all right, Mr Morrison. We have no snakes."

I wrench a chair from a giant tree fern and sit down grimly. Some intrepid person has been here before me and left behind some magazines. I flip through them aimlessly, keeping one eye on the jungle. What the hell am I doing here anyway? I feel ridiculous. Six months have gone by and I still can't *look* at another woman, still can't sleep properly at night, still fantasise about smashing Hugh's head in — I would've too, if he hadn't shot through to Perth the moment he made off with Monica. The bastard.

Monica, Monica, I am obsessed with Monica. But she's gone — *that's* my problem. I come back from my reverie. The door to Dr West's office is open and Dr West is standing in the doorway. The time to take off is *now* — and yet . . . I *need* to talk to someone; if I don't sleep properly soon, my career in the martial arts will be up the creek, down the drain, *finito*. Besides, it's too late now: she's seen me. There she is, gesturing to me through a gap in the foliage. I push aside my misgivings and wade through the carpet to her door, and this is where my troubles really begin.

Dr West motions me into her office, which, I'm relieved to see, is clear of undergrowth, and we sit down in comfortable chairs on either side of her desk.

"Mr Morrison?" she asks, checking the card which Silver Jewellery had passed through the ferns to her on our way in.

I finger my split lip and stare at her. She's the first woman I've actually *seen* in six months — it must be the shock or something.

"Mr Morrison?" she says again.

I'd been expecting some old git who looks like Sigmund Freud. Dr West is tall and slender, with dark hair and dark eyes and skin so clear she looks like a schoolgirl. She doesn't look like Sigmund Freud



TRANSFERENCE

at all. We shake hands. Her fingers are long and slim and pleasant to the touch.

"I'm Dr West, Mr Morrison. Adrienne West."

"Doug Morrison," I say; I wonder where we're supposed to go from here.

There is silence. Dr West runs one hand through her short straight hair and plays with the biro she holds in those long, slim fingers.

"Heavy day?" I ask. I don't wish to appear troubled, or in need of help in any way.

"You could say that," Dr West says. Her voice is long and soft and flowing, like her dress. I think she's very beautiful although it's hard to say exactly why — she isn't glamorous; the effect she creates seems to come from within.

"And what can I do for you, Mr Morrison?"

"Ever have a problem with snakes?" I ask her.

Dr West leans back in her black leather chair and eyes me speculatively; she seems to be waiting for something.

"Your waiting room," I say. "All that jungle." I'm enjoying myself teasing her, making her think maybe I'm some kind of nut; but I don't want to push it too far.

Dr West relaxes visibly. She throws the biro down on the desk, tosses her thick

hair forward and laughs. Her laugh is rich and warm, and suddenly I don't feel so bad any more. Suddenly I feel as if everything's going to be all right somehow. And she hasn't said a single word you might describe as therapeutic.

Four months go by and I see Dr West every Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. After the first six weeks she adds me to her Friday evening encounter group. (I'll smash the first person who laughs at this bit — "Yoo hoo! It's Duggie Morrison at an encounter group." Don't try it.) Strange thing is, I get to like it after a while. It gives me a chance to study Dr West's techniques.

I've never met a woman who could produce such an effect, such a blending of warmth and distance — so different from the flame and fire of Monica.

West is subtle. She's got what we call in karate "power in reserve", a kind of meekness-mildness that you know is anything but. I don't even know where she lives — no-one does. Dr West is a very private person.

It occurs to me that I might recover more quickly if I read some books on psychology, understand the process, so to speak. Besides, I like the way Dr West smiles when I say something "relevant and meaningful." If I study the books a bit on the side, I can be relevant and meaningful more often. So I get these books on

psychology out of the library — nothing too heavy, you understand — and I begin to read them in the evenings.

I chop a load of firewood as the winter approaches, and every night after dinner I sit before the fire with my books, swotting up on points that might hold Adrienne West's interest. Once, we get so meaningful that I run on into Freddie-the-manic's hour by 15 minutes; which is a kind of minor triumph for me, as Dr West prides herself on her punctuality with the clients.

Reputations are funny things. In my profession, I've got the reputation of being, for want of a better word, a spunk, though I have always been faithful to my wife. Still, there were, in the past, girls I'd noticed and girls who had noticed me, and I'm always aware when someone is trying to come on to me — I guess with all that training I look like a spunk even if I'm not. So on this particular Friday evening, when Dr West locks eyes with me across the group (I always make sure I sit dead opposite her), I could almost swear she's coming on to me.

I lie in bed that night and think about it: *Nah, it's not possible.* And yet . . . is West married? And if she is, why does she wear her wedding ring on the wrong finger? And why does she give off such a solitary air? Even before this, I've developed the habit after group sessions of sitting on my bike under an overhanging tree, waiting for her to come out of the building. She's always last. I tell myself I'm only there to make sure she gets safely to her car; but I don't know. My feelings, sitting there in the dark, are confused. I can't sort them out. I care for her in some strange way I don't understand.

This night, after all the heavy eye contact, I take off my wedding ring when I come home and drop it into the top drawer of the dressing table where I keep my shirts. It leaves a white mark on my finger and it's a long time before it fades away. Of course I'm still in love with Monica, but lately I've begun to think less about her and more about Adrienne West. I even begin sleeping properly again at night. No doubt about it. Dr West is one hell of a good therapist.

One Saturday morning the doorbell rings as I'm showering after my workout. I knot a towel around my waist and go to answer it.

Red fingernails. Tight jeans. Flaming red hair. It's Monica, suitcase and all, on the top step. For an instant, I'm confused. Has she always worn her jeans that tight? Has she always been so *unsubtle*?

"What happened to Hugh?" I ask.

Monica tosses her hair. Hell, has it always been that red?

"It's over. He's gone to Europe," she says.

Wasn't it just like Hugh to go to Europe? Hugh, of the *nouveau riche* accent, the

yacht — and the flab. I have a beautiful flash fantasy of him sinking slowly: perhaps somewhere in the Caribbean.

"Aren't you going to invite me inside?" Monica's saying, running her nails along my bare shoulder and down my arm.

Unsubtle.

I let her in, and even before I do I know what she's intending. "Miss me?" she says huskily, fumbling at the knot in my towel. For some reason, I'm hanging on to it.

"Yes," I mutter. But a picture of Dr West laughing at one of my clever psychological points distracts me and Monica has to work a little harder to get what she wants.

By now, she's got me backed up against the fireplace. The knot finally gives way, the towel slips to the floor and Monica flings herself upon me. I gather nothing much has been going down before Hugh went to Europe.

For one wild, crazy moment as I cling to the mantelpiece, I think of holding out — but, bugger it, I can't do it. I let her drag me down on to the sofa. She begins to make love to me in earnest and it's so good after all that pain to let go and feel nothing but pleasure. The pleasure seems to flow like a chemical in my blood, mounting higher with every move we make. "I missed you," Monica keeps saying all through it. "Missed you . . . missed you . . ." In rhythm to my strokes.

"I — missed — you — *too!*" I gasp. But even as I come, I'm thinking of Dr West.

It's hours later when Monica drives away, red hair flying in the wind. I come back inside and sit down thoughtfully on the remains of the sofa. It's then I realise. I'm as good as hung. Bit by bit, I've fallen in love with Dr West.

The following Friday night when her car pulls out of the parking lot, I follow her. It's not far — ridiculously close, in fact, when I think of all the tricks I tried to get the number and address out of Directory Assistance. Turns out it's a little Edwardian cottage in Spring Hill, perfectly restored with wrought iron verandahs on the front, brick fireplace, the lot. I park at the bottom of the hill and walk by after she's gone inside. I'm jubilant — I know where she lives.

And what good does that do me? I think as I'm riding home and the cold air hits me. *Knowing where she lives doesn't really tell me what I want to know.* I stop at a red light on the corner of Leichhardt and Albert. On my right there's a chemist shop and next door a hardware store with a light flashing: KEYS CUT HERE. KEYS CUT HERE . . . Of course. If I had a key to her cottage I could go there one Friday night while she was at a group. Just once. Just so I would know if there was somebody else. I wrestle with my conscience all the way home, but in the end I do exactly what I had intended to do all along. I'm not going to tell you how I got that key, though I kind of enjoyed all the cloak-and-dagger stuff. No-one should ever have the key to somebody else's

place, not like that. Of course, it was okay for me, I'm not a dangerous person; but some people . . . well, it's hard to tell.

After I go through the house the first time, I never intend to go back. Why should I? I've found out what I need to know: she lives alone. And I don't take a single thing — not a hairpin, not a scarf. Nothing. I keep the key, but that's just sentimentality, I guess.

At this stage things are not yet out of hand. Monica keeps coming around — she wants to move back in, but I won't let her in case Adrienne rings and Monica answers the phone. Not that Adrienne ever does ring; she makes a point of not mixing with the clients after hours. She calls it "keeping a therapeutic distance." But, all things considered, it's not a bad time. I've still got everything under control — even though I'm fantasising non-stop about Dr West and making love to Monica until I'm exhausted.

She's got me backed up against the fireplace. The knot gives way, the towel slips to the floor and Monica flings herself upon me

While we make love, I fantasise I'm taking the good doctor to dinner. She's wearing cream silk — everything she'll have on will be cream silk, right down to her underwear all edged with lace. Monica is amazed at my stamina, but all I've got to do is think of Dr West in cream underwear. The rest is a cinch.

Every Friday night the group meets for drinks afterwards in a little restaurant and bar called The Windmill. I've never been a big drinker; the price when you're training next day is too high, but I like the company. It makes a nice change from my torrid nights with Monica, and I look forward to it even though Adrienne doesn't go.

On this particular occasion Freddie is late, which isn't unusual — he's always late for everything, except his appointments with Adrienne West. When he finally does arrive, he's wildly excited. He rushes up to us at the bar and exclaims in his manic way: "Anyone want to see Dr West's *husband*? This is *it*, people, the chance of a lifetime! See your therapist's *private life*! I was just driving by, *pure accident*, and I saw them having dinner in this place on Coronation Drive. Isn't astrology

grand? My stars told me something amazing would happen today!"

"How do you know it's her husband?" I say sourly. I feel like knocking him down, giving him enough stars to amaze him for the rest of his life.

"Well, maybe it's not her husband," says Freddie, master of the Hiroshima effect. "But whoever it is, it's pretty clear what's going down. And you should see this guy! He's blond — like you," he turns to me. "Only better looking. He's about six-foot-two, and he's . . ."

There's a theory in psychology that manics don't live very long; I can see why. I signal to the barman for a double Scotch — make it a triple, or better still, an octagonal — and I leave after 15 minutes pleading a tournament in the morning.

Out on the street rain is falling as I pad the four miles to the restaurant Freddie had named, and all the while there is this strange sick feeling in my stomach. It's a good restaurant: soft lights, lace curtains, shine of polished wood, glow of silver. Adrienne is sitting at a table near the window, and the man Freddie described is with her.

She's wearing cream silk. I stand across the street with my back to the river and watch them until I can't bear the feeling anymore; then I walk the four miles back to my bike in the rain. I take the worst possible route, hoping a gang of punks or some skinheads might pick me, but my anger goes before me like a cloud that people sense and everyone I see avoids me — some even cross the street.

The next few weeks are indescribable. I catch the flu and lie in bed groaning while Monica makes vats and vats of soup. When anyone from the group rings up I croak into the phone pleading illness and insanity — God knows, it's the truth. When I'm well, Freddie comes round and tries to reason with me. "Think of your personal growth!" he cries. But I won't go back. Dr West maintains her therapeutic distance; she doesn't even telephone. I could be dead for all she cares, I think angrily — but I know, deep down I'm not angry with her: I'm angry with me.

I go back to her house one more time and go through it in a cold fury. The guy's moved in all right, good and proper, and if I don't change the subject soon I think I'll throw up.

There's a tournament on in Melbourne in six weeks time, a tough one for which I am not prepared. Grimly, I fill out the entry form and send it off with the entry fee. Then I put away the books on psychology, and take my workouts up to four hours a day, six days out of seven. Twice a week I ride to the home of my old master, Mr Chun Tie, and train with him in his garden, which is resplendent with bougainvillea and bamboo. And afterwards, over fragile cups full of China tea, we plan our strategy

Continued on page 138



MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

A drumroll and fanfare, please. *Australian Penthouse* kicks off the new year with its annual gongs to the chooks and feather dusters of the world of motoring.

Penthouse Golden Gear Knob Awards

The "Best Laid Plans Of Mice And Men" Award

To Toyota in the US after a TV campaign went wrong. The carmaker sponsored the Mike Tyson v Buster Douglas heavyweight title stoush, supporting the big spend with a welter of TV commercials that presumed a lot, including the outcome of the fight. There was Iror Mike sitting in a Toyota truck shouting "Tyson power!" Then, in one of the greatest upsets in boxing history, Douglas flattened the champ (and the ad campaign).

The "Why Can't These Title Races Be One Lappers?" Award

To Benson & Hedges teammates Tony Longhurst and Alan Jones, who last year



Alan Jones was hot, but . . .

failed to convert their hot qualifying pace into race wins in the touring car championship series. They tended to go like buggery early, and then fall back.

The "On Second Thoughts, Run That One By Me Again" Award

To the majority of the Ford Sierra drivers in Australian touring car racing. In 1989, when Holden teams lobbied for some rules changes to improve the competitiveness of the Commodores, the Ford army wouldn't hear of it. Then, last year, after Nissan's all-wheel-drive GT-R started kicking their butts, the Sierra men suddenly put handicapping back on the agenda.

The "Name On A Whole Lotta Girls' Lips" Award

To US NASCAR racer Dick Trickle, the driver with a nomenclature that cries out for sponsorship by a penicillin manufacturer with good marketing sense.

The "Formula One Life Be Out of It" Award

To Gary Brabham, who realised his dream to become a grand prix driver when he joined the newly-created Life team. It became his worst nightmare, the car re-

fusing to stay alive for more than a lap or so at a time. After several months of failing to qualify, poor Gary packed his helmet and departed, still yet to have his first taste of Formula One racing.

The "Stevie Wonder Braille Street Directory" Award

To Argentinian taxi driver Pedro Zardoras, 74, who offers passengers half-fare if they drive. Acknowledging his peepers are not what they used to be, Pedro reckons his passengers are far safer if they get behind the wheel.

The "Next Time I'll Slice Off My Tits" Award

To Madame Rochelle Vignal, denizen of Lille, France, who, fed up with inconsiderate neighbors blocking her driveway, vented her anger on a new Citroen parked out front, scratching it with a wire brush, slashing the tyres and splashing it with red paint. She was admiring her handiwork when her husband rang to ask how she liked his wedding anniversary gift to her . . .

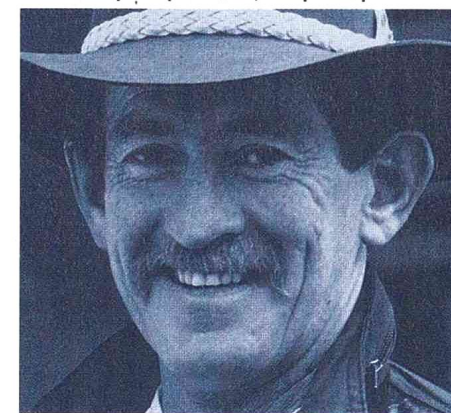
The "Hell, It's Only Money" Award

To Golden Gearknobs regular Neil "The Kid" Crompton, who paid \$43,000 to secure a drive in a British Formula 3000 championship race only to have the leased car become terminally ill after three laps. That works out at a little more than \$14,000 per lap, somewhat higher than charges at your local Playscape racing facility.

The "I'm Gonna Get Fighting Fit If It Kills Me" Award

To the same chronically healthy Neil Crompton after managing to somehow shatter an ankle while out jogging.

Neil Crompton paid \$14,000 per lap



The "Great Move, Shame About the Timing" Award #1

To rally ace Juha Kankkunen, who departed Toyota at the end of 1989 to go to Lancia, a move coinciding with Toyota's turbo GT-4 becoming the winningest machine on the world championship scene.



The "Great Move, Shame About The Timing" Award #2

To Holden for its introduction to the Australian market of its powerful and somewhat thirsty V8 Group A SS Commodore, in the week the Middle East crisis erupted, sending fuel prices through the roof.

The "Those Fuckin' Heathens Can Pay Full Retail" Award

To Virginian car dealer Freddie "Action" Jackson of Brown Lincoln-Mercury in God-fearing Fairfax. With the good Lord watching over, the born-again white shoe offered large price reductions to fellow Christian buyers but also gave discounts to Jews because they believe in God. They were the only non-Christians to get a deal.

Andy Miedecke absolutely rooted his Mobil Sierra



The "Turning A Minor Incident Into Total Disaster" Award

To touring car racer Andy Miedecke — the biter bitten — who went tits up and absolutely rooted his Mobil Sierra after clouting the tail of rival John Bowe's car at Mallala.

The "Tasmanian Tiger Endangered Species" Award

To the desperados contesting the 1990 world 500cc motorcycle championship, which by mid-season was down to just a handful of top riders. The rest were on the sidelines waiting for an astonishing collection of busted bones to mend.

The "Sorry I Thought They Were Asking For My Autograph" Award

Tó Jean Alesi, the French Formula One hotshot whose signature somehow fin-



Left: The V8 Group A SS Commodore
Above: George Fury did a Lazarus act

ished up on three grand prix team contracts for 1991. He ended up with Ferrari.

The Lazarus Act of 1990

George Fury, who dusted off his helmet, jumped aboard Glenn Seton's second Sierra and finished an impressive third at Oran Park, first time out in a Ford.

The "That's Where My Approach Shots End Up Too" Award

To Commodore drivers Win Percy and Larry Perkins for bunkering their machines in separate incidents whilst running strongly in the Sandown 500 enduro. Unlike Greg Norman, they remained firmly trapped in the sand.

The "I Can Stuff 'Em Better And Quicker Than Any Old Simsmetal Crusher" Award

To Dick Johnson, whose forays last season into the hurly-burly world of US NASCAR racing tended to end up with our boy belting the wall and tearing up good Made-in-Detroit Ford Thunderbird sheetmetal.

The "Hand Me A Sword (Or At Least Buy Me A Lottery Ticket)" Award

To the PR gal from Mercedes-Benz Japan who unaccountably rolled a new Merc 500SL convertible during the international press introduction, hurting only her pride and unofficially demonstrating the effectiveness of the model's unique computer-controlled pop-up rollover bar.

Mercedes-Benz 500 SL

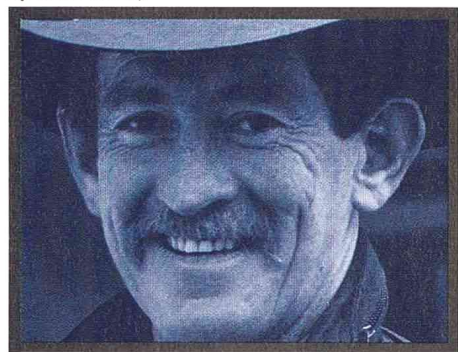


Gear Knobs

The "If Bondy's Going Down The Gurgler, Then We're With Him All The Way" Award

To Hyundai, the marque introduced to Australia by the then high-flying Alan Bond. Though he sold it to Asian interests last year, Hyundai's fortunes here have unfortunately tended to follow those of the beached beer baron.

Alan Grice dumped shit on Holden (but took up their offer)



The "Now, Who'll I Bucket Next?" Award

To Allan Grice, the say-it-like-it-is hired gun of touring car racing who was offered a works drive with Holden for the 1990 Tooheys 1000 at Bathurst though he has dumped plenty of shit on the factory race team over the years.

The "If My Lips Are Moving, Then I Guess I'm Bullshitting" Award

To the behind-the-scenes gent claiming (with a straight face) the Gold Coast Indy-car Grand Prix in March will attract 300,000 spectators, including 50,000 visitors from the US. Qantas hasn't yet bothered to lay on the 125 jumbos needed for the trans-Pacific airlift.

Michael Doohan and that helmet



The "Jeez, The Bloody Mona Lisa Didn't Set Us Back That Much" Award

To grand prix motorcycle racer Michael Doohan, who asked sponsor Arai to incorporate his own design into his helmet for 1990. No worries, said Arai. But the complicated wavy red, navy and khaki striped de-

THEY SAID IT! THE MEMORABLE QUOTES OF 1990

"He has a certain arrogance about him, which isn't a bad thing in a racing driver. He knows he's good." — Formula One team boss Ken Tyrrell on his young tyro, Jean Alesi.

"I must admit I sort of feel like Madonna's new husband on their wedding night. I know what's expected of me. I'm just not sure I've got the ability to make it interesting." — Edsel B. Ford, Executive Director, Ford Motor Co marketing staff, speaking at the Detroit press club on what he's doing for a living these days.

"... I'd like to thank Castrol... er, I mean Caltex, for their support." — Caltex Team's Colin Bond accepting the trophy after winning his first touring car championship race in 13 years.

"Honda is greedy and arrogant, and is asking too much money for its cars in Australia." — The normally placid boss of Subaru Australia, Peter Sturrock letting fly at a market rival.

"It's like poking your head out the window of 747 with a brick wall only centimetres away." — Former Formula One driver Eddie Cheever describing his first experience of racing at Indy.

"I'm here not because I wish to be associated with a winner but because I love motor racing." — Federal Opposition Leader and car buff Dr John Hewson, mixing with the petrol heads at the touring car title decider at Oran Park.

"All I could see was a big number 17 on a red background. At least I knew I was in my own car." — Dick Johnson, making light of a nasty moment at Symmons Plains when the bonnet of his Sierra flew up during practice.



Alan Jones... sex helps

"Absolutely. I found I went a lot quicker." — Alan Jones, when asked if sex affected his racing.

"The Japanese are not a problem. We are better than they are. It's as simple as that." — The confident director of design for Mercedes-Benz, Mr Bruno Sacco.

"It's not BAD quality; it's DIFFERENT quality." — Toyota Australia executive commenting on his company's appraisal of the build and finish of the Holden-made, Toyota-badged Lexcen.

sign with koala motif did cost a tad more than usual to replicate on Mighty Mick's full facer. Like \$5000.

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE...

The Race Of The Year

No contest. Enthralling Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix at Phillip Island. Nailbiting, seesawing contest between Michael Doohan, Wayne Rainey, Kevin Schwantz and Wayne Gardner which

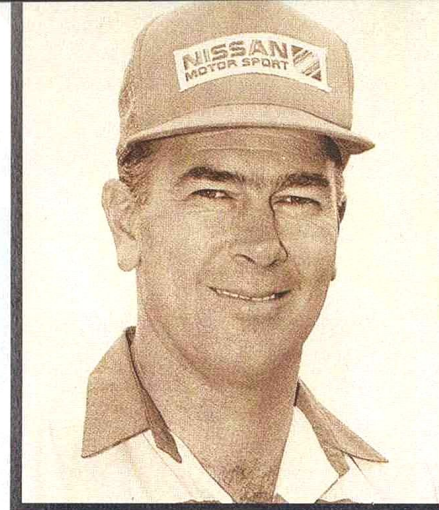
brought forth all the gutsy qualities of the Steel City kid. Superb stuff.

The Car Race Of The Year

Hungarian Grand Prix. Formula One came alive this year, with Thierry Boutsen fighting off Ayrton Senna and others to grab victory.

The Best Race Series Of 1990

Australian Touring Car Championship.



Jim Richards (above) and Peter Brock were both winners, although Richards took the series

Tight and terrific. Four different winners in the series. And those four — Jim Richards, Dick Johnson, Colin Bond and Peter Brock — were all still in calculations at the last race. Richards won the decider and took the series.

Best Team Of '90

Nissan Motorsport. Kept Richards in the title hunt with the fashionable old Skyline and then introduced the killer GT-R to seal the Australian touring car series.

The Bike Racer Of '90

World 500cc champ Wayne Rainey. Never buttoned off all season long. Never wimped out and always resisted the urge to ride just to accumulate points.

The Car Racer Of '90

Tie between Ayrton Senna and Jean Alesi. After appearing to lose his motivation mid-season, Senna bounced back with a renewed sense of purpose, revealing all his old commitment and desperation in traffic.

Clockwise from right: Ayrton Senna's still desperate in traffic, while Nigel Mansell showed guts in Mexico when he passed Gerhard Berger



Bravest Passing Move Of 1990

Or maybe it was merely a case of the red mist overwhelming reason; a fired-up Nigel Mansell on Gerhard Berger in the Mexican Grand Prix.

Worst Passing Move Of 1990

Ayrton Senna's ambitious lunge on Alessandro Nannini during the Hungarian Grand Prix.

Bitchiest Series Of 1990

Australian Production Car Championship. The Ford versus Holden rivalry degenerated into an endless tirade of protests and counter protests, whingeing, bleating, finger pointing...

Best Synchronised Fall Of 1990

Michael Doohan and Pierfrancesco Chili, taking a dive in unison at Nurburgring.

Happy Birthday to You, Happy Birthday to You...

The stillborn Holden GTR-X sportscar would have been 20 in August had not lily-



The one that didn't happen — Holden GTR-X

livered executives decided it was too risky to proceed with what would have been Australia's first mass produced sporty, with a fibreglass body and Torana mechanicals.

Best Road Car Sampled During 1990

Nissan GT-R. Awesome. All-wheel-drive, all-wheel steer, twin turbo 2.6-litre six, and 300 horses. An eye-peeling, pin-er-ears-back hi-tech marvel.

Least Likely To Win '90 Car Of The Year Award

Nissan GT-R. The procrastinators at Dandenong dithered on making a decision to sell it in Australia. So it's not eligible for COTY...

Leading Contenders For '90

Car of the Year Award

Lexus LS-400: Japan's stunning Benz and Bee Em basher. So smooth, so quiet, so slick. Refined beyond our wildest dreams.

Ford TX3 4WD Turbo: Most fun you can have in a seatbelt. Safety fast and affordable too.

BMW M5: Sporty four-door saloon that reveals all of BMW's renowned expertise in developing high-performance cars with a subtlety of style and a businesslike street demeanor.



The Lexus LS400 (above) is refined beyond our wildest dreams, while the Toyota Tarago is street smart and futuristic



Mercedes-Benz 500SL: Big and bold hi-tech showcase. Grace and pace. But, oh, that quarter million price tag?

Nissan 300ZX: Californian hip meets Euro chic and Japanese ingenuity. And probably the prettiest car to come out of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Toyota Tarago: Street smart futuristic looks and 1990s technology in a practical and safe package.



martini magic

It was one of those endless cocktail parties, and Jenny found herself standing next to a rivetting guy in a black tie. "Enjoying yourself?" he asked. "No, I'm bored to death and I'd kill for a decent martini," she confessed. He introduced himself as Adrian, and said he thought he could fix that. He led her down a passage into a cosy den.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY



With his fingers and tongue, he suggested several ways to make the party more interesting. "What if someone comes in?" Jenny worried. "Then they'll leave again in a hurry, won't they?" he whispered. Jenny relaxed and soon she had a fire of her own burning in her grate. His expert attention aroused in her a flaming passion which she had never experienced before.







Slowly they worked up tension between them, climbing right to the edge and then drawing back until they were both strung out and quivering. Then Jenny could hold on no longer and with superb timing, Adrian delivered his own *coup de grace*. Once they could breathe again, he smiled. "Is that better?" he whispered. "I don't like my guests to be bored. I have a reputation for being an excellent host. Now, what about that martini?"



Continued from page 78

He also has no intentions of ending her marriage.

Carla at 24 is younger than Gail and Penny. She was a virgin when she married at 18. Her husband Les owns his own business, and works long hours. He clearly adores Carla and their four-year-old daughter, but believes that he has to put most of his energy into building up his business. He wants sex several times a week, and can't understand why Carla often says no, despite the fact that he doesn't get home till late and usually does his book work once he does get home, so they have little time together.

Carla believes Les is doing his best, but her time with him is so limited they barely have a relationship. She met Robert at work, and found herself talking problems over with him. When their relationship became sexual, Carla still did not experience arousal and orgasm, but she continues to see Robert because he will talk to her and spend time with her. Carla feels guilty about the affair and has ended it twice, but it starts again when she feels lonely and seeks him out to chat.

Of these three women, Carla is in the most vulnerable position. Gail believes her husband must know about her affair but chooses not to do anything about it; Penny thinks that while Ray would be hurt if he knew about her affair they would still stay together; but Carla knows that if either Les or any of her family found out, she would never be forgiven. While each affair is an attempt to compensate for deficiencies in the marital relationship, these women feel caught in a situation which doesn't have an ideal solution, neither able to leave their marriages nor satisfied with what they have to offer.

I was just waiting for a reason to go: Many affairs begin, of course, because the marital relationship died a long time before. The woman chooses to stay in the marriage because she has no real reason to go. She and her husband may not be arguing, or only occasionally; he isn't beating her or abusing her in other ways. He may even believe the marriage is good, and whenever she tries to talk to him about her discontent he isn't prepared to listen. Women say they want companionship, intimacy, friendship in a marriage, yet it is a common complaint that he will only cuddle her if he wants sex, or he prefers to watch TV rather than spend time talking with his wife. Most divorces are initiated by women rather than men, because they are often looking for different things in marriage than their husbands.

Many of the men who come for counseling when their wives have left are often bewildered, even angry, about her going. If she has been having an affair it makes it

easier to blame her rather than thinking about what she might have been seeking outside the marriage that she couldn't find within it.

Maureen, 45, said that she knew her marriage was in trouble on her honeymoon 25 years ago. She didn't see any solution, however, other than to make the best of it — in those days it would have been a complete disgrace to leave her husband so soon after the wedding. She then had four children in quick succession, and they took up the next 20 years. She and her husband Matthew got into a way of life that Maureen accepted as her lot in life. Matthew had very little to do with raising the children, usually went to the pub after work for an hour or so, then watched TV till late evening. On weekends he liked to watch sport. In their 25 years together they had never been on a picnic, gone to the movies alone, or in fact done anything to just spend time together enjoying each

The best guideline is to remember that women see companionship, intimacy and communication as more important in a marriage than sex

other's company. Sex was reasonable; Maureen could achieve orgasm from time to time but there was little foreplay or tenderness.

When she first met Tony she was wary, but his genuine interest in her as a person and the fact that he could make her laugh got her hooked. Three months after the affair, she decided to leave the marriage. Matthew was angry and the children were horrified, but at 45 Maureen decided it was time to make a new life for herself with a man who treated her like a person.

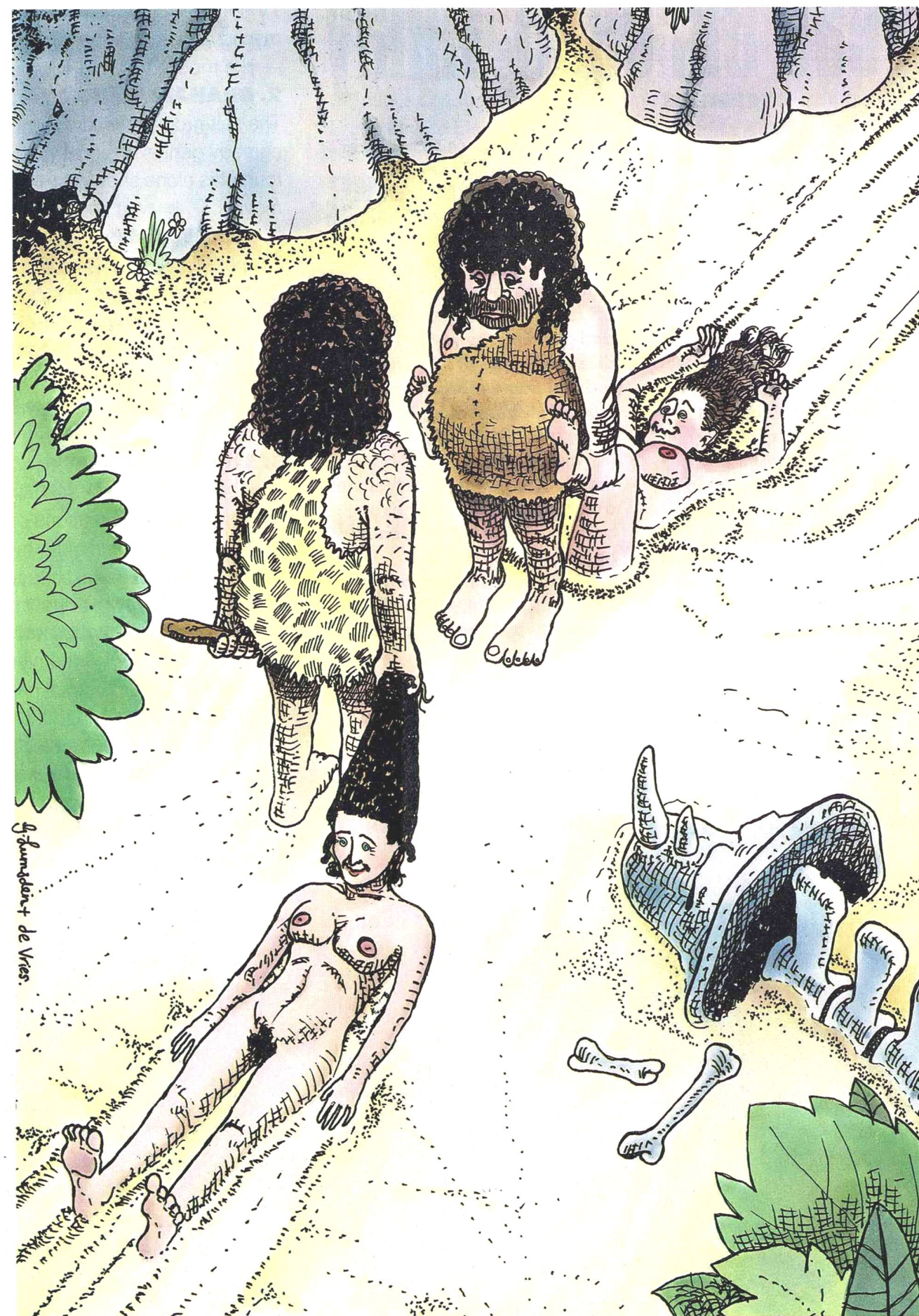
Selina, in her late 20s, had been married to Bob for five years. She described Bob as the best husband a woman could want, yet after three years of marriage she says she just stopped loving him. For a year she "tried to get the feelings back", but to no avail. She didn't want to hurt Bob, and hadn't quite decided what to do about the marriage when she met Billy. Billy was everything she knew would probably spell disaster: unreliable, often inconsiderate, yet exciting.

Selina came from a very conservative, controlling family background. She was never allowed to do the things her friends

were able to do. When others were allowed to go to mixed parties, she had to stay home. Her curfew was always earlier than that of her friends, and her parents interfered with a number of relationships with boys they considered "unsuitable." It seemed too good to be true when Bob appeared. He was a terrific person: caring, considerate and good-looking as well. Selina fell in love with him, and her parents gave their blessing. However, Selina began to feel stifled by the "everydayness" of their lives. They got up, went to work, came home, did the housework. Because they were saving for a home, there was not a lot of socialising. To help out financially, Selina worked part-time behind the bar in a night club, and was introduced to a way of life she never knew existed. Bob just couldn't compete, and she began staying at the night club later and later after her shift had ended. Billy was part of this scene, and Selina couldn't resist his advances. She left Bob, not to move in with Billy, but to live on her own and experience the freedom she had never had. She felt guilty about hurting Bob but believed that by leaving now, she was being kinder than staying in the marriage for the next 20 years.

So, husbands, how do you keep your wives from straying? From the above case histories, you can see that there is no specific answer to that question. In general terms, the best guideline is to remember that women tend to see companionship, intimacy and communication as more important in a marriage than sex. So if they can't find those things within the marriage, they are more likely to seek them elsewhere. The majority of my clients say that while the sexual excitement is certainly an attractive part of the affair, it is the actual time they spend with their lovers, even when sex doesn't happen, that is best. With her lover, she feels listened to, understood, cared about, in a way that usually isn't happening in her marriage.

If sex is the main problem in the marriage, both need to take responsibility for improving the situation. Some women believe that it is the man's responsibility to produce her arousal and orgasm, and she does little to communicate her likes and dislikes. In other cases she tries to tell him, but he won't listen. If the marriage is important to both, however, my advice is to go away alone for a week, and spend most of that time talking and listening about what you each want and expect from sex. Remember, both of you are likely to be normal, healthy sexual people, even if she is avoiding sex or he is having problems with ejaculatory control. These problems need to be worked out between you, rather than blaming each other. If you can't seem to come to any mutual understanding, arrange to see a sex therapist, before one of you decides to see whether sex is any better with someone else. ○✚



"No Gronk . . . You drag 'em by the hair or else they'll fill with sand."

Great Bores of Today

Who are Australia's 30 worst crashing bores?

We're still awaiting late results from Mongolia and Greenland, but the current betting has it that this wide brown land of ours boasts more prominent bores per head of population than any other nation on Earth. Sure, we may be a small pond but what did we do to deserve all these big boring fishies? And all paid handsomely to deliver unto us their particular brand of media mediocrity. Hey, they don't call us The Lucky Country for nothing.

Some of our celebrity bores achieved creative greatness in a long distant and less cynical past and, as icons in the cultural desert, have been

awarded a licence to coast on past glories and bore the bejesus out of us till death us do part. Others among our host of celebrated dullards have worked bloody hard to get where they are today, starting off as little pains in the arse and grinding their way to the dizzy echelons of towering tedium. Some married their way to their positions as motes in the public eye, some bought in. And some arrived as if from the blue, humping with them no ascertainable talent or even beauty, that great redeemer of banality in TV land. But humping nonetheless, to be sure. This we know because we're always the suckers on the receiving end.

Who are the great bores of today? The following is a subjective compendium.

COMPILED BY C.J. MACKAY

ILLUSTRATION BY EDD ARAGON

1. CLIVE ROBERTSON

TV's most monotonous misogynist is an acquired taste — like tripe.

2. GRAHAM KENNEDY

The self-proclaimed low comedy genius has finally found his niche showing home movies.

3. BARRY JONES

Former Minister For Bombastic Circumlocution and Eyewatering Ennui.

4. JONATHON COLEMAN

If at first (or second, or third . . .) you don't succeed, get off, ya mug!

5. STEVE VIZARD

New bore on the block. You want the seven top reasons why?

6. KATHY LETTE

This expatriate yawn-inducer is now putting the pathetic into the Hypothetical. Or is that vice versa?

7. BERT NEWTON

Old Moonface on the wane is about as scintillating as he was on the full. He just whinges more these days.

8. DON LANE

The lanky Yank has been courting catatonia since we *all* wore nappies.

9. PETE SMITH

Copper Art took this voice-over man and made him the star he is today.

10. EILEEN BOND

The carnival's over, Red. You can take off the clown suit now.

11 & 12. PRIMROSE DUNLOP AND LORENZO MONTESINI

These fabulous nobodies proved to be royal pains in the Grand Canal.

13. PETER RUSSELL-CLARKE

The Big Cheese of cholesterol marketing has always been about as interesting as a slice of processed Kraft.

14. SUSAN RENOUF

The much-married one has been mighty quiet of late. And ain't it been grand?

15. ALBIE MANGELS

The lusty adventurer who stretched his point once too often is remembered as the

inspiration for the remote control channel changer.

16. ITA BUTTROSE

Australia's once most admired woman is coasting on a sea of Cross-Linked Elastin.

17. & 18. MIKE AND TERRY WILLESEE

After a long, long day, the sons that rose in the west are finally sinking in the east.

19. SCOTT LAMBERT

Great Mysteries Of The World #1: How did this wooss ever get a guernsey?

20. DAVID MCNICOLL

The silver fox of turgid tedium is proof positive that there's no bore like an old bore.

21. TONY MURPHY

Smile, at least you're not Tony Murphy.

22. HARRY M. MILLER

Australia's only celebrity ex-con is the fitting ringmaster to a circus of illustrious dullards.

23. JOHN LAWS

Isn't he getting some sort of message from the dribbling morons his talkback show attracts?

24. PAUL HOGAN

He practised on us for years before he put that buffalo to sleep.

25. DERRYN HINCH

Australia's shameless shamus of drink drivers and rockspiders has a very nice wife.

26. JACKO

The man who put the OI in OICK makes Col'n Carpenter look like Mel Gibson.

27. MALCOLM FRASER

Lost his boring bastard status temporarily in Memphis, but, hey, that was just a flash in the pan.

28. LEO SCHOFIELD

Sydney's cycling dilettante and windy public stomach gives pseuds a bad name.

29. WENDY HARMER

The funniest thing about this vapid vamp is that someone somewhere once told her she was amusing.

30. ALAN JONES

Did you catch Frederick Forsythe's latest about public dunnies in Iraq, Alan? It's called *The Bogs Of War*.



CLASSIC ROOTS

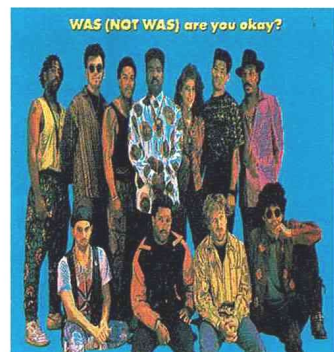


The release of a double album can indicate an embarrassment of live recorded riches like those from classic British rockers on the current *Knebworth The Album* (Polydor). It can also be the product of an appalling self-editing facility. Luckily, the **Black Sorrows** prove to be simply prolific on *Harley And Rose* (CBS). Obviously not ones for thumb sitting, their previous album *Hold On To Me* was also a double. They've delivered another 16-track banquet — but it's not necessary to consume it all at one sitting. Unlike the protagonists of the title track who "lost it for a while", the Sorrows have always had an elegant simplicity in their music making. With the irrepressible Joe Camilleri at the helm the band has evolved through a few line-up shifts since their birth as a Zydeco-influenced ensemble. The unique combination of violin, sax and accordion is still evident on some tracks — though Jan Anderson's fiddle here is more prone to stately romanticisms than blue grass flourishes. The country influences are balanced with some funky R&B on tracks like "Never Let Me Go", where one of the Bull sisters takes the lead. This is new, vibrant music with a classic roots feel that is getting the airplay that would, in the best of all possible worlds, be the reward for all quality products.

Someone who has stuck to his roots-laden guns over the years is **John Mayall**. This 57-year-old British blues exponent has nurtured young talents like Eric

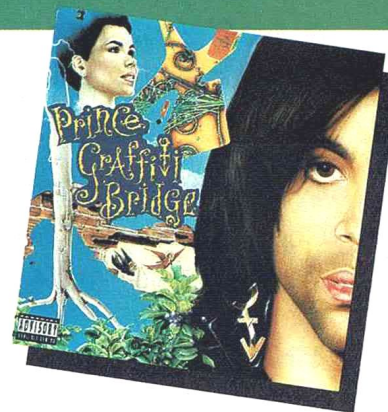
Clapton, Jack Bruce, members of Fleetwood Mac, the Stones and many more. He has never chased chart success and on his latest release reaffirms he has *A Sense Of Place* (Island). With some arrangements he goes way back, like "Let's Work Together" (Bryan Ferry reworked this as "Let's Stick Together" for his own material ends) — all harp, piano and slide guitar. He does a calypso shuffle to the left in "Congo Square" — the sort of half-time funk that Little Feat have swayed to over the years. The rest is undiluted, deep blues.

Wendy & Lisa have gone from strength to strength since they split from being mentor Prince's musical "mainmen" a few years back. The sleek funk of "Rainbow Lake (Filled With Love And Kisses)" with its dream-like premises sets the mood for the rest of *Eroica* (Virgin). Their latest album is devoid of bimbette disco chanting and brain-dead rockisms. Much of the drive comes from Wendy's light, sinewy bass lines and churning wah-wah rhythm guitar. She also sings most of the lead vocals.



Lisa on keys fills out the textures in this celebration of sassy female energy. The seductive grooves sometimes explode, as in the half-time psychedelic rock extravaganza "Why Wait For Heaven?" — complete with churning cello. Wendy & Lisa evolved a style that initially celebrated life in the Prince Parade, but they're very much at the head of their own procession now.

Meanwhile **Prince** is taking his often one-man wagon train over *Graffiti Bridge* (Paisley Park). The Party Man sets up some relentless mid-tempo grooves that probably serve well the film from which they come, but have



none of the variety of their cinematic precedent, "Purple Rain." George Clinton, Mavis Staples and the Time appear at the appropriate moments during this double set. Prince sings "there's joy in repetition" but the good ideas here get stretched a bit thin and the groove becomes a rut. Exhibiting more spark on this occasion is reformed (for "Graffiti Bridge") Minneapolis outfit the **Time** with their own brand of *Pandemonium* (Paisley Park). These ebullient funksters snap and grind in style with all the content you'd expect from a dance party conversation.

Was (Not Was) ask *Are You Okay?* (Fontana) and then deliver an album of killer feeling to ensure the answer is in the affirmative. The Temptations' 1973 hit "Papa Was A Rolling Stone" gets re-zapped and injected with a rap about what a big loser Papa was. These dudes are serious but manage music that has a sense of humor that can make you "feel better than James Brown" but doesn't end in onanistic egotism (rhymes with tank).

Grooving in the realm of the conventionally syncopated is **Monie Love**, who proves on *Down To Earth* (Chrysalis) that rap may be the blues of the Nineties but can also be a haven for motor-mouths who have no intention of "selling out" to melody. If you don't want to be out to 3am every night trying to catch the latest dance grooves, make your hot cocoa, slip into your jammies and let the *Gold On Black* (ffrr/London) compilation confirm the "creative chaos" of the British club scene for you. Alternatively you could let yourself "drift into tranquility, in and out of reality" with *The Ambient Collection* (Polygram) from masterful Brit studio duo the **Art Of Noise**. Clubland without the crunch — that genuine 5am feeling once the additives are wearing off. — **Jeremy Cook**

THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE

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Clockwise from above: Vibrant new music from the Black Sorrows; Prince's groove becomes a rut on Graffiti Bridge; killer feeling from Was (Not Was); Lisa & Wendy propagate sassy female funk.



CONTINENTAL DRIFT

In a very rare feat for independent foreign movie releases on these shores, Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodovar enraptured even the non-artsy fartsy crowd with his 1987 effort *Women On The Verge Of A Nervous Breakdown*. In fact, the marathon run of this quirky, subtitled gem far exceeded many multi-million dollar megahyped Hollywood heavyweights. Now with *Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down* he looks like doing it again. Why? Because, just like *Women On The Verge*, this one is as crazy, as funny and as kinky sexy as a

cross-eyed whore.

Check the plot for size: Young male mental home graduate kidnaps beautiful junkie porn and horror movie actress, ties her up in her apartment and waits for her to fall in love with him. Having beaten her up, he becomes attentive of her every whim — including scoring her smack and pills — except allowing her her freedom. Yes, this is a strange one, but it is also extraordinarily touching, amusing and erotic by turns.

Almodovar is renowned for films that are rich in chewy roles for women and this no exception. Both Victoria Abril, as the gorgeous central character Marina, and Loles Leon as her sassy sister Lola, fair smoulder and crackle their way through this beautifully moving and bizarre circus of a film. ****

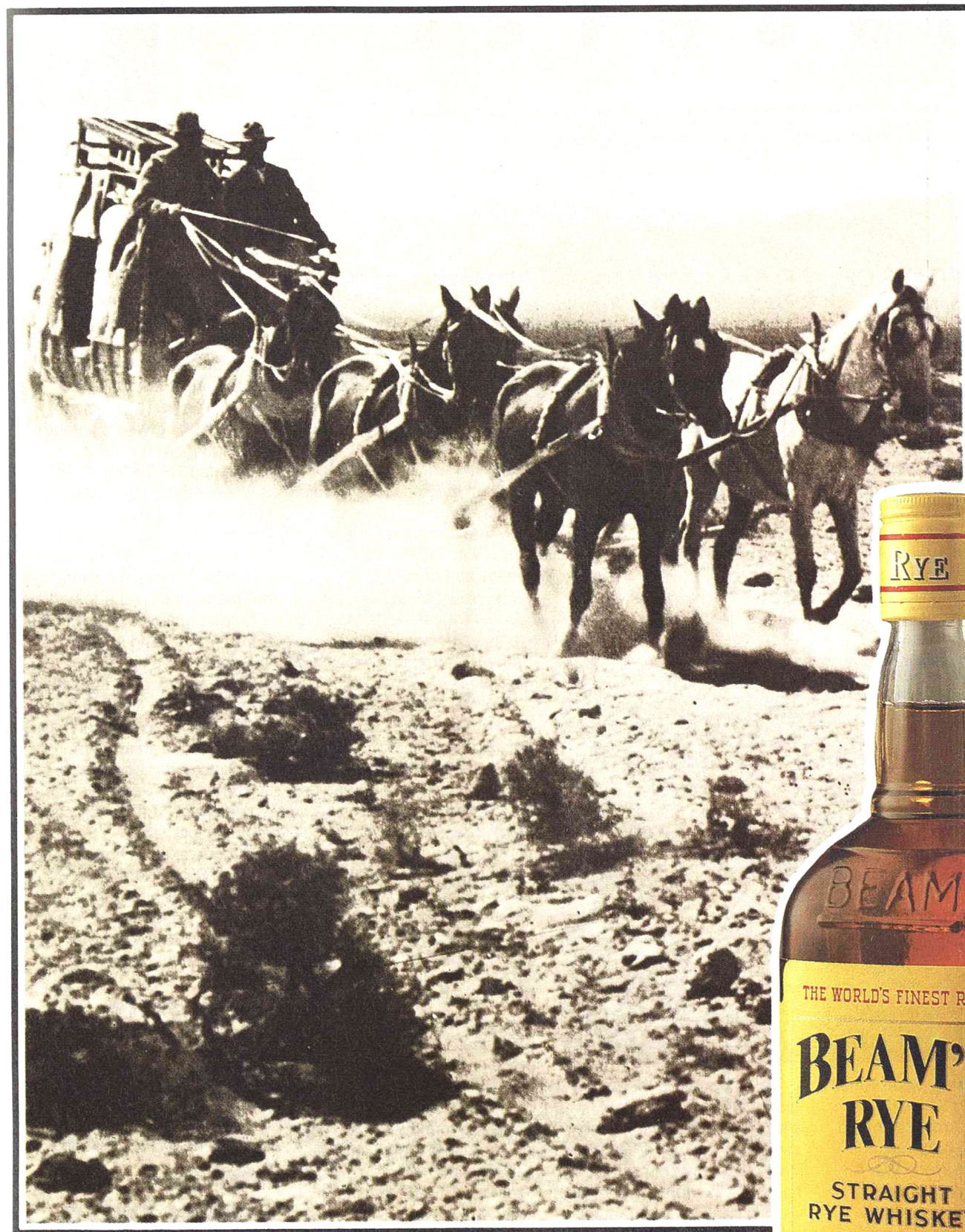
of her family, there to continue her wicked, wicked ways before meeting her match. *Tatie Danielle* is being promoted with the line: "You haven't even met her yet and she hates you." My bet is you'll love the sour old bitch. ***

Continental drift aside, good old Yankee heroism springs hot once more this Yuletide. *Rocky V* gets its release here this month, in which Mr Balboa returns to Philadelphia "where he will face perhaps the greatest challenge of all — a test that will pit him against his own values, his own strength and ultimately, his own spirit!" You get the picture.

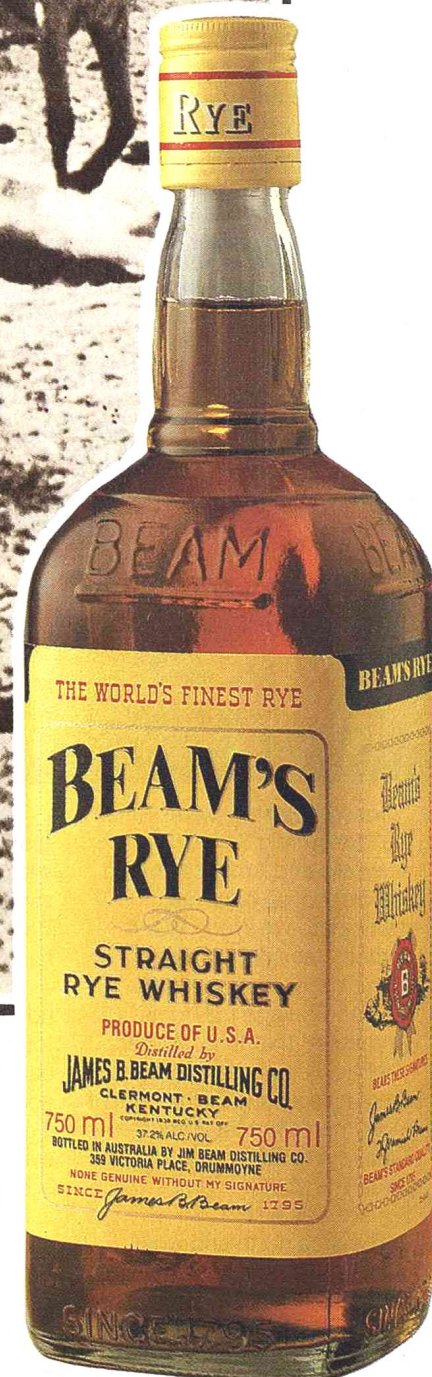
More pleasing, if no less gung-ho, is *Memphis Belle*, the tale of the last mission of the first and famous American bomber to complete 25 missions in WWII and bring 'em back alive. Featuring among the pretty faces of the *Belle* crew are Matthew Modine (*Birdy*), Billy Zane (*Dead Calm*) and Eric Stolz (*Mask*), but the prettiest stars of all are the original B-17 Flying Fortresses the film-makers (David Puttnam and Catherine Wyler) have managed to collect and put through their paces. No detail is overlooked in this lushly produced piece of entertainment. It's easy on the eye and tough on the ticker in terms of spectacular non-stop action, and if that has something of the heroic comic book "Ratta-tat-tat-Take-that-you Jerry-swine!" feel about it, then so much the better in this opinion. Shoot! You know they're going to make it in the end but you're with them flyboys all the way. ***

And on the local front, an imaginative breed of Aussie artists strut some great stuff in *Oz Animation — The New Wave*. This 90-minute potpourri comprises 14 of the most recent and innovative homegrown examples of claymation, computer animation, collage and classic cell technique cartoons, a few of them award winners. The film is showing this month at Sydney's Valhalla and Melbourne's State Film Centre. A Canberra season at the Electric Shadows Cinema starts next month. Other states follow. *** — C.J. Mackay

Anticlockwise from below: Oh no, it's Rocky V; Victoria Abril smoulders in the bizarre Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down; The crew of Puttnam's Memphis Belle.



WHEN ALL A MAN NEEDED
WAS A GUN, A HORSE,
AND A SHOT OF RYE.



hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

THE LAST DAYS OF TIMES SQUARE

It has been dubbed, with typical American chauvinism, "The Crossroads of the World." America calls its baseball championship "The World Series", even though there is a host of countries who play the game and aren't invited.

There was a time, though, there at the end of the last World War, when the

the wattage out on to a street scene which looks all the better for its sheen of incandescence. Broadway still stumbles through its paces. But for fans of the area, the word is out: get there while the getting is good. A real-estate boondoggle is about to carve up Times Square and subject it to the developer's equivalent of castration. It's called the Times Square Redevelopment Plan, and it has a lot of big money behind it (the Kennedy family even has a piece of it), but it's bad news for hedonists everywhere.

the city which earns the "new" in its monicker by constantly demolishing the old.

I might have a different set of reference points than the normal tour guide. I remember attractions like Hubert's Flea Circus, a seamy, permanent circus sideshow which somehow landed on 42nd Street in the Fifties. Or the old Melody Burlesque, the type of joint that had a smut-mouthed comic who ran on in between the tits and arse. There were quirky sexual dives like the topless shoeshine parlor, where you could have your brogues buffed up by a pair of 38DDs.

All gone. What's left today will soon go under the bulldozer blade. The best way to see it, before it goes, is to begin on street level. It can be a slightly risky undertaking, standing stock still on the corner of 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue, since a stationary tourist can attract street-scum the same way a pair of dangling swimmer's legs attracts sharks.

But it's worth the risk, just to plug into the jolting current of electricity which runs through the place. You realise, standing there long enough, that here is a place where democratic society runs closest to running amok. The police appear as just another gang in a battle over hegemony on a roiling piece of urban turf.

There are safer prospects from which to view the Square. One way to get the tingle of the street energy and still remain within the relative safety of numbers (will a shark attack a whole army of dangling legs?) is to join the line at TKTS (4th and Broadway), for half-price Broadway tickets. A better choice is the wine bar terrace in the Novotel New York Hotel

(52nd Street, near Broadway), which has a breathtaking view south to Times Square.

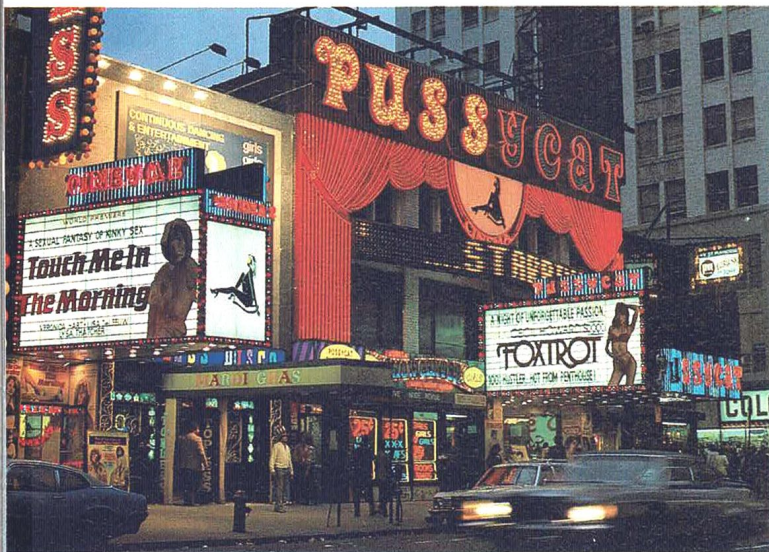
The heart of Times Square is not theatre or the restaurants, but the surge and buck and crackle of sex. The block of 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues is a wonderland of the libido. This is where 42nd Street earns its street-slang monicker of "The Deuce," as in "deuces wild." You don't need a guide here as much as a guardian angel, but the obvious place to begin a Times Square sex tour is with Show World (42nd and 8th), an immense, three-floored emporium. Proceeding east on The Deuce, you'll find Sex World, where lap-dancing has been raised to an art, and Peepland, a throwback to the age when men were men and women were worth every cent you paid for them.

Of course, this single block — 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth — is the very one targeted for redevelopment by the real estate interests which are

'There were quirky sex dives like the topless shoeshine parlor, where you could have your brogues buffed up by a pair of 38DDs'

gobbling up New York. They want to make the city over into their own image: sterile, button-up, dead from the waist down. They want to make Times Square into Tame Square. My advice is to get there before they succeed in doing it. ☐

Photo courtesy of Australian Picture Library



"crossroads" tag did fit Times Square in New York City. Australia and America shared the distinction of having participated in World War II without having it flatten the home base, snuff the home fires and ravage the home women. At that time, Walter Winchell reigned supreme and there was a snap to the brim of Everyman's fedora. Times Square was Broadway. Times Square was neon. Times Square was sex.

The area north and west from 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue still holds shreds of its former glory. The peepshows and lurid arcades still pump

Times Square is the kind of tourist beacon that most veteran travellers assiduously avoid. It is the only area in New York outside the boroughs that has signs in a foreign language — in Japanese, to attract the hordes of roboton camera-toters which descend upon it each day. But for the nostalgia's sake, and because it can surprise and delight even in its dotage, this Mecca is still worth a pilgrimage.

A tour of Times Square today is a little melancholy for those of us who knew it in its heyday. "The best days in New York were just before you got here," runs the old line in



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

FRENCH DRESSING

Martine Merliaud, 19, grew up in England but often travelled to France to visit her grandmama. "She had a big house not far from La Rochelle and the most wonderful thing about it was the attic. It was full of trunks of old clothes and my sisters and I would spend hours up there taking turns to be Marie Antoinette."

Martine, a dreamy Cancer, decided that she would like to have her own loft one day. "And now I do. I have put in it all the things I love best, and up here I keep special clothes for dressing up — or dressing down, whichever you like. It's a place where I know nobody will disturb me — unless, of course, I've invited them in."





Martine uses her loft for more than Marie Antoinette fantasies these days. "I will leave it up to your imagination what games I play up here! But it's a very special place in which I can express myself without any inhibitions at all. And that's important — we live in a busy world, and it's good to have somewhere special to escape to."



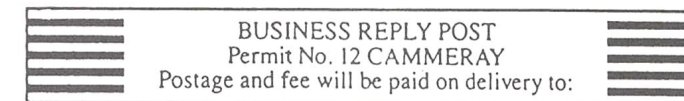




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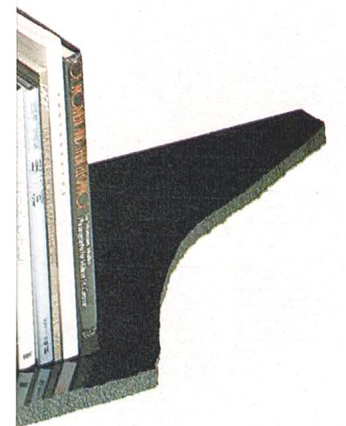
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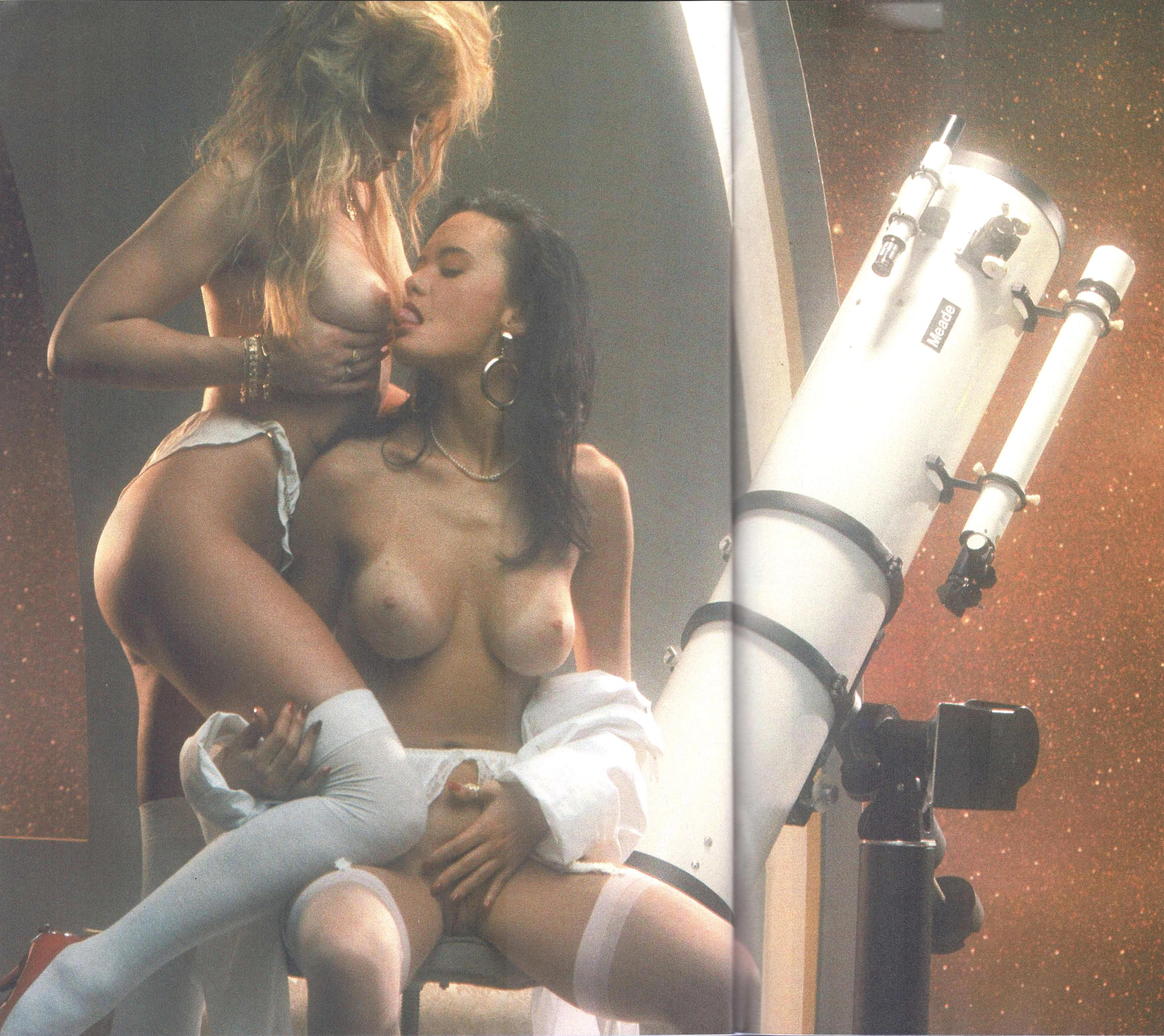
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ROMANCING THE STARS

Lisa never understood what Thaina saw in all that darkness. "That's because you've never been made love to by a star," replied Thaina, her teacher, as she beckoned Lisa to the window. She gazed at the moon and found herself aroused by its beauty. The cool air was intoxicating and Thaina's touch gentle. More than lessons in astronomy would be exchanged that night.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DAVID



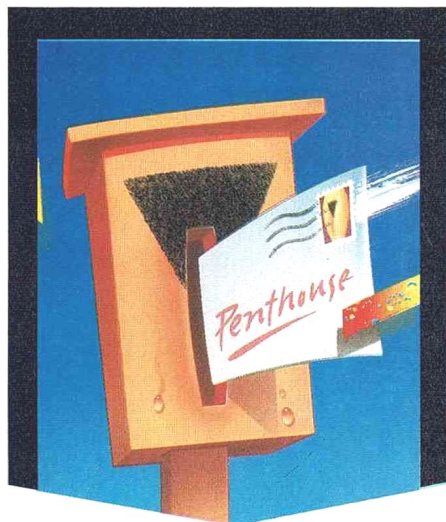
The two celestial bodies collided. Lisa allowed her starry-eyed host to explore the nether reaches of her private universe, treating her to a view of nature . . . opulent, mysterious and strictly withheld from their school textbooks.





Lisa no longer thought of the observatory as just a cold building full of mathematical equations and abstract theories. Here with Thaina, she had, at last, found a little heaven on earth.





forum

Continued from page 12

whole idea, she put on her nice cream underwear with matching suspender belt and stockings and topped this off with her charcoal dress which zips all the way down the front. The dress finishes just above her knees and the zip stops short, leaving a tantalising slit towards the golden triangle. She looked gorgeous, but still did not appear to have much anticipation of this encounter.

We met Paul in a bar of a large city hotel. He was fairly attractive and a pleasant conversationalist. His immediate approach helped Sandra relax. They sat beside each other and as time went on Sandra began to show signs of sexual attraction to Paul. She crossed her legs and

let the dress slide up, revealing the tops of her stockings. As the conversation continued, Sandra squirmed in anticipation and hid nothing from Paul's gaze. Paul suggested we go to his room for coffee.

Once there, things started moving pretty quickly. He led the way by starting to remove his shirt. Sandra said: "I've never done anything like this before," but by the time she had finished the sentence her red belt was off and her dress was unzipped and on the floor.

She stood there still in her stockings and underwear and enjoyed the looks we were giving her. The juice in her panties showed her impatience. Paul led her to the bed and put his fingers inside her briefs and we all heard squishy noises indicating just how turned-on and horny Sandra had become. We both removed her bra, panties and stockings, revealing erect nipples begging to be sucked. Lying back on the bed, she spread her long legs in an invitation that Paul wasn't about to refuse. He mounted her and I leaned forward to suck one of her nipples, finding it more erect than I had ever felt it before. As her moans became louder and her back arched, I went down to view the action.

Her legs were around Paul's waist and I got rare glimpses of his shiny shaft being grabbed by my wife's love tunnel. As each thrust grew in intensity I enjoyed the sight and sound of his balls splashing in the juices which ran down her arse.

Paul came with a rush and thrust that drove him hard inside Sandra, resulting in her moans and gasps growing louder as she headed for her big one. But Paul had come and gone before she could explode and there she was lying there with a smile

on her face which said "hop on" and a bright pink swollen juicy pussy which said "come in."

As I slid in, her cunt felt super-smooth and super-warm. While I pumped, she grabbed Paul's cock as he caressed her tits. Soon she was tensing and arching her back before she came in a wave of writhing, moaning orgasm. Her cunt grabbed my cock in its tightest hold, causing me to shoot my load deep into that receptive tunnel.

That night my wife went to sleep with her fingers fondling that still-flooded tunnel as she dreamt of Paul "coming" to say goodbye to her in the morning while I was at work. — *Name and address withheld*

Space invader

Not long ago, something amazing happened. My flatmate Sue and I were spending a long weekend at a shack in the Obi Obi Valley in Queensland, a long way from anywhere. Friday night found us parked on the veranda, listening to the creek flowing over the rocks below.

It was warm, and after quite a lot of Scotch, Sue thought she might take a dip in the creek. I gave her a torch, but said I would stay on the veranda, as I was interested in having a smoke. She vanished down the path, the torchlight throwing a yellow pool around her feet.

It was a clear night with no moon. The hills on the far side of the valley made a black wave across the sky, but above them there was a forest of stars. I began to feel very lazy, and transferred myself to the hammock at the end of the veranda. The stars seemed to grow brighter. My eyelids drooped.

I woke up with a start and looked at my watch. I had been asleep for more than an hour. Where was Sue? I rolled out of the hammock and stumbled into the shack. She was nowhere to be found. Fearing that she had slipped and hurt herself down at the creek, I grabbed the second torch and set off down the path. It led through a thicket of trees and between two large boulders before ending on a grassy bank near the water. Everything was dark, but above the bubbling of the creek I could hear Sue groaning.

"Sue!" I called. There was no reply. The groaning continued. I shone my torch around a bit, and what I saw made my heart stop. Sue was lying on the ground — well, writhing, really — and something that looked like a viscous blob was flowing all over her. For a moment, I froze. Then I ran over, horrified, and yet unafraid enough to yell: "Leave her alone! Get off her, you . . . thing!" I swatted at the weird translucent presence with my torch, but it ignored me. Sue didn't. "Rack off, honey," she hissed. "This is fantastic!"

Stunned, I retreated to a gum tree and watched. Sue writhed and groaned and arched her back as she came. She came and she came, her face twisted into in-

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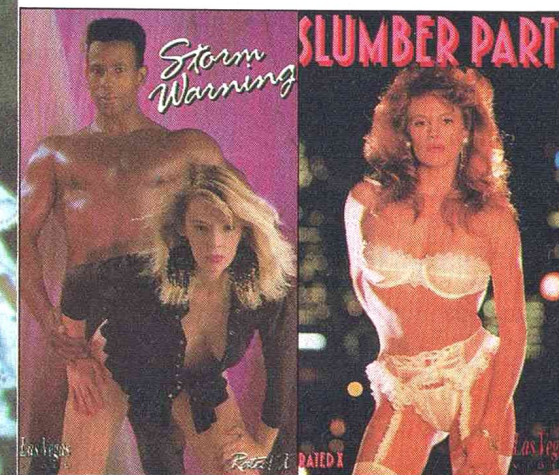
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credible expressions of sheer ecstasy. I watched, catatonic. Eventually when she appeared to be exhausted, the blob flowed off her and began to sort of re-shape itself, looking for want of a better description, rather like a hologram. Within about a minute it had taken on a more or less masculine humanoid shape, or was it my imagination? Leaving Sue ravished on the ground, it moved over to me. I felt an odd wave of intense warmth.

"Oh, no," I said backing away. "I don't know what the fuck you are, but you're not trying anything with me!" I thought of the movie *Alien*, and horrid larvae bursting out of people's chest cavities. I was terrified.

But when the wave of warmth pulsed through me again I began to feel as though I was seriously on heat. This blob thing began to look rather like Mel Gibson, with a dash of Harrison Ford thrown in. Suddenly I became aware that there was no danger to me involved. I stood still, one part of me feeling incredulous, the other becoming increasingly voracious. The blob flowed up the inside of my thighs and under my sarong. It swirled across my pussy, slipping itself in between my now hot lips, touching the edges of my hole, circling my clit and sucking at it momentarily before letting it go again. It felt rough, like a cat's tongue, but at the same time

satin smooth. "Oh," I moaned, and bent my legs.

The presence indicated that I should lie down and remove my clothes, so I did. It flowed on up my belly and across each breast, teasing my nipples a little. It curled up my neck and breathed into my ears and then swept a blob-tongue into my mouth. It was delicious. It tasted of coffee, then of Grand Marnier. I discovered that if I thought of a taste, the blob would then create that taste for me. If I thought I wanted it to touch a part of me it did. I experimented. Left nipple. Okay. Right nipple. Yeah. Neck and shoulder? Arse? Lovely. Fanny? Not yet, it said. It didn't actually speak. What it thought simply arrived in my mind. "Do you like doing this?" I thought. YES. The blob seemed to have as many mouths as it needed — they were everywhere, and I was going crazy with delight. It could alter temperature, too. Hot, cool, warm, it felt like a river running over my skin. I rolled and thrashed and laughed and groaned and begged it to go down.

Eventually it relented and began to work the inside of my thighs, maddeningly slowly, creeping inwards and upwards. Then it slipped back into my now soaking gully and began teasing everything at the same time. There was a little curlicue of it tickling my arsehole, another teasing the edges of my hole, and a third bit concentrating on my clit. Waves of white heat

were running up my belly and spine. It was too much for me. I gave a primeval howl and arched upwards so that only my shoulders and feet were on the ground. Then the whole world exploded into fire. I slowly flopped back to the ground, wondering if I had in fact died or something.

The blob loosened up for a minute while I caught my breath. Then it began investigating my fanny in earnest. BIGGER? SMALLER? Its dick (or whatever the hell it was) expanded obligingly until I thought, "That's it." SLOWER? FASTER? A little slower, to begin with. DO YOU LIKE THIS? "Oh, yes!" The blob got into its stride, fucking me with a steady, mind-blowing rhythm while at the same time, ever so softly, licking my button back to full bloom. I came, and I came and I came until every muscle in my body felt as though it had been through a mangle. I was wet, sweat-soaked, wrung out, and I needed a break. I decided to turn the tables.

"Is it possible to give you a head job?" I thought. A feeling of smile arrived in my head. NO. "Do you, um, come?" THERE IS GREAT PLEASURE — WHATEVER YOU FEEL, I FEEL TOO. "Where are you from?" VERY FAR. "Why are you here?" FORT THIS.

The blob moved back and forth between Sue and I most of the night, stirring us to wild bursts of ecstasy, teasing and stroking, licking and sucking. Tired or not, there was no way I was going to miss a second of it. At one point it had Sue on her hands and knees while I was sitting slumped against the gum tree, legs wide. The blob was fucking her fanny and arse at the same time, while also sucking me. "What's this like?" I thought. YUM.

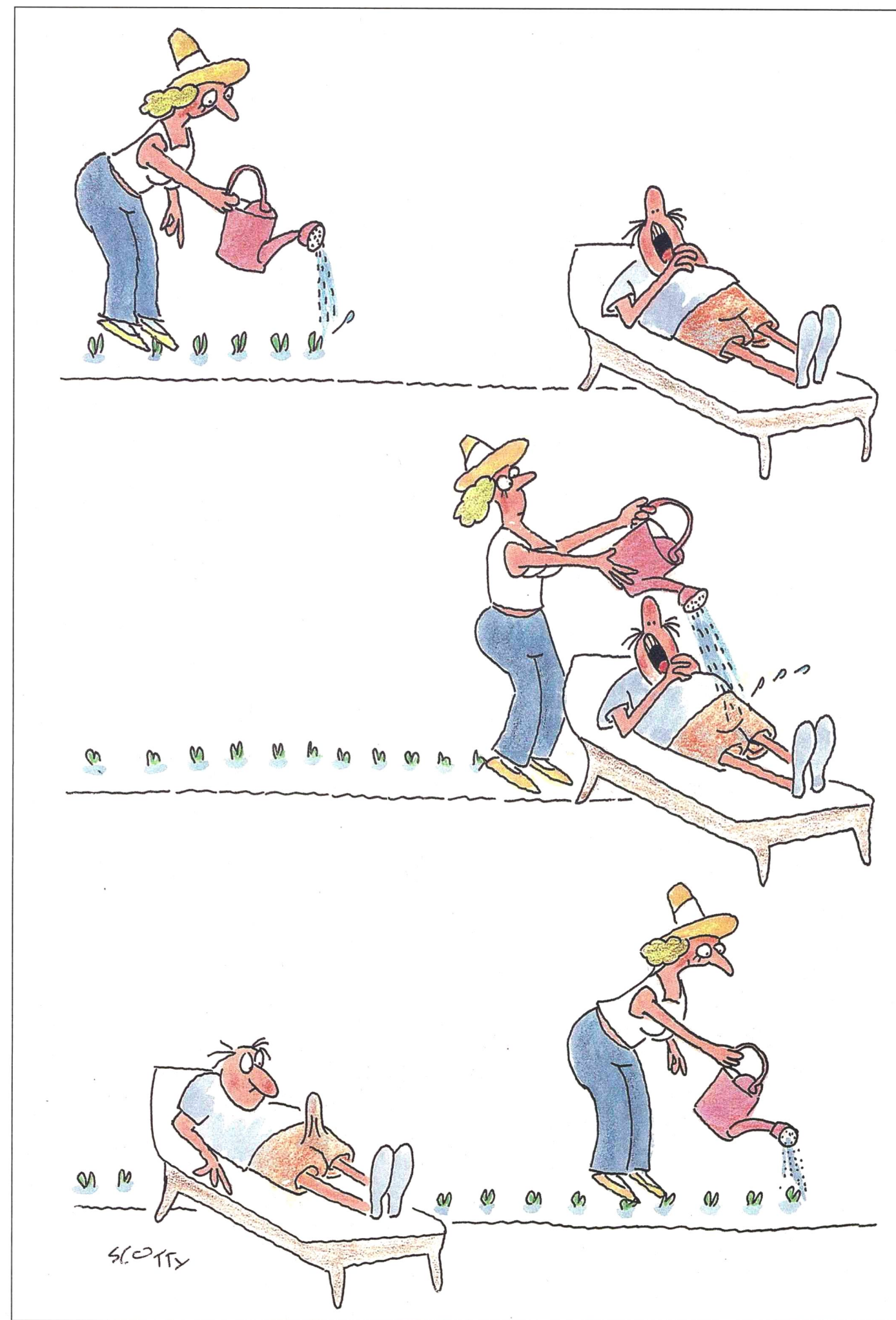
The following morning, I woke to find myself sprawled under the gum tree naked with ants all over my feet and the sun shining hotly in my face. Sue was lying on her back nearby, arms flung wide, still asleep. I woke her up. We staggered back to the shack and brewed a strong pot of coffee. "What the hell was that thing?" I asked. She shook her head. "Fucked if I know. But I'm going back to the river tonight."

We spent that night, and many others, down at the river, cold and uncomfortable, forlornly waiting for our blob to reappear. It never did. That's one of the reasons I've written this letter. Has anybody else encountered our blob, or know where we can find him again? We really, really miss him. We want him back. — *Name and address withheld*

Clothes make the woman

I'm 27 and have had a few girls in my day, although I would have to admit that I could not be considered promiscuous. Recently, I met a girl named Cindy at a friend's house.

The thing that really attracted me to Cindy was her personality. Sure, she had a great body, I mean, anyone could see that, even though she always dressed mod-



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estly. There was just something sweet about her. In fact, we went together for a couple of months without having sex. When I suggested that we do more than kiss good night, she said she wanted to, but she also wanted it to be an occasion. She suggested we get out of town for a week together and see what developed. I made bookings for us at a hotel up the coast and picked her up early the following Saturday morning. We arrived in mid-afternoon, and as we neared the town, I stopped for petrol and she took her suitcase and went into the ladies' room.

When she came out, she was wearing a pair of pink high heels, bright yellow shorts, and a pink button-down blouse that was tied at the bottom. There was a bit of bright yellow ribbon in her hair and she was carrying a small pink clutch purse. Pink and yellow everywhere — it was a beautiful combination for a beautiful girl. The shorts were so short that they barely covered her panties. In front all of her legs could be seen, right up to her vulva. Behind, about an inch of her arse cheeks were showing. Her tummy area was exposed, as was a space between her breasts that didn't quite show her nipples but made it obvious that she was not wearing a bra. All the men noticed and stared. Some women even paused to take

in her beauty. There is something so aesthetically pleasing about a suggestively dressed, beautiful woman that it is easy to understand why she is attractive to both sexes. The men are turned on for obvious reasons, while many straight women feel a strange attraction and excitedly wonder for the first time what it would be like to be intimate with another woman.

There was yet another surprise. She had an all-over tan. Not really brown, just a medium-light golden glow. My mouth must have fallen open when she came out. She said: "Oh, I forgot to mention. I've been visiting a tanning salon. Like it?"

"Like it?" I croaked. "It's beautiful."

We checked into our hotel and were soon strolling through town, hand in hand, appreciating the energy of the place and the warm sunshine. The sidestreet was quite busy as we window-shopped. Entering a shop, we slowly made our way through, stopping often to browse. Cindy watched everything, and I watched the men watch Cindy. As she approached a man, he would stare at her legs, her face, and between her breasts, trying to glimpse a nipple. After she went by, he would stare at the back of her legs, the gentle curve of her hips, and the perfect shape of her bottom. It was obvious that men were mentally undressing her and fantasising about being able to have her. Watching them watch her stirred the beginnings of an erection in me. Soon we

were out another door and on the path again. I took her in my arms and kissed her, then held her close in an embrace, snuggling my semi-hard cock in between the top of her legs. In her ear, I whispered: "You're fantastic! I'm so happy you suggested this trip. And you are so beautiful, especially today, dressed the way you are. You're so sexy, you know, you're making an exciting impression on everyone!"

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "And thanks for encouraging me in this. All my other boyfriends were so possessive. They would get terribly jealous whenever a man looked at me. You're different. Every girl likes to really show herself off occasionally. I appreciate your allowing me to do that. I think we ought to come here often. And every day I'm here, I'm going to dress awfully sexy, one way or another."

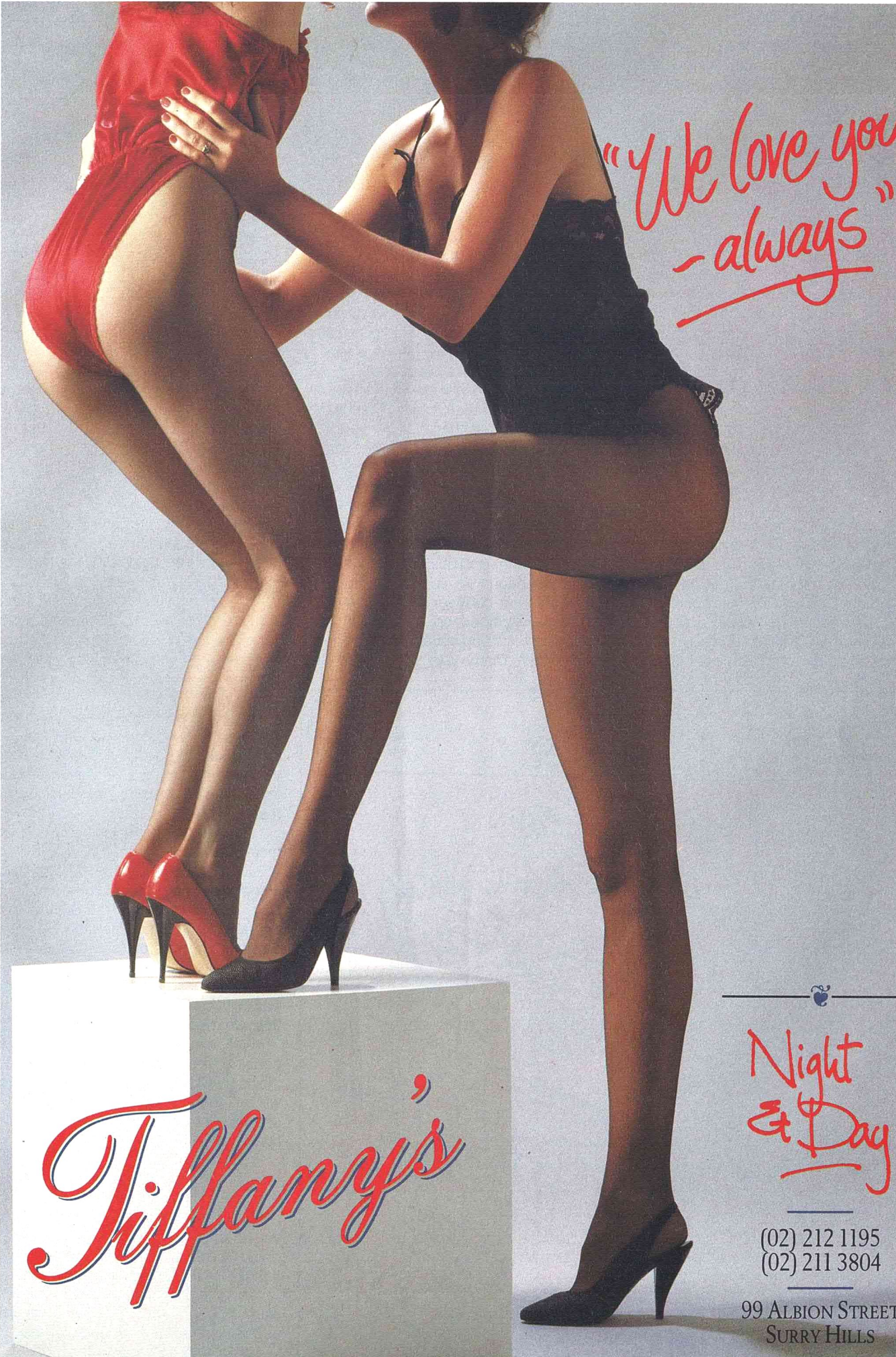
When I heard this, I caught my breath and made a little involuntary thrust with my groin, pressing against her even harder and feeling my balls begin to contract. With great effort, I relaxed and then said: "Hey, I almost came in my pants right here on a busy street."

"No, no, not yet," she whispered. "Save it for later."

With that I took her hand and we continued our walk. We entered a little boutique and she picked out a skimpy nightgown as I admired the bikinis on the mannequins. There were also two brightly coloured miniskirts on display. Just behind them were swatches of the same material, showing the available colors. I felt one of the color swatches. It was a slippery satin material that hung beautifully on the mannequins. Cindy made her purchase, and we went back to our hotel.

Back in our room, I lay on one side of the bed and put some soft music on our tape player. She closed the door, looked at me lying in the bed, and untied the knot on her blouse. With little steps that kept time to the music, she approached, opening her blouse a little at a time. As she dropped the blouse on the bed, I saw her tits for the first time. They stood out proudly, nipples pointing slightly upward. Completely tanned, they were every man's dream. She smiled at me as she took them in her hands and worked the nipples in her fingers. I could see them harden under her touch. Then she unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts, let them fall, and deposited them with the blouse. She put her left hand to her right breast and her right hand inside the front of her panties, never missing a beat of the music. I could see the outline of her middle finger moving in and out of her pussy. Pleasure was all over her face as she played with herself. Then she removed her hand, put her finger in her mouth, and closed her lips around it. As she slowly pulled her finger out, a low moan escaped her throat.

Next she hooked her thumbs in the top of her panties and eased them down, adding them to the pile. As she danced she



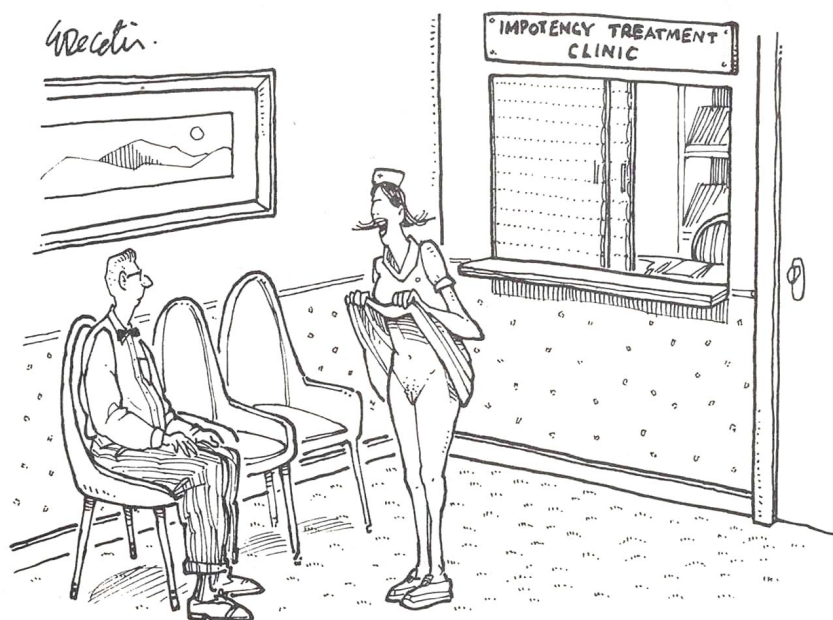
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"Here's something to look at while you're waiting . . ."

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slowly turned around once, giving me a view of her bum, then stepped to within a few inches from me and pulled her cunt lips open, allowing me to see right inside her pussy. Its glistening pinkness hardened my erection.

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"Can't you tell from my breathing?" I gasped.

Now wearing only the pink heels, she walked around the foot of the bed and lay down beside me. I quickly undressed and placed my lips on hers, tentatively flicking the end of her tongue with mine. Then I took a breast in my hand and placed my mouth over as much of it as I could, licking the nipple, sucking on it gently. I did the same thing with her other breast, savoring the feel of her tits in my mouth.

I opened her legs and lay between them. Holding her cunt lips open, I studied her pussy again, exploring it first with my eyes and then with a finger. I lowered my mouth and slipped my tongue into her vagina, working it in and out a few times and then licked up her slit and flicked her clit. She pushed her pelvis up, grinding her cunt against my mouth. I put my tongue back down into her fuck hole again, thrust it into her as far as I could a couple of times, and then crawled up on top of her. Her hand guided my cock into her pussy

as I placed my mouth on hers. My cock felt so good in her tight pussy that I wanted to live out the rest of my life with it in her, but after a few minutes, I had an idea. I pulled out and moved forward again, this time offering my cock for her mouth. Her hand took my shaft and guided it in.

"Ah, Cindy," I said, "it feels so good, your tongue swirling around the head of my cock. And now that sucking sensation you're creating. I can't stand much more." I pulled my dick out and looked into her eyes. I motioned to her to turn over.

I went back to the foot of the bed, crawled in between her pink high heels and placed my knees between hers. My cock already well lubricated with pussy juice and saliva, I guided it to her opening and pushed it all the way into her again. In this position a cunt always feels tighter, and my prick felt good. The view was exciting, too. I could see the back of her beautiful legs and the perfection of her arse.

The whole shaft of my cock was sliding in and out of her and the front of my loins was hitting her arse cheeks, quivering slightly with each stroke. The combination of the sensations I felt through my cock and the visual feast was too much. With ragged breaths and quicker, deep thrusts, my balls began to contract. I squirted come into her body for ten or 12 strokes and then slumped on the bed in near exhaustion. I pulled out and lay face down beside her. Cindy was still hot, so she

moaned as my fingers found her swollen clit. Her pussy became wetter and hotter as my fingers went in and out. As my thumb rotated around her clit, Cindy moaned even louder and her climax began. Her breathing quickened and she thrust against me, then tensed up and lay rigid. Gradually, her breathing returned to normal. After regaining her composure, she put on her new short negligee.

"That's much prettier on you than it was on that mannequin," I told her.

"Why, thank you," she said, as we snuggled into bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

Awakening a bit late the next morning completely refreshed, we got into the shower together. I washed her tits, her bum and her pussy. She washed my arse and then took my scrotum in her soapy hand and rolled my balls around in her gentle fingers. My cock started getting erect as she smeared soap all over it and gently pumped it a little in her hand.

"Could I ask a favor?" she asked.

"Considering what you're doing, how could I refuse?" I said.

"Well, I've never swallowed a man's come. And I've wanted to for a long time. So when we get back here this evening, I'd like to suck your cock, jack you off with my hand, and swallow it when you come. Would that be all right?" she continued. "In exchange, I will let you rest an hour, and then you can do anything you want with me."

"Anything?" I asked.

"Anything you've always wanted to do with a girl but were afraid to ask," she said. "While we're out today, I'd like you to keep your attention on me and think of some things you'd like to do. Think you can do that?"

"Well, sure. I mean, probably," I stammered.

"Just probably? Let's see if I can think of something that will guarantee it," she said. "Do you remember those mini skirts in that little boutique yesterday? Let's go down and get one of those for me to wear today. Would that help?"

"Wow! Those are as short as they can possibly be. That would be even better than what you wore yesterday."

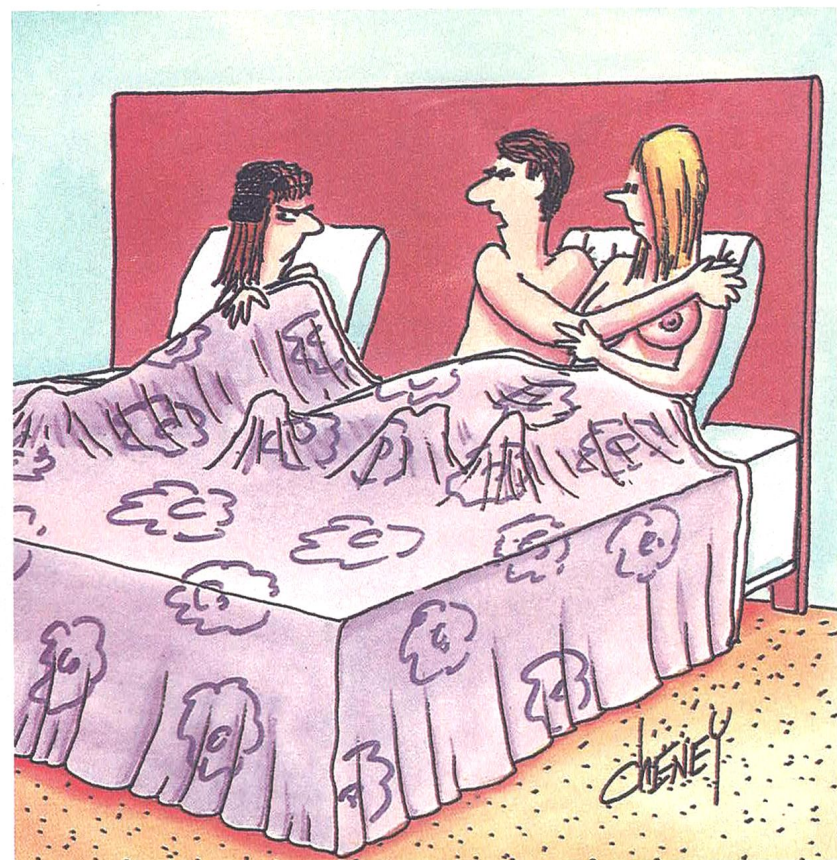
"Well, when I wear one today, that will certainly be the case. If a little breeze blows the back of it up, my naked bottom will be there. If it blows up in front, you will see my pussy. By the way, what color shall I get?"

"I don't know. They have so many and they're all pretty. Let's get seven colors, one for each day of the week."

"Great," she said. "Think we can keep your attention on what you're supposed to do now? I want you to come up with something fantastic for this evening."

"I'm sure of it," I said, as we turned the water off, got out of the shower, and eagerly started getting ready for the day.

— Name and address withheld ○✉



"Relax — if you're so good at faking orgasms, then you shouldn't have any trouble pretending she's not here."

classic desire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

Helen Kentrotas, 24, is proud of her Greek roots.

"Originally my family came from Mykonos," she says.

"I've visited the island several times, and it's a magic place." Helen is fascinated with Greek history, and would like to take time out from a busy career as a fashion buyer to study the classics.



"I have a Mediterranean temperament," Helen confesses. "When I love, I love like a demon but when I get angry, well, I do that like a demon too." The Greek gods had no inhibitions about love, she points out. Divine or not, they were possessed of very human desires. "Look, the Trojan War, which went on for ten years, was a result of two men having a dispute over a beautiful woman. Even the gods got involved in that one."





Helen, a Scorpio, has a very particular fantasy relating to Alexander the Great: "I'm a slave girl delivering wine to his tent. He knocks the flagon to the floor and flings himself upon me in a frenzy of lust. Every time I imagine it, I go all hot inside." In real life, Helen longs to encounter somebody strong and heroic. "I've got plenty of passion in me just waiting to be released. I don't want to wait forever."





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MS

MAYDAY!

Continued from page 40

Later, in his book *Windswept*, Gavin wrote: "We were bloody lucky. The mayday call I had put out from aboard *D-Flawless* hadn't been heard. The first one I put out from the life-raft was picked up by a Russian ship . . . They . . . had relayed the message as six, not 60, miles offshore. . . . Guy, one of the rescue team, said that there had been a number of hoax calls over the radio, and from EPIRBs, during the previous few months, and that everyone was pretty dubious of single calls and supposedly weak signals. When they received a relayed message that a life-raft had put out a mayday it was even more confusing because they hadn't heard of a life-raft with a radio fitted."

An incident described by Gruzman as "the latest farce" took place in mid-August last year. A trawler had put out an EPIRB in Bass Strait. The boat was found and a helicopter was sent out. Something had gone wrong with the trawler's navigation equipment, and the skipper wanted to know his position. But the helicopter crew insisted he get off. "So they dragged him off the boat and now they're still looking for the boat. Fellow's lost his boat. He said, 'I don't want to go' and they said, 'Listen, we've come for you and you're coming!'"

A depressed Geoffrey Sorensen, the skipper in question, said in retrospect that he had probably made a mistake in putting his EPIRB on. However, the instructions said it was to be used in a potentially life-threatening situation, and he felt that such a situation might develop. He confirmed that all he wanted was a direction (or "heading"), as both his radios had stopped working and his compass was erratic. The EPIRB system worked without a hitch, he said, and a chopper was overhead within 40 minutes. The problem began when the chopper crew arrived down the wire on to the boat. Sorensen requested a verification of his heading, but the man said that Sorensen and his crew were to be taken off the vessel.

Sorensen replied that he didn't want to abandon ship, all he wanted was a heading. He was prepared to pay for having brought the chopper out. The rescue official replied that he had "direct authority from Canberra" to take the skipper off the boat. However, he said, the EPIRB could be left on the boat to allow it to be relocated, and a vessel was on its way to take the trawler in tow. Reassured by this, Sorensen then went up the wire.

He spoke to the chopper pilot, requesting the co-ordinates of the position. When would the assisting boat be arriving, he wanted to know. The pilot said there was no vessel on the way; they couldn't get one. Sorensen then saw the rescue man returning back up the wire after a fourth visit to the boat, with the EPIRB in his hand. Canberra had authorised it to be removed. It was standard policy.

The trawler was not insured, and

Sorensen counts his loss at over \$100,000. He said he felt coerced to leave the vessel, and also felt the rescue official, whom he described as "aggressive", had misled him. Had he known that the EPIRB would be removed, and that there was no vessel on the way, he would never have got off his boat. His trawler, a 14-metre steel vessel, was now drifting around unmanned somewhere in the southern Tasman — a lethal navigation hazard.

When questioned about this incident, an official at Sea Safety said that an EPIRB is a distress signal, and the chopper went out with the intention of picking up the men. He agreed that Sorensen might have been misled. The rescue official "may have used it as a ploy to get him off the boat and into the chopper." The EPIRB could not be left on the boat because it was not designed to be a homing beacon — it was a distress signal and would be picked up and reported again.

In another conversation with Sea Safety about the incident, a senior supervisor described Sorensen's use of his EPIRB as "misuse", although he said that where the skipper had no other means of contact, it was not unacceptable. But it was something that was happening more and more frequently. He mentioned a yacht that put out an EPIRB, and when rescuers got there the skipper said he was fine but that his girlfriend was "sick" and wanted to get off. There was no simple solution to the problem, he said. Sea Safety was reluctant to institute fines against misuse, but might have to consider such an option in the future. (Persistent mayday and EPIRB hoaxes are prosecuted if caught.)

The supervisor said one thing that hurt people at Sea Safety was to be called "bureaucrats." "We know they're not attacking individual members, but policy and the bureaucracy behind it. Bureaucracy hampers what we do, too." A point he made was that while funds during a search were unlimited, funds "in between" — for research, for example — were not. Sea Safety had put in an application for a \$40,000 grant for a research project on life-raft drift with the CSIRO. At present Sea Safety has its own computer model for drift, based on that of the US Coastguard.

In the mid-Eighties Dr Roger Badham, a meteorologist who has forecast for the Olympics, Americas Cup and for Kay Cottee on her around-the-world voyage, applied for a government National Research Fellowship so that he could formulate an "interactive package" on the drift of things at sea (including life-rafts). He was turned down.

Dr Badham says that in his experience with Sea Safety (which was mid-Eighties, he stressed), the officials don't see their primary role as being concerned with small boats. In fact, small boats are considered to be a nuisance. This needs to change, he says, because the majority of incidents which occur at sea involve small boats.

Continued on page 144

AMAZING BASS...



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Grandsons.

Penfolds. Not just any Port.

APB 13752A LEO BURNETT PENP 2007

Balls of Fire

Continued from page 57

very fast on his day and when everything clicks he can be a dangerous proposition for the batsman. But if you sweat on him for a while, he presents a lot of scoring opportunities. His pace relies on sheer brute strength. Merv Hughes derives his speed from a high energy commitment, but his balance is not good. The same can be said about Craig McDermott, who has such potential but has always been an enigma."

Like John Barton King, Chappell believes that balance and rhythm are the keys to making a great fast bowler. But there is another essential that has lurked within all of them — even the nice guys like Brian Statham, who would often warn his opponents when a bouncer was coming. That key component is the killer instinct: the desire to rip a batting side to pieces with sheer aggression.

Roy Gilchrist may have been the meanest, nastiest man ever to bowl a cricket ball. He was more than fiery, belligerent or aggressive. He was *uncontrollable*. He was cricket's premier wild man, a little pregnant coil of venom who sometimes played so hard he forgot all about the rules.

Gilchrist was born in 1934, a poor, simple soul from Seaforth in rural Jamaica. He rose to the top level of cricket as fast as one of his head-high full tosses, and was then destroyed by the very characteristics that made him a champion.

Aggression is a staple of the fast bowling craft, like strength, fitness and stamina. But Roy Gilchrist had too much aggression and too little control of his emotions. After playing 13 Tests he was banned from Test cricket at the age of 24 — sent home from a tour of India in disgrace for constantly bowling beamers at the petrified batsmen.

There were public appeals to have him reinstated in the national team, but Gerry Alexander and John Goddard, tops of the West Indian hierarchy, believed him to be more trouble than he was worth. Despite the support of the great Frank Worrell and the much respected writer C.L.R. James, Gilchrist never played for the West Indies again.

He stood just five feet seven and weighed a little over nine and a half stone. But like Harold Larwood he was wiry and strong, with long arms and a powerful action that compensated for his lack of size.

He bounded in off a 27-metre run-up and could generate ferocious speed, often accentuated by the fact that the ball was sent on the full, aimed at a spot between the batsman's eyes. Many regarded "Gilly" as being quicker than Wes Hall and the ferocious Charlie Griffith.

Unfortunately for what might have been a brilliant career, Gilchrist gave new mean-

ing to what has been labelled "the fast bowler's temperament." When he had a cricket ball in his hand and the wind at his back he was an ominous proposition. When his temper was up there was no telling what he might do.

In 1961, two years after the furore in India, Gilchrist was banned for life by the North Staffordshire League for constantly abusing umpires, and for another misdemeanor: miffed at a batsman hitting the winning runs off his bowling, Gilchrist replied by fielding the ball and hurling it at the batsman's head.

Four years later, in August 1965, while playing for Crompton in the Lancashire League, Gilchrist was firing away at opening batsman Derek Bickley with Radcliffe 0-4 in reply to Crompton's 106. Gilchrist began his second over in typical fashion: two beamers and a bouncer. But it was his fourth ball which caused all the consternation. Gilly came tearing in from his mark out near the boundary fence and kept on running... past the umpire, past the crease, and past the other opener, Bill McDonald. He arrived at a point somewhere near the middle of the pitch and there, in full flight, took aim and hurled the ball fair at Bickley's head. Bickley ducked, pulled himself together, and then he and McDonald walked off. Gilchrist's teammates followed a minute later. That incident effectively ruined Gilchrist's cricketing prospects, despite the fact he had taken hundreds of League wickets and bagged many hat-tricks.

Two years later, a Manchester judge labelled him a brute for branding the face of his wife with a hot iron during a domestic argument. Gilchrist pleaded guilty to causing his wife grievous bodily harm.

The following year he stabbed a fellow spectator at a match in Manchester. This time the court was told that Gilchrist went wild after getting into a racial argument with a white man. He was said to have butted into a friendly argument one of his friends was having, and that during the fight Gilchrist pulled a knife and cut one person. When the knife was lost during a scuffle he ran to his car to get a bigger knife. He was then alleged to have gone berserk with the second knife, lashing out in all directions. He was sentenced to 18 months in prison.

Three years earlier when, in a fit of pique, he had thrown a cricket ball at the head of a batsman who taunted him, Gilchrist tried to explain his action. "I was so mad," he said, "I did not know what I was doing."

As you settle into the final stages of the battle for the Ashes, and you hear Ian or Richie or Tony or Bill droning on again about "the fast bowler's temperament", think of Roy "Gilly" Gilchrist — perhaps not the fastest, but without any doubt the fieriest, of them all. 

Grantlee Kieza is the author of *Fast And Furious*, Lester Townsend Publishing, \$34.95 rrp.

TREBLE VALUE...



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THE ACOUSTIC FOUNDRY, Goodwood SA - 274 1722
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MUSIC BY RICHARD WHYTE, Ashmore QLD - 39 6705
VISION AUDIO, Townsville QLD - 21 2520

TRANSFERENCE

Continued from page 91

and refine my technique. Only once do I mention Adrienne West and when I do Mr Tie remarks in his strange, high voice, "She is wise?" I nod with veiled eyes, pushing away fantasies of cream underwear.

"But," Mr Tie says, glancing hard at me for the instant, and I hope he can't read my mind. "she is married." That's all he says. I wonder if I'll ever be even half the master he is. I try, but maybe I'm too young or something: wisdom always seems to elude me.

I've never liked tournaments. I guess it must sound funny coming from someone with a 5th dan, but I don't like to fight. Still, I'm accustomed to these misgivings and I have learnt to handle them: to have a reputation is necessary for my livelihood.

I fight my way through to the finals until, just as Mr Tie had predicted, only Yukio Mishimoto stands between me and the championship. Mishimoto is good. But in the end my training shows and I beat him. I get my picture on the front cover of *Martial Arts In Australia*, with my face covered in blood and three ribs broken, executing a flying kick I can't believe I've done.

Strange how victory affects some people. I can take being beaten almost to a pulp — but winning? I never did know how to handle it.

I fall back on the one thing I know won't let me down: I get on with my life. I still think a lot about Adrienne West, but I'm stuck with the facts: she's married and I am obsessed.

Spring comes. The trees lining the road to my *dojo* burst into bloom. I take to sitting outside on the verandah by myself after dinner, watching the fruit bats in the old mango tree, and doing long rides on my bike in the night, like a drug runner. But no matter where I go — Redcliffe, Stradbroke, Noosa — I always end up back in Spring Hill. Standing in the shadows, fingering the key in my coat...

Things get worse and worse with Monica. One weekend I demolish the garage with a sledgehammer (a trick I learnt from an old kickboxer who had a rocky relationship with his wife). But even that doesn't help much and I know she'll have to go. (Funny. The kickboxer's been married 27 years. It worked for him, but it sure as hell doesn't work for me.) I begin to think more and more about seeing Adrienne again — maybe just at a distance. After all, I reason, what harm could that possibly do? And besides, it might help me to put things in perspective.

Putting things in perspective... I torture myself with this idea for weeks until, one particularly beautiful Friday afternoon, I crack. I come in from the back garden where I've been building a rock wall to try

to work off my confusion; I take a shower, pull on an old white track suit, do a few stretching exercises and begin to run.

Monica twigs at the last moment that something is up. She comes down to the gate and begins screaming at me: "Where are you going? You bastard! *Come back!*" and things of similar ilk; but I don't look back.

The sun is setting behind the mountain, and the trees look like black lace against the sky. I run steadily, keeping an even pace, and gradually Monica's screams fade into the distance.

Still, I feel wistful. *Black lace*... Monica had always worn black lace underwear. I loved it once; now it seems — there's that word again — unsubtle. I run on in the grip of my obsession. Night falls; the streetlights come on. It's eight o'clock by the time I get to Spring Hill. I go first to her cottage — habit, I guess — but the lock's been changed. Hah. I always knew she'd

“

Things get worse
and worse with Monica.
One weekend I demolish a
garage with a sledgehammer.
But even that doesn't
seem to help much.

”

never last with him. Next, I walk to the building where she works, in a kind of euphoria.

I sit down under a jacaranda tree in the park across the road and try to arrange my feelings. The first stars are coming out, the new moon is sinking and I don't have a hope in hell of arranging anything — least of all my feelings. After an hour, the high I'm on begins to dwindle; I even consider going home. Just then, I see Freddie come out of the foyer of Dr West's high-rise; he's followed by the rest of the group in dribs and drabs. They disperse to their cars and drive off towards The Windmill.

Now the street is empty, and I wait for Adrienne to appear, but she doesn't come. Black fantasies run amok in my head. Is she dead? I never read the obituaries. I tear across the road, lope through the foyer and fling myself into the elevator. On the way to the 20th floor, common sense comes to my aid: Adrienne's okay; just heartbroken over my leaving. She stays back on Friday nights in the hope I might come to her. Ah, Adrienne... if only I'd cracked sooner. All this pain we've suffered could've been avoided.

The carpet is soft under my feet as I push through the jungle. Now I stand in the doorway of her office.

"Heavy day?" I'll say... *Adrienne is sitting at her desk, eyes wet with tears, dark hair tangled. She gives a little cry on seeing me, the magazine she's been sobbing over slips to the floor, and there I am on the cover of Martial Arts In Australia, blood-stained, broken-ribbed, flying kick and all. I dash to her side; she tells me the man in the restaurant is her brother, who's just come back from New Guinea, the New Hebrides — New Anywhere. I grab her in my arms and kiss her...* My eyes mist at the thought.

When I come to, a strange girl dressed all in blue is watching me closely from behind Adrienne's desk. Her hair is long and thick, crimped and blonde.

"Can I help you?" she asks, somewhat warily.

I hate reality. There's always someone kicking you in the teeth. "Where's Dr West?" I eventually manage.

"I'm sorry," the strange girl says. "But Dr West and her husband" (I wince at the word) "left for India two months ago. Perhaps I can help you," she adds gently. Her voice seems to flow like water.

I'm about to refuse, turn and go, but reason comes to my rescue. And the girl is speaking: "I'm Dr Bostock. Suzanne Bostock."

I nod and sit down. Thoughtfully. Of course she could never replace Dr West, but I need to talk to someone — my stints on the verandah are getting longer, my sleep is almost non-existent, and the garage is gone.

"I don't usually see clients at this hour, Mr...?"

"Morrison," I venture. "Doug Morrison."

"But as you were one of Dr West's clients, I'll make an exception for you." She's rifling around in the files as she speaks; a tiny thing with slim ankles and blue high heels. Very different from Adrienne, and not at all like a schoolgirl. "Ah..." She has found the file; now she crosses to the desk and opens it in front of her.

I watch her as she reads. She's wearing amethyst earrings and I can see her, actually see her.

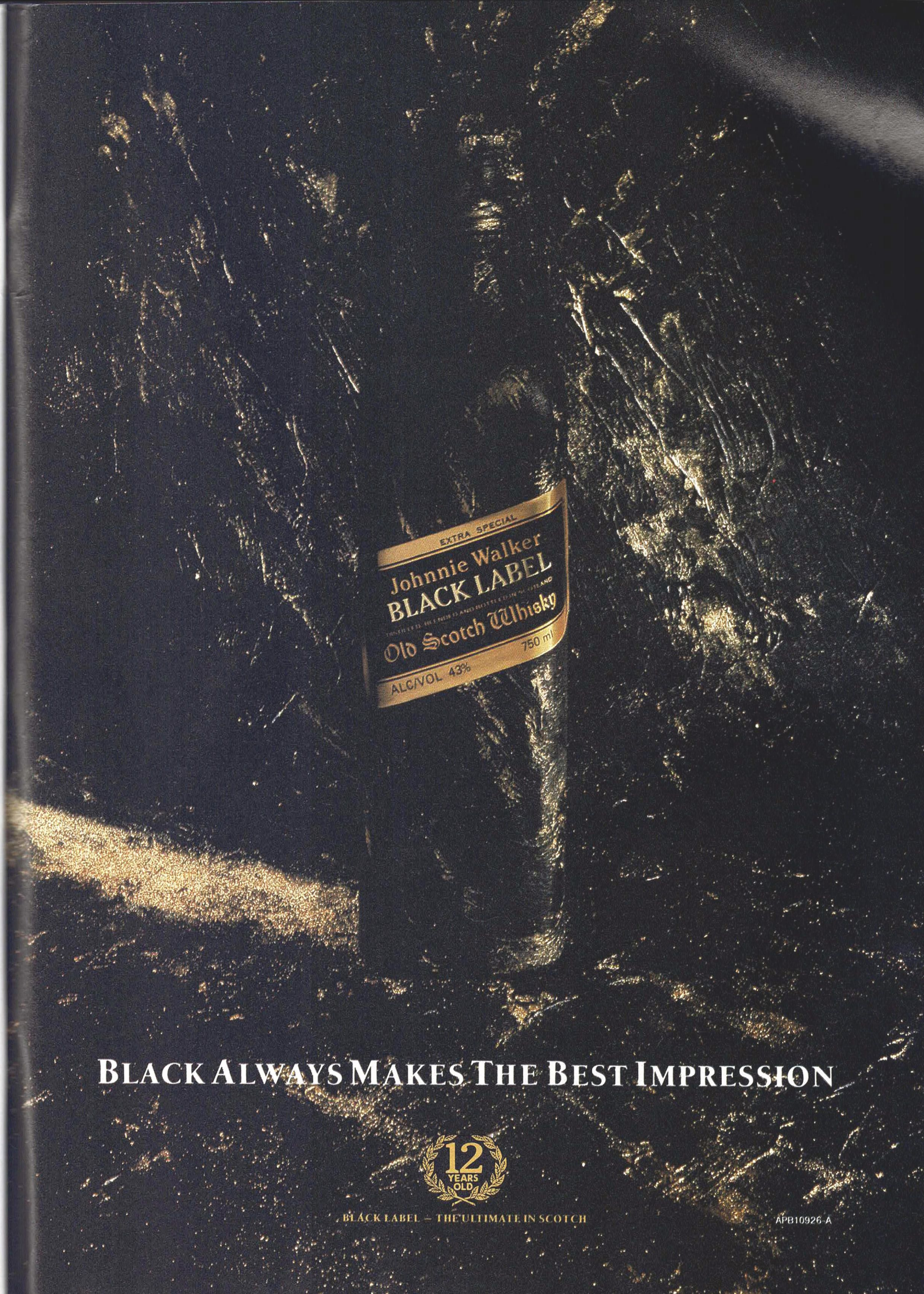
"Hmmm..." Dr Bostock leans back in her black leather chair. I look at her hands: there are no rings.

"It says here you suffer from obsession, Mr Morrison."

I try my bashful look. "Well... sort of." "Sort of," she says, and smiles. It's a good joke. She knows, and I know, there's no such animal as "sort of" in obsession. Suddenly I don't feel so bad any more. Suddenly I feel as if everything's going to be all right.

"Would you like to tell me about it?" Suzanne Bostock is saying.

I begin at the beginning. The day I first met Dr West. 



BLACK ALWAYS MAKES THE BEST IMPRESSION



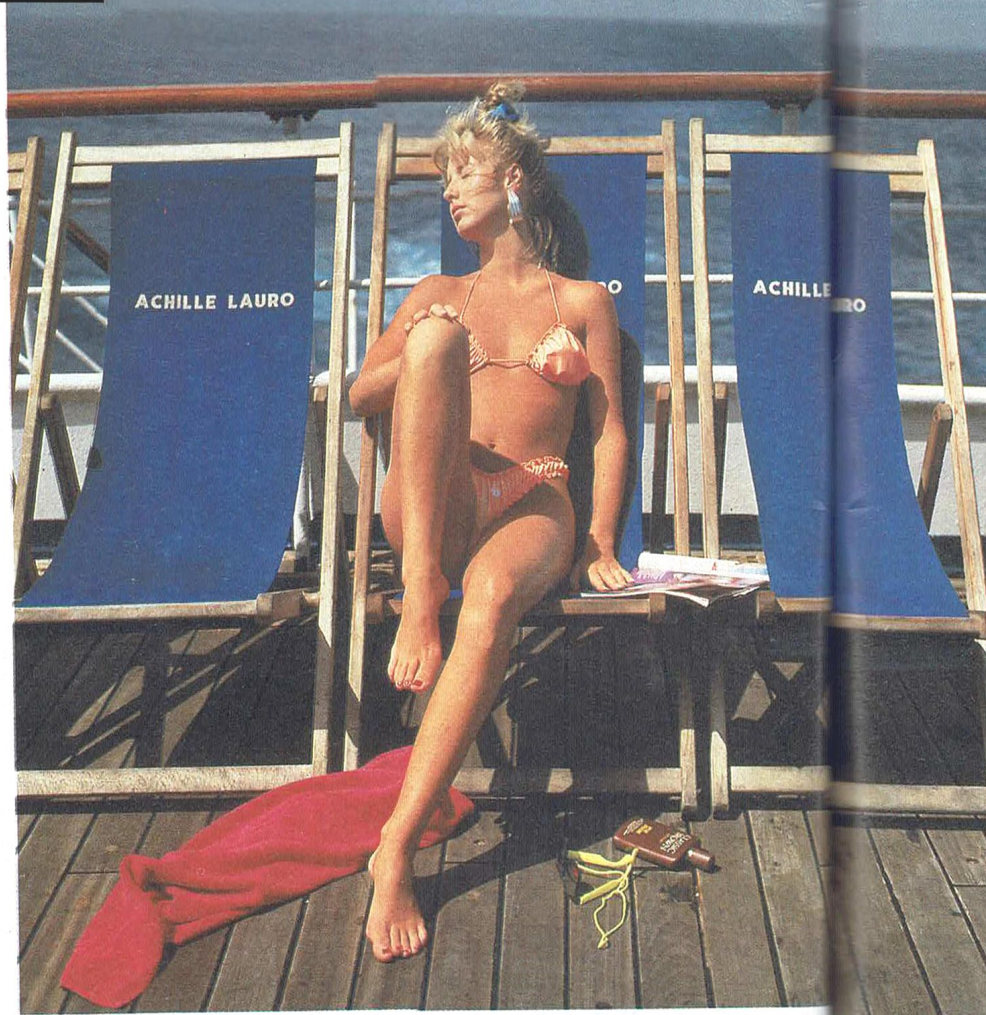
BLACK LABEL — THE ULTIMATE IN SCOTCH

APB10926 A

LOOSE ENDS

SURE FEET

For the sailor about town, these Dexter boat shoes are hand sewn moccasin-style loafers with genuine leather uppers and suede sock linings. A high abrasion sole with water-escape channels will give you a good grip, whether on a wet deck or a slick dance floor. An internal foam foot pad makes 'em extra comfortable, and the little brass eyelets are salt-resistant. Made in the USA, they cost around \$170 and are available from nautical shops, or from Musto (Australia) on (02) 319-2133.

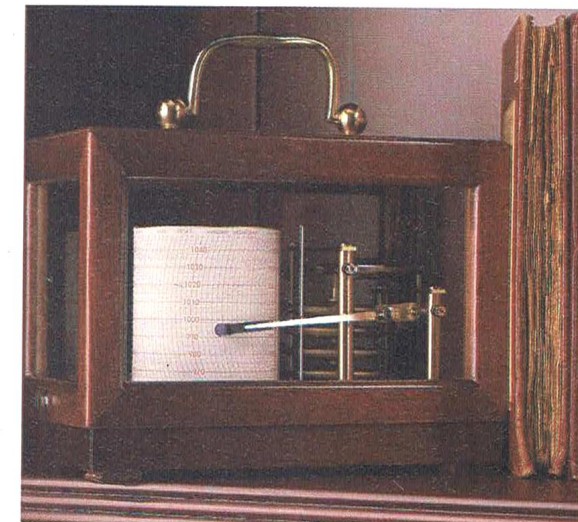
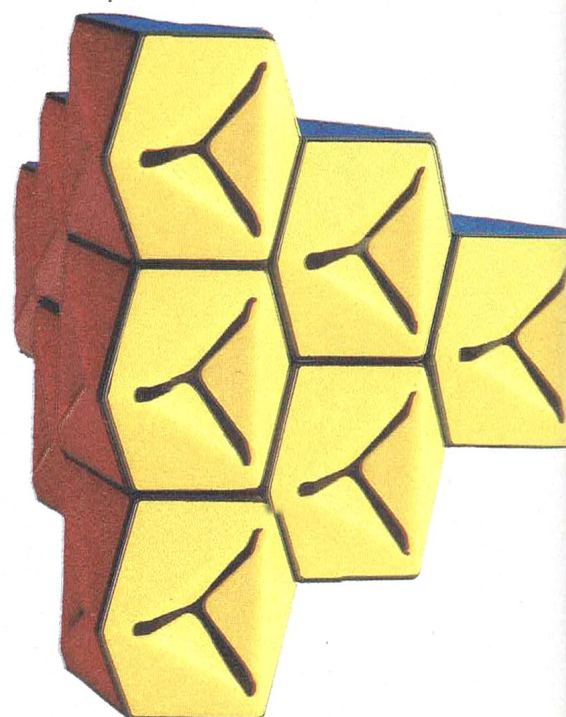


CRUISING

The famous *Achille Lauro* this summer returns to the Pacific cruise scene after an 18-year absence from Australian shores and fresh from a \$15 million refurbishment. Dubbed the Good Times Ship, the *Achille Lauro's* eight-cruise program covers January 28 to April 26 and includes both long and short cruises — as short as three nights — culminating in a 46-night voyage from Sydney to Southampton via Bali, Singapore, Mauritius, Africa and Madeira: For information on *Achille Lauro's* cruising itinerary 0088 028 502.

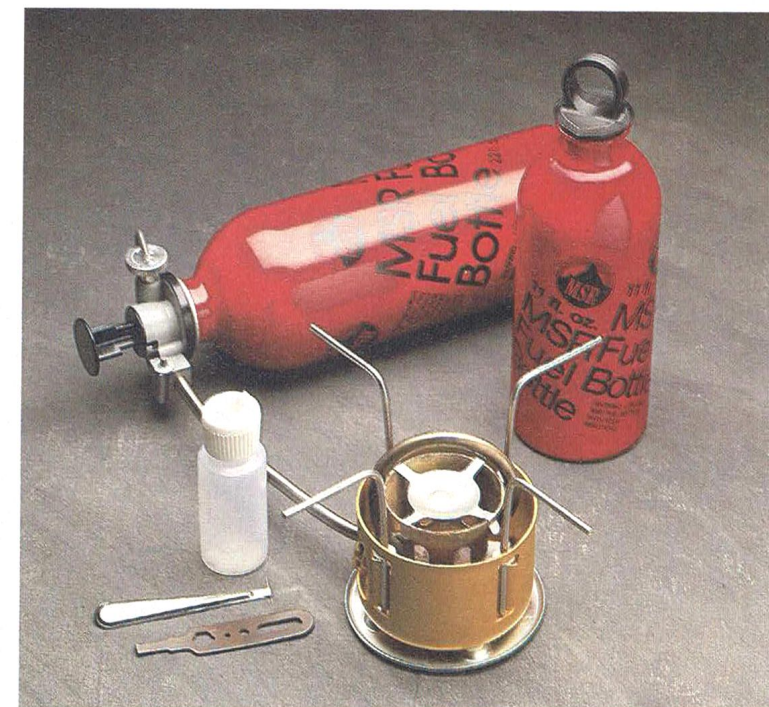
Presenting the latest in torture devices from the House of Rubik — puzzles that are every bit as diabolical as the original Cube. Foist them on an enemy as a gift or, if you're a sucker for punishment, play with them yourself. The Triamid (\$17.95) is confounding, but the Dice (\$16.95) will have you looking for a sledgehammer. Marketed internationally by Matchbox Toys, they are available from toy stores and newsagencies.

SWEET REVENGE



weather report

Find out what the weather's up to with your own barograph. It works on the same principle as a barometer, only it records the changes in atmospheric pressure on a chart on a drum. It comes with ink and a 12-month supply of charts, and is a beautifully-crafted instrument in a polished wooden case with brass trim. Made in France, the bargraph has a year's warranty. It's available from E.S. Rubin Marine, Sydney; tel (02) 439-2333.



all fired up

The XGK II stove is for serious outdoorsmen. It's light and compact and will accept a variety of fuels (which should be carried in approved canisters) including kerosene and high-octane unleaded petrol. It comes with pump assembly, wind screen, heat reflector, a jet and cable tool, a jet cleaning wire and a squirt bottle. This state-of-the-camping-art stove costs \$169 at Paddy Pallin stores.

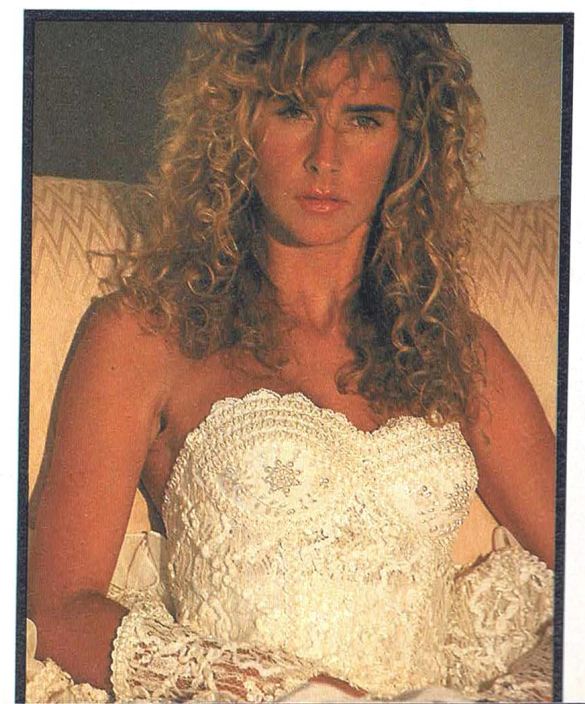
A BIG YEAR

Heading the glossy line-up of Ink Group calendars now on sale is the 1991 *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Calendar, a dynamite update on last year's bestseller featuring, you guessed it, Elle Macpherson on the cover. A guaranteed conversation starter, too, is the Barbi Twins Calendar featuring that mindboggling pneumatic US pair, and in the classy category comes the elegant Prive calendar. Also in The Ink Group calendar collection this year is one from the bizarre cartoonist Gary Larsen, a Blues Brothers version, an Elvis job and more movie star, sports and motoring numbers than you could poke a thumbtack at. All sell for a recommended \$14.95.

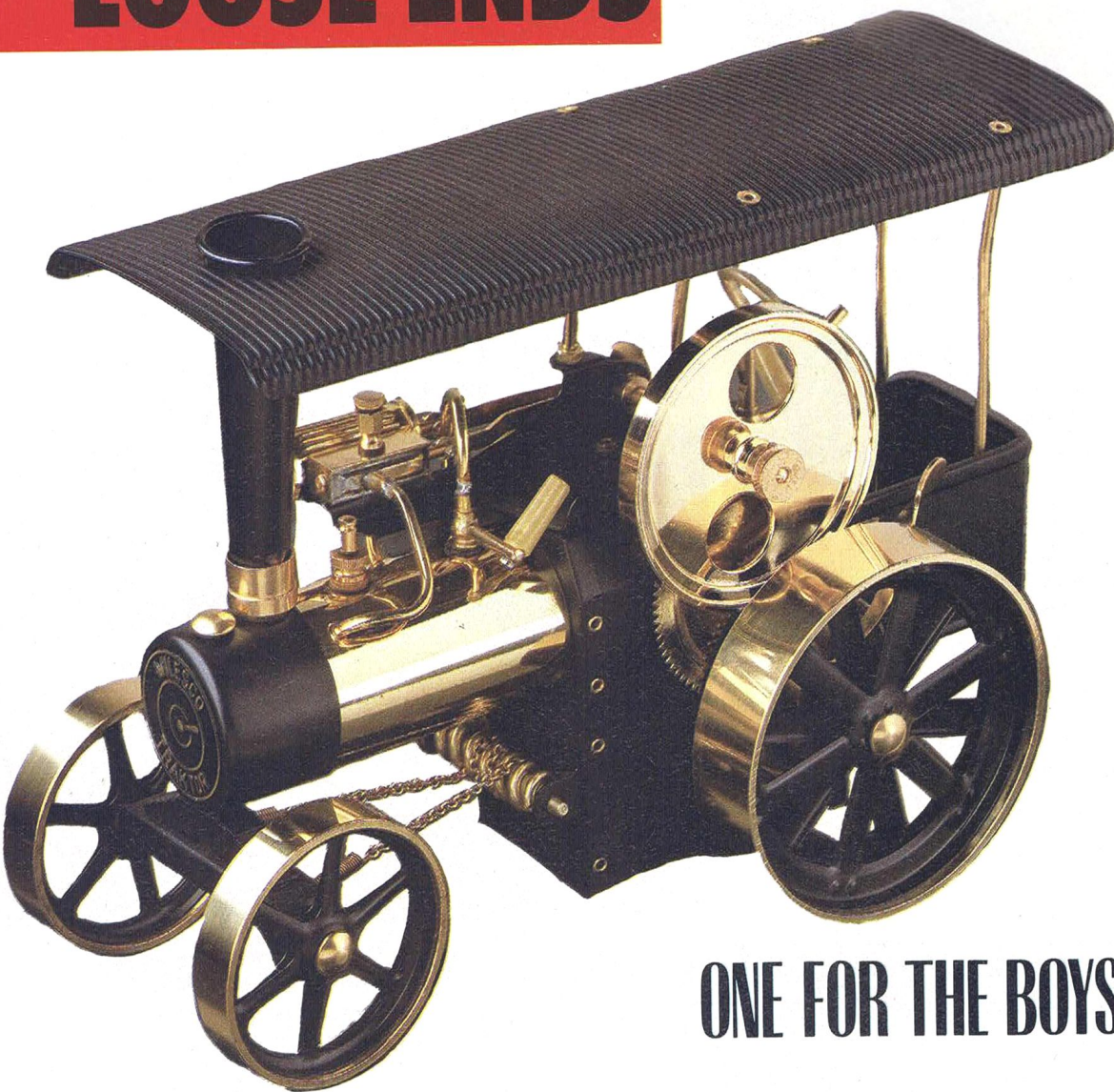


FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Though established only two years, the design house Rod Alexander is now celebrated in Australian fashion circles for the imagination, superb detail and quality materials that make up each of their erotic fantasy garments. Now this regular designer for *Australian Penthouse* (that's Rod Alexander workmanship decorating our Pet Of The Month Stacy Burford) is set to go international. After many enquiries, the all-Australian company will now be strongly represented in the US glamor hotspots of Las Vegas and Miami. For very special gifts, you can find Rod Alexander garments in 20 boutiques across Australia. For stockists phone (02) 9586314.



LOOSE ENDS



ONE FOR THE BOYS

The Wileco Steam Traction Engine is more than a pretty toy. It's a working model which, when supplied with water, oil and fuel tablets and fired up, chuffs along. It even has a whistle. All parts are solid brass (except the flywheel and steering wheel, which are brass plated) and are lacquer-coated to protect the finish. The model can be bought unpainted, so you can design your own livery. It weighs 2.2kg and comes with a funnel, spanner and spare gaskets. Also available in brass is the Old Smokey steam roller, a water cart and various stationary model engines. The Traction Engine costs around \$425 and is available from Hobbyco, Sydney, (02) 297461.

MARTINI TIME

Back in 1912 a certain Senor Martini di Arma di Taggia was the head bartender at the fashionable Knickerbocker Hotel in New York City. An inventive fellow, he created a cocktail which became fashionable with the high society set, including John D. Rockefeller. Today, the drink that bears his name — the Martini — still has an aura of sophistication. When mixing the perfect Martini, Tanqueray Special Dry English Gin is always the choice of the world's leading bartenders. So when it's time for a Martini, take 60mls (two nips) of Tanqueray Gin, 10mls (1/3 nip) of Martini Dry Vermouth, stir in ice and strain into a Martini glass and garnish with an olive or twist of lemon.



EUROPEAN LOOK

Streamlined and classic European styling characterises the new Handmade collection of sunglasses from Bolle. Pictured here from top left are models 1478 (\$170), 1471, 1470 and 1465 (each \$197) — all available through leading optical outlets Australia-wide.



animal farm

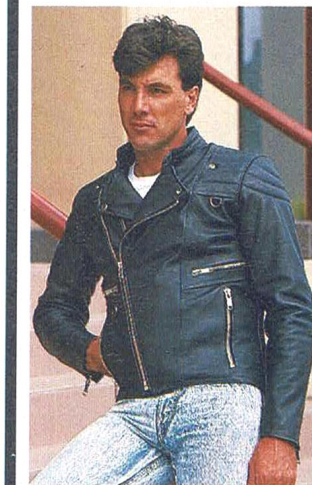
From the folks who brought us glow-in-the-dark condoms come these odd erotic fashion statements. Yes, they're furry G-strings and they go by the name of "Pussy Pants" (for the discerning woman in your life) and "BB Bear" (a koala motif peter heater for the fashion conscious Australian gentleman). They're surefire bullet performers on the office wag gift circuit, and a little imagination opens up a world of applications. Strap 'em on your knees and go skateboarding, for one. Australian designed and manufactured, they cost around \$20. For stockists phone Abalnon on (02) 713 1033 or toll-free 008 269 924.

TRIPOD TRICKS

For backpacking photographers, these little lightweight Ultrapods will tuck into a camera bag or a pocket. They are sturdy, have an adjustable head and can be attached to poles, trees etc with the velcro strap. The larger Ultrapod II (\$49) will take a full SLR camera with a long lens, or a compact camcorder, while the smaller Ultrapod (\$33) is suitable for compact cameras. Available from Paddy Pallin stores.



WIN A LEATHER JACKET



Walden Miller, Australia's biggest manufacturer of motorcycle garments, is this month offering one of their quality leather jackets as a prize for an *Australian Penthouse* reader. Started in Adelaide in 1969, the Walden Miller company expanded from general fashion into the motorcycle garment business in the mid Seventies, and such has been their success locally that they're now exporting to New Zealand, the UK and West Germany.

The all-Australian-made Milano jacket up for grabs is a part of Walden Miller's export range. This padded Brando-style jacket was designed for the serious tourist, and its features include: double zip for summer or winter underclothes, inside studs to take an optional lambswool vest, quilted lining, elasticised side panels, plenty of pockets with heavy duty nickel zips, padded kidney area, D-ring for gloves, and a waistband zip to take Walden Miller's DNS 2 pants.

To win the jacket simply send an entry to Walden Miller Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. Put your name and address on the back along with the answer to this question: In what year did the Walden Miller company start in Adelaide? Entries close last mail on Friday, January 18, 1991. The winner will be the first correct entry drawn.

If you're interested in seeing the full range of Walden Miller gear send \$5 for the color catalogue to 87 Unley Rd, Parkside, SA 5063. The \$5 will be refunded with any purchase.

STRICTLY FOR MEN

Van Gils, promoted as a masculine fragrance "strictly for men", has enjoyed dazzling success in Europe where it became one of the top ten best-selling men's fragrances within a year of its launch. Available in Australia from this month, the superbly packaged French line consists of ten products ranging in price from \$22.50. The fragrance itself is subtle with citrus, wood, amber and musk notes.





Pet Of The Month, Goldie Stevens

INSIDE FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Speed Kills — Amphetamine production and abuse is turning into the major drug problem confronting Australia in the Nineties. The manufacture of speed is a booming cottage industry, and its relatively cheap price is making it the drug of choice for increasing numbers of Australians. February *Australian Penthouse* investigates the speed boom.

Male Prostitution — Next month's issue looks at two sides of male prostitution — the adolescent addicts who hang at gay hot-spots and the men who service women who are always looking for something more than just sex. It's an insight into an ugly scene and it's in February *Australian Penthouse*.

Flatmates From Hell — Relationships and money are two of life's most difficult traumas and sharing a flat with a stranger forces these two experiences into some very uneasy domestic scenes. In next month's issue, Jean Norman hilariously profiles flatmates from hell.

Pet Of The Month — There's more to Goldie Stevens than meets the eye. February's Pet Of The Month has made good in more than just the modelling scene. See the secret of Goldie's success in next month's centre pages.

MAYDAY!

Continued from page 135

Large cargo vessels and tankers are so big that they are unaffected by storms and rarely run into trouble.

Peter Dabbs: "I think the whole thing stinks. Every time there's a crisis there's a lot of errors made and I don't know why. I think the whole thing should be disbanded and reformed. And I think also when they're searching for a yachtsman, there should be two yachtsmen as part of the search organisation. Not necessarily on full-time staff, but consultants who are nominated by a group of yachtsmen, and who know what they're talking about. If it's fishermen, the same. Because they know the vessels, they know the mental attitude of the people, and they have much more chance of working out what they're doing."

Dabbs has a last story to tell which illustrates the intransigence sailors can encounter when dealing with bureaucracy: "We didn't leave the *One And All* until my feet were under water on the deck. Jack was holding the battery and I was holding the radio and we were talking to Brisbane. Brisbane was trying to keep the situation normal — I think they were frightened we were going to panic or something, which was not going to happen. We suddenly get this call: 'Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898. This is VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane. Do you receive us, do you receive us, do you receive us?'"

"'Yes Brisbane, we got you. What's up, mate? We've got to get off, it's getting a bit sticky here, we're standing on the deck and it's under water, so what is it, quick?'"

"'This is VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane calling Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898. We have a message for you, we have a message for you, are you ready to receive, are you ready to receive, are you ready to receive?'"

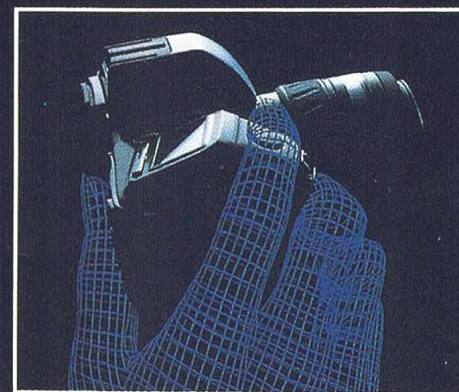
"'Yes, for Christ's sake, Brisbane, hurry up, we've got to get off here, the water's halfway up our bloody shins! Now what is it?'"

"'VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane, VIB Brisbane calling Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898, Victor Juliet 3898. We have a message for you, we have a message for you, we have a message for you. The message is as follows, the message is as follows, the message is as follows.'"

"'At that moment we got hit with a bloody great wave. It came tearing down the deck. We had to grab anything we could to hang on. It hit the galley, tore the fridge clean out of its mountings, tore the doors off the cupboards, all the saucepans and pots and pans, everything else came out with a great crash. And as the noise subsided: 'Did you receive that message, did you receive that message, did you receive that message?'"

"'We never did.'"

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